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Outdoor America

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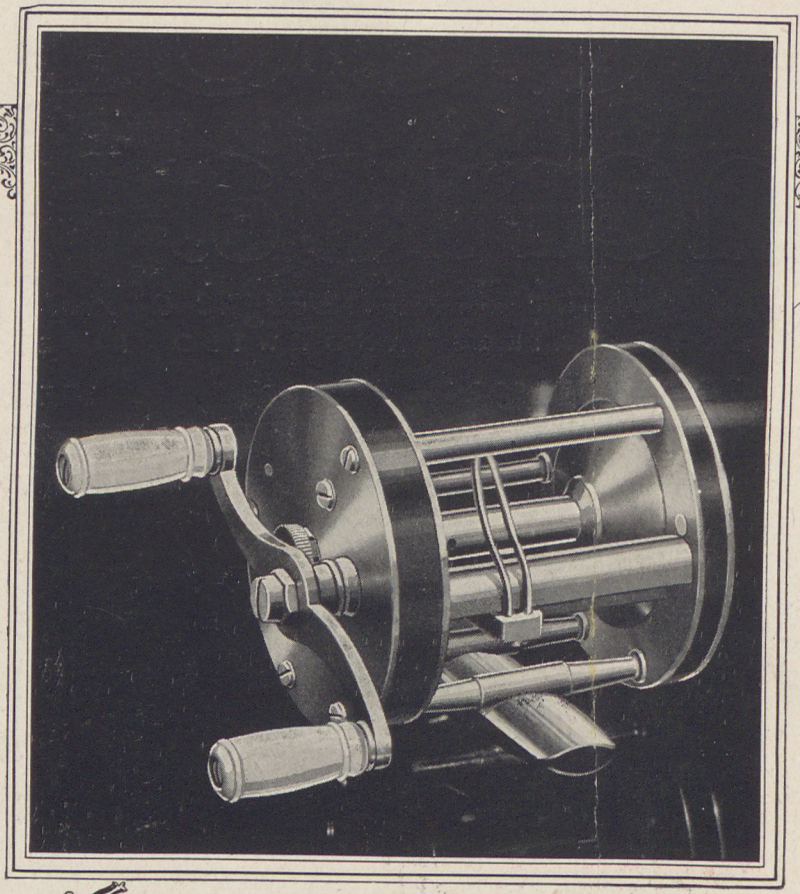
DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME 2 MARCH, 1924 NUMBER 8

Illustrating

Logger to Tourist to Logger

Gene Stratton-Porter Zane Grey



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It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than two years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

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7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

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11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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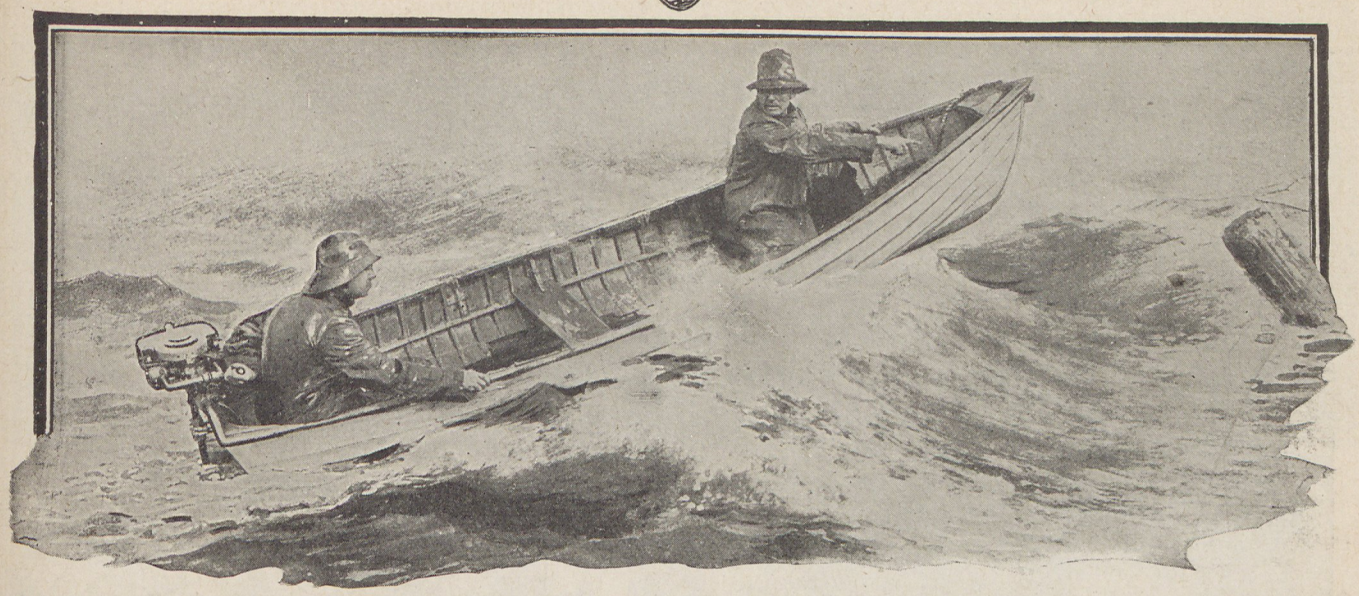

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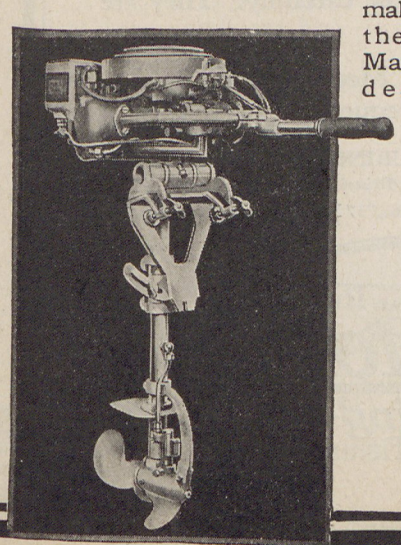

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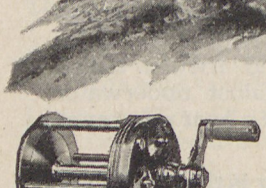

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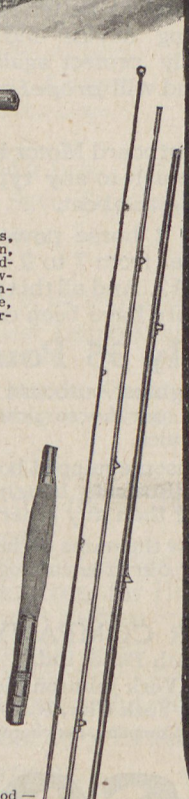

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Starting for the day's grazing

Sino

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER

I HAD been sent by "Country Life in America" to write and illustrate a history of the activities of a big ranch in Nebraska. It was there that I became acquainted with Dan, a sheep herder of the high hills, with his horse, Deck, and his dog, Sino. I am not sure that hills twenty-five hundred feet above sea level are not entitled to be called mountains. There was a lake lying among them and there were tall cottonwoods and willows growing beside the irrigation ditches.

Dan, Deck and Sino were incidental to photographing the beauties and the utilities of the great ranch embracing several thousand acres. I made friends with them because part of my business was to photograph the sheep industry as it flourished on the hills. Far up in a flat place sheltered from the north wind lay the big corral. It had been built in the days when the energies expended on that part of the ranch all ran to sheep. Tenants had rented sections of the land, broken soil, and were growing alfalfa in fields which had to be protected from the sheep as there was no wood for fences, while wire for that amount of enclosure would have been almost prohibitive figured in connection with the earnings of the sheep.

Dan must have been a sheep herder all his life. The requirements of his business seemed habitual with him. The sun and the wind had tanned him to a reddish, tobacco brown. Anything one had from him in the way of conversation literally had to be dragged out by force or diplomacy. Not that he was unfriendly. He simply had lived alone so long that he had a well established habit of silence ingrained in his nature.

Deck would have been a good looking horse if he had not been disfigured by Dan's queer saddle with its high pommel and padding of blankets, with the flapping blinders of the bridle that looked like those I used to see on carriage horses in the country. Deck had been on his job so many years that he could have gone out and herded the sheep as efficiently as Dan.

So far as Sino was concerned, I am firm in the conviction that he knew more about sheep than Dan. Certainly he did the larger part of the work and he did it with the assistance of an instinct in his makeup, also with a power of scent and a vision of eye, unknown to men. Sino was not very large. His body was covered with long, silky fine hair. Over his back, extending down each foreleg and including the tail, he was a deep Van Dyke brown, almost black. His face, surrounding his nose and mouth, was white. A faint white line ran from the tip of the nose across the top of his head. On each side of it, directly above the eyes, there was a splash of white. There was white in his ear linings and on his cheeks, and a broad patch of it on his breast, covering his belly, also, the inside of both his fore and his hind legs. The dark coat on his shoulders ran halfway down the length of the front legs and where it joined the white it shaded into a golden brown. The white hair of his throat and his under parts was longer and silkier than the hair on his back. Being a sheep dog, he had not much attention until I personally cleaned him up to sit for his portrait at his best, because I felt he had earned the honor of appearing as fine as he could be made to look. Previous to this attention, burrs matted his shaggy coat and tumble weed and foxtail floated like banners from his tail.

His body was long, slightly suggesting in shape the Dachshund. His legs were short and in them there were steel springs. He could cover the ground faster than any animal of his size I ever have seen. Pedigree never was mentioned in connection with him. His long, silky tail, the unfailing barometer of his spirits, waved in elation when he felt that he had done well, but at an angry word or at a threatening gesture from Dan he tucked it between his hind legs to the point of eclipse.

The three spent not only their days but their nights together. Dan lived in a tent

At his best Sino looked like this.

standing very close to the gates of the corral. In this tent there was nothing except a low, ramshackle cot on which Dan slept in his clothing with the addition of some very disreputable bedding. Sino slept on the floor beside him, while Deck grazed or rested, tethered to a post of the corral in case he should be needed in the emergency of sheep killing dogs brought in by the new tenants or ranging the country from ranches or towns from Kearney to many miles distant.

I was introduced to the trio by Dunlap, a lean Scotchman who was my host and the foreman of the ranch at that time. It was his job to lead me to each beauty of the ranch that would profit by illustration and exploitation and to furnish me any necessary assistance in securing the illustrations I wanted for the article I was to write.

It was my first trip that far West. Everything was new to me. I had been born and reared in low country, accustomed to swamps and swales, to mighty forests almost impenetrable with giant trees. There was something fascinating to me in the clear, cool air of the high hills of Nebraska. The time that I worked there was in October; the days were warm and golden and the heat of the sunshine was comforting during the day. When the sun dropped behind the hills, the weather speedily grew colder. I formed the habit of wandering upon the hills in the evening to enjoy the extreme beauty of the view. Never in my life had I been anywhere that I could see over stretches of country that I thought in easy walking distance and learned was forty miles.

In the night the October moon illumined every crest and pocket of the high hills. The surface of the lake rippled with the wind and shimmered like sheets of pearl in its light. By contrast, the shadows among the willows and cottonwoods of the irrigation ditches made lines of velvety blackness, but in the open the moonlight was so persistent and so white that food hunting kildeer and bittern could be plainly seen around the shores of the lake. Little buff owls slipped from the gopher holes on the hills of the Empire Ranch adjoining, hooting waveringly as they crossed back and forth between me and the moon. Night hawks screamed querulously as they sailed above the waters of the lake and the cottonwoods in the business of living. At night the air was cool to crispness at the highest levels.

One morning as I came up to the corral ready for work, Dan told me in his terse way and with the use of fewer words than I have known any man to employ in accomplishing a story, about how Sino had pulled his sleeve as he lay sleeping that night, and had awakened him to the fact that there was danger in the air. Despite the heavy odor of five thousand sheep in the corral outside, either by scent or by instinct, the little dog had known what was coming quite as well as if he had seen a lean greyhound leap the bed of the irrigation ditch and come racing up the hills with her son, a black villain, half mastiff, foaming with blood lust, at her side. It was then that Sino had rushed to Dan, frantically tugged at his coat until he had awakened him and Dan had sprung up fully clothed as he worked, his knife in one hand, his revolver in the other.

Peering down the moon-whitened slopes, he saw the sheep killers racing straight toward his corral. As the lean greyhound lifted with an easy sweep, she first saw Dan. Attempting to double in the air, she struck the black rising in his leap. At the instant Dan fired, but the dog's attempt to turn had confused the man and he missed. Then Dan began to shout frantically, he told me, for Sino, the best sheep dog in Buffalo County, had darted past him and was leaping down the hills after the sheep killers, either of whom could have crushed him with one snap. Dan told me that as he saw the little dog stretching out in frantic leaps and racing so bravely down the hill, he realized that very shortly the sheep killers would have put sufficient distance between themselves and him to cease fearing him and then they would turn and crush the life from Sino, the best little sheep dog in the central states, the best in the whole United States for that matter.

Dan told me that he shouted after him frantically: "Back, Sino! Come back, you little fool! Come back!"

He realized that the wind was against him and the dog could not hear his voice, or if he did catch the sound of it, he might only feel that he was being urged to the chase. Dan, shouting in anger, could almost select the spot where the sheep killers, sheltered by the cottonwoods bordering the irrigation ditch, would turn to crush the life from poor little Sino, the bravest and smartest sheep dog,—yes, in the whole world. With a slash Dan severed the precious hair lasso that picketed Deck to the corral, sprang on his back, and leaning flat to make the least resistance to the wind, beat the broncho's back and sides with both hands and feet, and raged at him for going so slowly.

Far ahead sped the greyhound; beside her raced the black mastiff. Surprisingly close to both of them, Sino, a speck in comparison, seemed scarcely to touch the ground at all. Dan told me that the first thought that came to his mind when they got well under way was to be thankful that he had filled the gopher holes in a private road he had made down to the bridge that led to the boarding house. He said that the horse's feet pounded out a kind of tune to which he found himself singing: "Glad I filled the gopher holes, gopher holes, gopher holes! Glad I filled the gopher holes, gopher holes, gopher holes!"

As they neared the line of the irrigation ditch it seemed to Dan that Sino was gaining on the marauders and then, in a wave of boiling anger, he realized that they were purposely slowing down so that Sino might come closer. Then Dan swore fiercely and rode wildly. Almost at the exact spot he had in mind, just before her feet touched the bridge, the greyhound whirled and sprang for her small pursuer and then Sino realized that his hour had come.

Dan said there was something unutterably pathetic in the yelp of sheer terror with which the little dog turned and doubled back up the trail like a fluff of tumble weed borne by the wind, while Dan, still using both feet and hands on his horse, raced to the dog's rescue. He said it seemed to him as if Sino had turned to rubber and was bounding from spot to spot in his race for life while Dan screamed to him: "Come, Sino! Come! Come on, old fellow!"

The greyhound leaped and Sino's yelp of terror told that she had grazed him as she alighted.

"I thought I never could hit her from that distance," said Dan, "but I got my gun ready. When she failed to catch Sino, the black mastiff darted ahead of her and as he arose in his leap almost over Sino, I fired point blank. When he fell, the greyhound turned and ran for the shadows of the ditch alone."

Then Dan told me he sent bullet after bullet at her, but the slim, wavering thing seemed to dodge and take an irregular course to avoid the lead he scattered around her. When she reached the cottonwoods, there was no chance, but Dan said that he knew her, so he would get her the next time he saw her. On the way back, when he passed the black carcass, he slipped from his saddle and "made sure." Sino came bounding to him, Dan told me, panting from his race, bursting with joy over his escape, by every indication a dog can give to man, the gladdest thing alive.

And then Dan, who seemed to be a veracious man and given to telling all of anything once you got him started, told me something that astounded me. After he had reached the corral and had ridden around it carefully, inspecting everything to see that no dogs had come up from the far side, he went back to tether Deck before he went to bed again. When he picked up the lasso, a surge of anger shot through him. He had levied heavily on the tails of the horses of all his friends. He had used his spare time for weeks in the braiding of his black and brown lariat. As he caught it up the severed ends slipped through his fingers. He forgot his elation over the black mastiff lying down by the road to the ranch house. He forgot that if once this pair had cleared the corral and begun their bloody work among the sheep, they might have done damage that would have lost him his job before he could have prevented them.

"Damn you!" he growled at Sino, "if you'd had sense

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Dan lay down and fell asleep, the center of a circumference of five thousand grazing sheep, while Sino worked to keep the circle unbroken.

to stay where you belong, I wouldn't have cut my lasso!" Then Dan sent Sino flying from the toe of his boot into the tent before them. The dog shot under the cot without a sound, but when Dan was half asleep again, he realized that the little fellow had slipped out and was standing beside him, gazing long and steadily into his face. Then the dog walked soundlessly from the tent and sat at the entrance, guarding the sheep, until a faint streak of light rimmed the eastern hills.

Dan had just returned from breakfast when I went to work that morning. He told me about the trouble he had experienced when I saw the spoiled lasso that he had shown me with so much pride in its skilful braiding and its color only a few days before. As he finished, Dunlap rode up on a wonderful big black horse he used in his business of superintending the activities of the ranch, and we began on our work at once.

I had three cameras with me and I wanted pictures that would give an idea of the number of the sheep, of the beauty of the ranch, and it had been impressed upon me that wherever it was a possible thing I was to keep the lake in the background in order to prove to all and sundry who saw the pictures that there was water on the location. So I waited until the sheep were released from the corral; then I followed while Dan and Sino herded them between the fields of ranch tenants in order to keep them from the alfalfa and the hubbard squash and corn that were being grown to furnish seed for one of the greatest seed houses of the country.

Sino went at his work involuntarily. He darted around the outer edges of the flock, bringing back the strays, forcing stubborn leaders, that ranged too far, to turn and head in the direction desired.

First we tried to herd the flock past the lake. At the head of it I took shot after shot across the water at the thousands encompassed in the flock as they wound around the lake and started up a ravine leading to the high pastures upon which they were to graze. As we approached the far end of this ravine I worked my way ahead of the sheep and when they cleared it at the beginning of the pasture lands and were ready to spread to the business of grazing, they were so thickly packed that from the distance at which I was operating they looked like the scales overlapping the body of a fish. They poured, almost like water, over the hills.

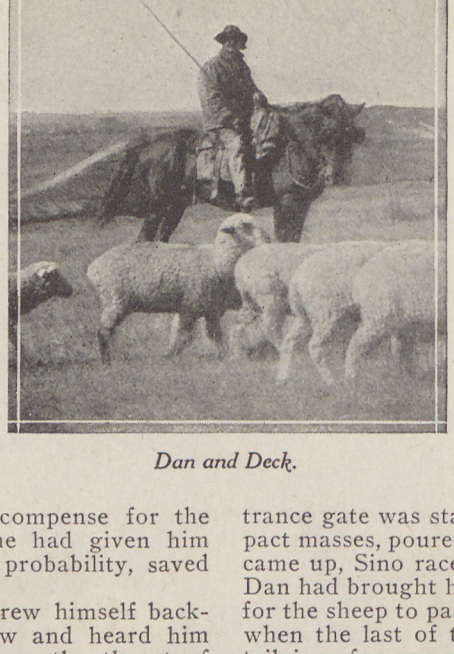
Then Dan and Dunlap began driving them in front of the location I had chosen in order that I might be able to give some accurate impression of their splendid condition, of their numbers and of the prosperity they presaged. Deck was efficient at this business. He galloped here and there, turning back the sheep, rounding them up, and the little dog raced everywhere he was most needed, intent on the same business. By the time noon came all of us were tired and I was convinced that the work I had been sent to do was successfully accomplished. Without these pictures you can scarcely credit what followed.

Noon came. Dan sat down to his lunch, and after he had eaten it, a compelling combination overtook him. He had lost sleep the previous night; he was wind beaten and sand was smarting his eyes from herding the sheep for me all forenoon, and he had a full stomach. So he turned the bridle over Deck's nose and lay down on a sloping spot over which they had forced the sheep in order to give me a splendid shot at them from an opposite elevation.

The sheep scattered in a circle around Dan and the horse. Sino raced around the outer edges of the circumference turning back strays and rams that wanted to head in the direction of the water and alfalfa fields, and it must have been that in constantly rounding up a flock of fool young sheep fresh from the wilds of Montana, that Sino drove in before them everything to which their trampling feet became a menace.

After my lunch with Dunlap and his pretty young bride whom he had married only shortly before at Cornell, where he had gone to take a course in forestry, I decided that I would carry a hand camera and go back to Dan to pick up small details around the edges of the flock that would make interesting marginal decorations for my

story of the ranch. Particularly, I had in mind that I wanted a shot at the last of the flock as they entered the corral with Dan and Sino bringing up the rear, and as always, I must get it from an angle which showed trees and the lake in the distance. So I made my way down to the outer circle of the flock. Dan was lying in the midst of it on the sloping hillside, his broad hat brim over his face, so sound asleep that he did not answer when I called him. Deck, not far from him, was grazing as busily as the sheep that encircled the unconscious Dan, and around the outer edges of the flock Sino raced, realizing his hour of responsibility. He recognized me when he saw me and came running to me. I stooped to pat him, not because I am particularly fond of dogs, but because I felt that something was coming to this one in recompense for the kick that his master had admitted he had given him the night before, after he had, in all probability, saved his job for him.



Dan and Deck.

At that instant Deck reared and threw himself backward in a wild leap. Sino and I saw and heard him at the same time. A growl broke from the throat of the dog. And then the thing happened that you will find difficult to believe. He instantly sprang through the flock and went bounding toward his master, so that I realized from his action that there was something he knew which I did not; something in the movement of the horse, something in the whole situation that called the little dog to duty, when all of my human perception failed to see or to hear anything of menace.

Sino broke through the circle of sheep surrounding Dan. He barked wildly, in short, dry yelps, and Dan became conscious of the dog's danger signal. He felt Sino brush his shoulder in his leap and then he heard a sickening buzz that he recognized. Still half asleep, he had only sense to realize that the danger lay in front of him, so he whirled and rolled over and over in the opposite direction and then he sat up in time to see Sino's wide side leap as a big rattlesnake struck at him.

Undoubtedly the snake had been harassed and driven in by the circling sheep when they broke over the point in order to give me the shot I desired from the opposite bank. The crack of Dan's revolver came on the instant. The noise scattered the Montana sheep and Sino darted away to his occupation. As I came through the flock Dan, on his knees, blinked up at me. His fingers were shaking. There was a tremor running the length of his body; his red-rimmed eyes were gazing solemnly at the writhing body of the big snake, that snake which carries death in its mouth. I stood looking down at them and it was then that Sino came bounding back with proud feet that spurned the Nebraska hill tops. His brown and black tail was waving like a banner of victory. He knew what he had done, even though he failed to receive a pat of approbation or a word of commendation.

Dan looked at the dog. I think the man was overtaken by nausea. He said to the little fellow: "God knows I got enough for today, Sino. Let's quit."

He picked up the long switch he always carried with which to turn the sheep when they ran amuck. The disappointed dog went back to his work, systematically and thoroughly if not enthusiastically.

I was out of patience with Dan. That was too callous for any use. A dog might be only a dog, but when he worked with the brain of a human and got results— I took a short cut to the corral and placed myself in the right position to take the picture that I wanted. I noticed as I passed Dan that his face wore more expression than I had seen on it at any time since I had known him.

Sino raced everywhere and tried to do both his work and Dan's. They allowed the sheep to drink as they passed the lake and then they bunched them into the narrow valley that led to the corral. The entrance gate was standing wide open. The sheep, in compact masses, poured in. As the last stragglers of the flock came up, Sino raced ahead of Deck. He dropped where Dan had brought his horse to a standstill while he waited for the sheep to pass inside of the corral. At the moment when the last of the flock entered the gate I made the tailpiece for my story. Dan sat watching me, his long switch across his shoulder. The little dog lay panting where he had dropped in front of him.

"Did you get what you wanted?" inquired Dan.

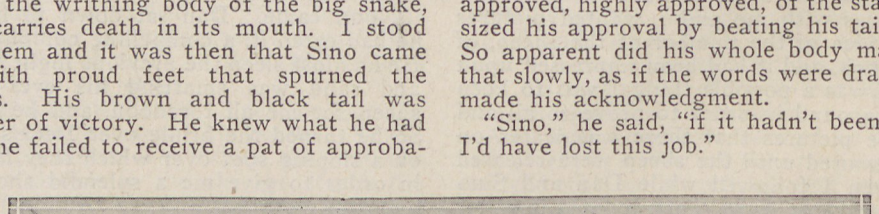
I told him I was confident that I had.

Slowly he dismounted, took the saddle and the bridle from Deck, put the lasso around his neck, and tied one end of it to a post of the corral. Then he sat down in front of his tent and looked out across the hills and the valleys and the beauty of the lake. He might have been watching the great, golden balls of foxtail and tumbleweed that rolled before the wind, gathering mass and momentum on their way. I might have been a thousand miles distant for all the attention he paid to me. I stood there a space considering him and wondering what was in his mentality, what the years of isolation and silence had bred in the man. It was at that minute the little dog came up, seated himself before his master, and looked steadily at him with soft, faithful, asking eyes. They were eyes that were gleaming strange lights; accusing eyes, if you will. His ears were raised sharply; and finally, in impatience, he beat the baked earth of the hills with his tail. It made a light thudding that attracted Dan's attention. He looked down.

"Sino," he said thickly, "you're a good little dog."

The tensing muscles of Sino's body could easily be seen at the words. His ears had been raised; now they cocked sharply. His eyes had been gleaming; now a dancing light broke into a thousand flecks in them. He approved, highly approved, of the statement. He emphasized his approval by beating his tail more emphatically. So apparent did his whole body make his appreciation that slowly, as if the words were dragged from him, Dan made his acknowledgment.

"Sino," he said, "if it hadn't been for you last night, I'd have lost this job."



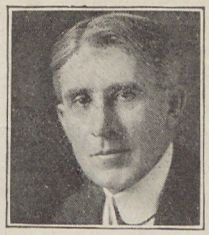
As the last sheep entered the corral Sino dropped before Dan and Deck.

No one need tell me that the dog did not understand and thoroughly appreciate what was being said to him. His head tipped knowingly farther to one side. He gravely considered the statement.

(Continued on page 63)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Outdoors *with* Zane Grey



UNDER this heading will appear stories and articles by Zane Grey on a wide range of outdoor subjects. Second only in interest and charm to accompanying Zane Grey on this wonderful fishing, hunting and camping trips are these stories by this world famous writer and sportsman.

THE EDITOR

Trees

By

Zane Grey.

AN English philosopher said that one of the most tragic spectacles of the historic present was the blind and indifferent rush of Americans toward ruin. Money, luxury, excitement, speed,—these it would seem are the goals worshipped by the majority of the people of the United States. Our great free, wonderful America has been caught in the maw of materialism.

One of the melancholy things to contemplate is the ruin of our forests. The tabernacles of the stately trees! All true Americans love trees. How could they help it? The woods are an inheritance. But they do not think. Most of the people flock to the cities. And meanwhile the havoc is wrought on all sides.

That lumber is a necessity no sensible person can dispute. But that the forests should be destroyed by commercialism is a vastly different matter. The sentiments of dreamers, artists, lovers of nature, can be left out of the reckoning. These are the first to see the hand-writing on the wall, but their personal grievance and sorrow need not be considered. The terrible fact is that the life and soul of the nation are in peril.

Can any nation progress without beauty, religion, wisdom? These are as essential to greatness as bread. Beauty is an integral part of nature, and in case of the forests it can be utterly destroyed. Religion is a need that arises out of our lonely past of hundreds of thousands of years, when man roamed the timbered earth. He had to have something besides food, woman, child. He had to perpetuate himself, and that meant faith. The ministry of trees, of stars, of sun and moon, of natural things, developed in him a belief in a power of infinite life, and that was his soul. Wisdom, the same as beauty and religion, came from long contemplation of the visible things of the universe.

"Trees are as important as wheat fields."

Trees are as important as wheat fields. Houses should be made of brick, stone, cement. It would be better that we return to mud huts like the troglodyte than lose our souls. All of life cannot be measured in dollars. Life is brief, and only the achievements and accumulations of spirit can be taken into the beyond.

Men who have done good with the talents entrusted to them have always been of a serious bent, whether intellectual giants or plain simple-minded workers. And all have been lovers of nature.

Surely it can be proved that Christ loved the earth, the waters, and the living inhabitants thereof. Abraham watched the stars that shone on the lonely Arabian desert. Shakespeare saw beauty

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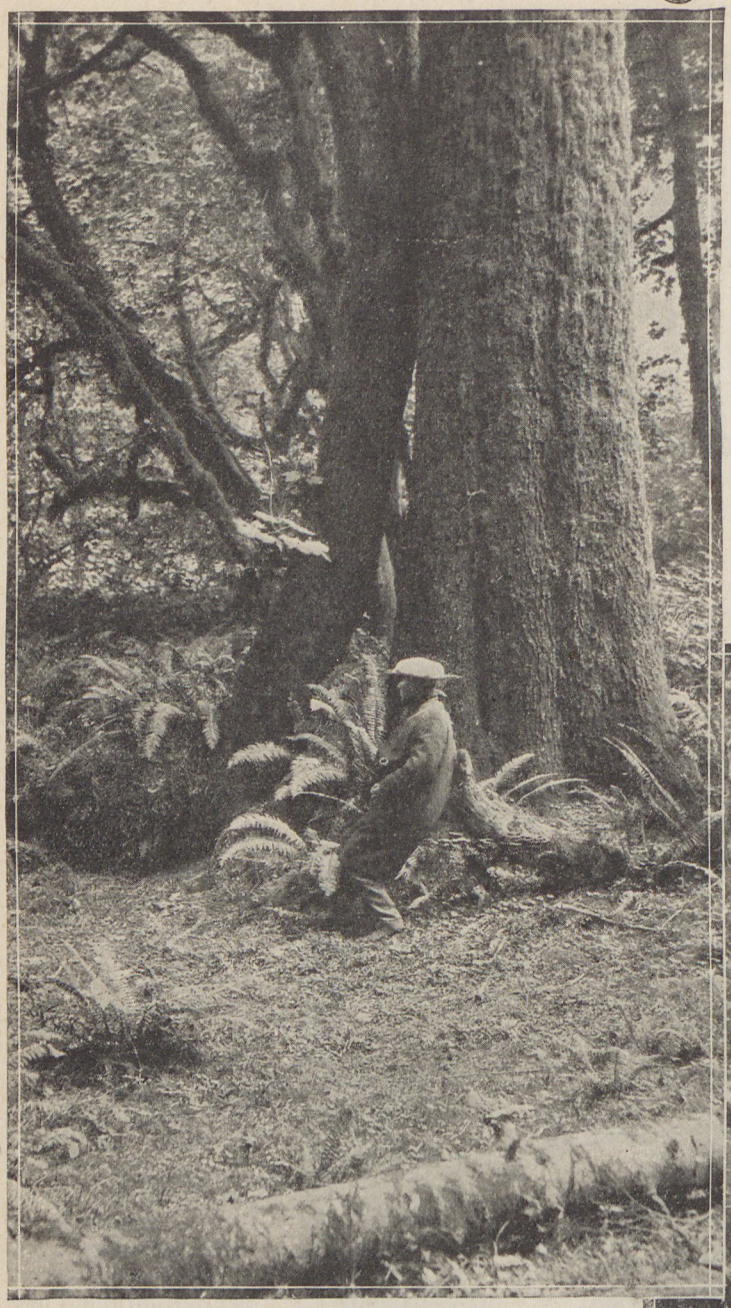


"All true Americans love trees."

as well as character. Tennyson's poetry is flooded with the light, the dream, the glory of nature. Tagore perfected his wonderful philosophy in the forests of India. As a boy and as a man Abraham Lincoln found something in the solitude of the woods—under the maples, hickory, sycamores, elms, chestnuts. Roosevelt reserved our national forests.

The trees then of our native land have a profound significance and importance. Every boy and every girl ought to know that, even if all cannot play and study under the rustling leaves. In almost every yard in every home over all this great broad country there is a tree of some kind. Why? If it did not grow there naturally some one planted it.

Our great rivers have their sources in the forests,—the stately Hudson and the broad Ohio, the beautiful Connecticut and the winding moss-shaded Caloosahatchie, the majestic Mississippi and the muddy Missouri, the thundering Colorado and the grand Columbia. When the forests are gone what will become of these rivers? For the forests draw and store the waters of the heavens. What will become of the cold, clear, murmuring and babbling brooks, and the sweet pure fountain springs from which they flow?

It is only necessary to see the devastation caused by the pulp-mills in the east and the saw-mills in the west to realize that these sweet waters are perishing from the earth.

A few years ago Pike County, Penn., had thousands of square miles of forest—white pine, hemlock, hickory, oak. They are gone. And the cold springs are gone, the brooks have dried up, the amber moss is dead, the trailing-arbutus no more lends its exquisite fragrance to the air, and the gentian is only a memory. Where have these forests gone? To make mine-props in the coal mines! What a disgusting thing to reflect upon! Beauty, glory, health, joy, and the deeper benefits of the forests, gone at six dollars a thousand feet

"Beauty is an integral part of nature."

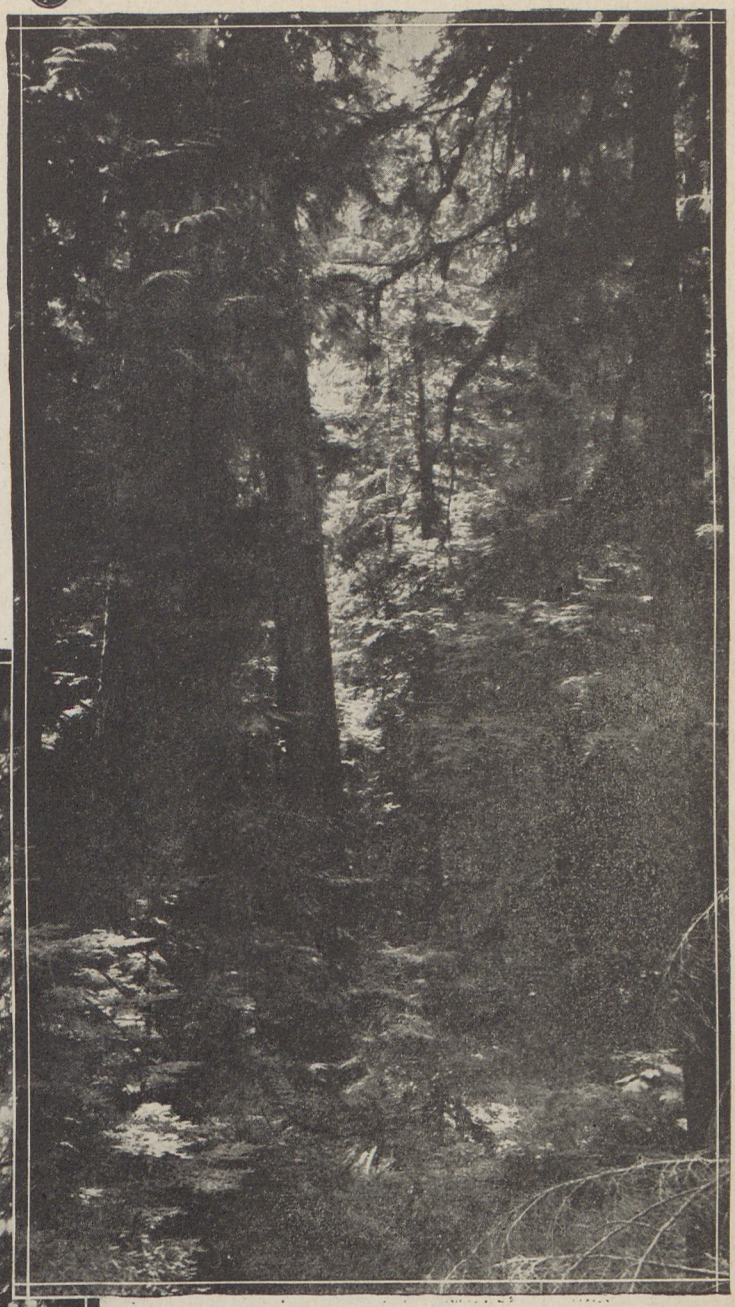
Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

into propping the shafts of dark and sordid tunnels! The government let these trees go, the people let them go,—and yet we hear so much about free, wonderful, beautiful America. It is appalling ignorance and a monstrous greed.

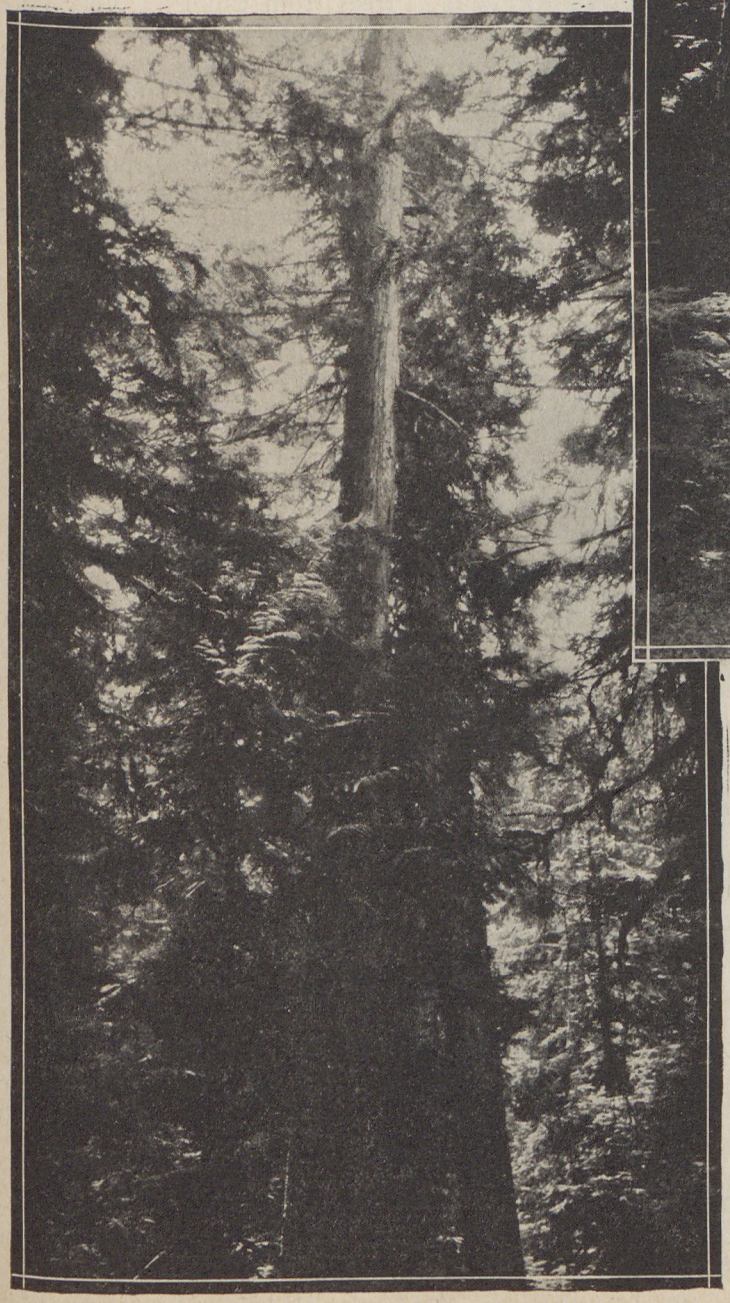
The Pike County tragedy is only a little thing compared to the catastrophe of Washington, Oregon, California. In all the world there is nothing so beautiful, inspiring, healthful, and strength-giving as the magnificent forests of the west.

The dry, fragrant, brown-matted, golden-aisled, green-canopied forests of Arizona should never at any future time be cut. It is desert country. Only on the high uplands is there timber. Yet the forests are going.

On the Pacific slope of the mountains the crash of falling monarchs, the death-knell of the grand red-woods never ceases. The dark, still, somberly-green, lofty-spired forests of the northwest are falling as prairie-grass before a driving wind of flame. And there is no way to stop a prairie fire.



"The tabernacles of stately trees!"

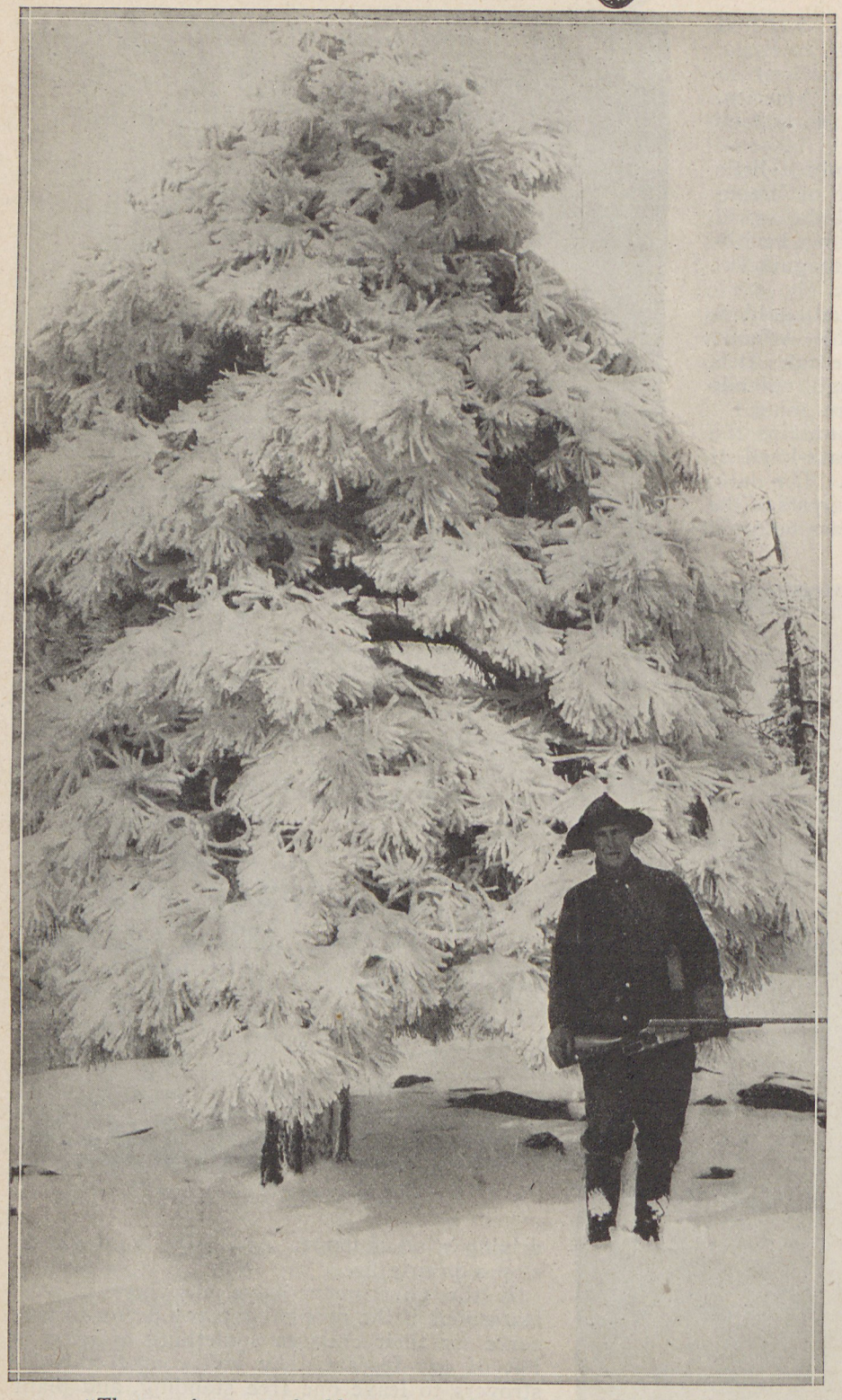


"The lofty-spired forests of the northwest."

If the government have any honest, wise statesmen, if the people have any desire to preserve for their children something of what is left of our forests, they will compel the destroyers to leave one tree standing, and plant another for every one they destroy.

The white pine is considered the most stately and beautiful of forest trees. Much as I love this variety I am not willing to concede it first place of all our trees. The silver spruce, that great graceful monarch of the western mountains, is the supreme beauty of the conifers. But the white pine is superior to any other eastern tree.

For years along the Delaware River in Pike County I haunted the pine forests, where the black trunks towered and the level lacy-foliaged limbs spread over the brown-matted aisles. And as these years sped swiftly I noted that most of the white pines went with them. For



"The trees of our native land have a profound significance and importance."

the white pine has been attacked by a foreign beetle, imported to this country; and unless every lover of this beautiful pine exerts himself, it is doomed. The parasite breeds on gooseberry or currant bushes. The only way known to save the white pine is to destroy these bushes wherever they grow in the vicinity of the pines.

It is a melancholy thing to contemplate. What would a forest be without white pines? Where would the amber-colored brooks go? Would trout fishing be as much a joy if the pines were dead? How many fishermen know that the dark green, spreading pine trees of the eastern states are in danger of extermination? But that is a fact.

And as for our chestnut trees—alas! they **are** doomed. A miserable little Bolshevik parasite, **enlothia, parasitica,** lately come to the United States from China, has signed the death-warrant of our best loved trees. There is no hope. It is too late. Perhaps this is another loss to lay to commercialism. Did we need fruit trees from China? Well, the imported fruit trees brought the bugs.

How is an American boy, born from now on, going to be wholly American unless he can do three things — hunt for buried treasure, chase squirrels along a zigzag rail fence—and gather chestnuts in autumn?

Who has not seen the chestnut trees in the spring burst into creamy luxury of blossoms, like candelabra? Who has not spent an Indian summer day in the woods or along the hillside, brushing aside the yellow leaves to look for chestnuts? How the thorny burrs pricked our fingers! How many times has a club thrown aloft descended upon our heads? What eastern boy has not felt his pocket bulge with brown shiny chestnuts?

The fragrance of the autumn comes back to me, the dry scent of the woods, the smell of burning leaves, the tang of the cool fall wind. I hear a crow caw from the hill. The purple haze, as smoky as from a forest fire, fills the valleys. The river gleams below, winding away.

Along the stone fences the sumach flames.

All imperishable memories associated with chestnut trees!

There is a glory of nature passing away from the earth. My boy will never know the joys that have been mine. Something is happening to our beloved country; not the least of which is the doom of the emblem of America—forest trees.

Coming in April—Monty Price's Nightingale—By ZANE GREY

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Zane Grey and R. C. Grey photographing flukes of great sperm whale in air. This is the rarest and most beautiful sight afforded by creatures of the ocean. It took years to get this opportunity.

One of the Wonders of the Deep

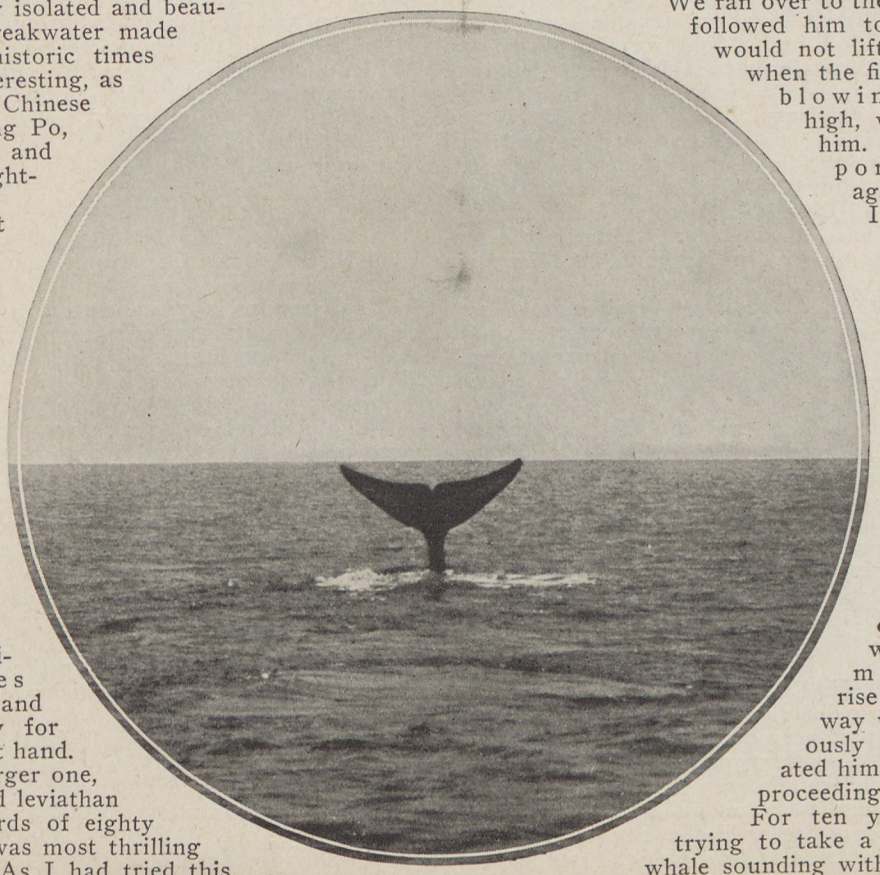
By ZANE GREY

THE morning did not look propitious. It was rather light, with wide spaces of clear sky, and a ripply sea. The wind was chill. We decided to run to Catalina Harbor. I wrote five pages, and did not notice the sea, but it seemed rough. Another bad day! Nevertheless we went on. When I got through my work a high sea was running from the west, and the wind was brisk.

We ran into Catalina Harbor, round the point, the first time for me. I found the bottle-necked land-locked bay very isolated and beautiful. The stone breakwater made by Indians of prehistoric times was exceedingly interesting, as was also the old Chinese pirate ship, the Ning Po, resting on the mud, and now a mecca for sight-seers.

When we ran out to sea again the wind had lulled, the sun had come out, the sea had changed from gray to blue, and as if by magic the fishing day was beautiful. I climbed to the crow's nest. Far out I saw a whale make white water, then sound. I directed Captain to head out.

We found the California gray whales feeding out there, and a rare opportunity for pictures appeared at hand. We followed the larger one, a huge gray mottled leviathan of the deep, upwards of eighty feet in length. It was most thrilling to approach him. As I had tried this many times before I did not anticipate much luck. But you can never tell! This old fellow very obligingly stayed up until we got within two hundred feet, then he curved his leathery shining back, and doubled his tail into a round knot. Then wondrously rose the wide flukes! I was in a rapture of excitement. And I missed that chance for a picture because a strap had caught on a lever of my camera. The old hoodoo was working! I was sick. But R. C. assured me that he had caught the picture, and that somewhat assuaged my discomfiture.



California gray whale sounding.

We ran over to the second whale, and followed him to no avail, for he would not lift his flukes. Then when the first one rose again, blowing his white vapor high, we sailed down on him. The very same opportunity presented again, and this time I seized it. I was elated. R. C. and Sid both snapped their cameras at my yell.

We waited for him to come up again, and he was not long in doing so. This circumstance was interesting. I concluded the whale was feeding on the small bait fish numerous just off the harbor. He would go down and make a foray, then rise to breathe. Anyway we profited marvelously by whatever actuated him to such an unusual proceeding.

For ten years I have been trying to take a good picture of a whale sounding with his flukes high in the air.

(Continued on page 62)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

DURING the week I received a letter from Mr. George N. Wood of Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, in which he says: "Under separate cover I am sending you a small tin box which contains paper mill waste spruce pulp, which we picked up on the bank of the 'Wisconse' river, in Wisconsin Rapids—put some of this pulp in a glass of water—you will then note why there are so few game fish left in the 'Wisconse.'

"The Wisconsin river is 426 miles long, with a fall of 1046 feet, from the last of the rapids at Nekoosa to the mouth it is 600 to 1,200 feet wide—the watershed of the river is about 40 miles wide—the river has many rapid tributary streams.

"Before the advent of the 14 large modern paper mills on the river, it was one of the foremost game fish streams in America—from the Dells of the river at Kil-

and cleanings from his tanks **do not kill** the fish. He is a sportsman himself, but convinced that he is right in his opinion. We know we can force him (and we will if necessary), but I think he will be reasonable and we much prefer to handle the matter by persuasion rather than by force.

Thanking you for any enlightenment and advice on this matter, I remain, yours for better bass fishing in the future.

FRANK P. SMITH,
Pres. Batavia Chapter, I. W. L. A.

Among other agents employed in galvanizing plants are zinc, tin, sal ammoniac, muriatic and other acids, all of which are poisonous to fish and other animal life if existing in the waste water and allowed to empty into the stream. I agree with you that co-operation and persuasion are likely to do more to remedy the evil than

"1. The population advisable to provide for.

"2. The amount of sewage advisable to provide for.

"3. The chemical character of the sewage.

"4. The capacity of the Sangamon river and other streams for carrying this away. The Sangamon is estimated to serve a drainage area in and around this city of 2,690 square miles."

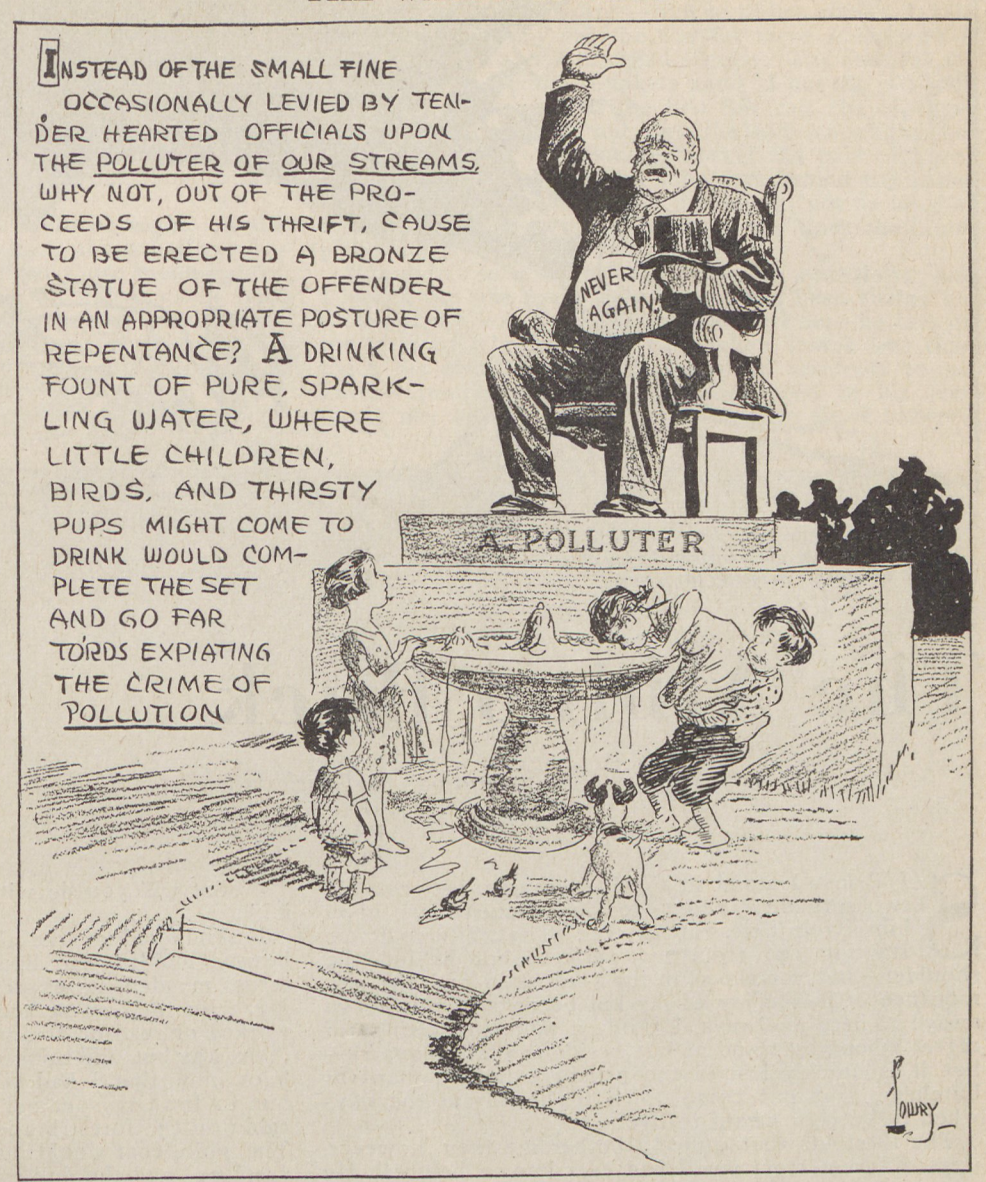
This will give some idea of what is being accomplished to meet the pollution problem of the Sangamon river, into which all the sewage from Springfield empties. I think it can be said without fear of contradiction that what is being done to remedy this situation at the present time is the result of the agitation and stirring up of public interest by the members of the Springfield Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. Sentiment throughout the city is very strongly in favor of the new improvement and there can be no doubt but what it will be carried through.

The next step in the program will be the building of an immense dam across the Sangamon river, approximately a mile east of the present water works site. When this is completed a lake will be formed, extending fourteen miles in length and from one to one and a half miles in width. The lake created by the construction of this dam will insure an ample water supply for Springfield for many years to come. We are all "boosting" for "Lake Springfield" and expect to have it before very many years roll by.

We have it on excellent authority that the Decatur sewage treatment plant will go into operation sometime in February, and this will mean unpolluted water between the Macon County metropolis and the Capital City. Springfield is quietly proceeding to clean up her own back yard, and we sincerely hope that the various cities northwest of us, located on the Sangamon, will soon fall into line, to the end that the good, clean, wholesome stream of our forefathers will not be merely a dream of the past, but (once more) a "real" reality.

Very truly, S. J. KROGDAHL,
Secretary, Springfield Chapter, I. W. L. A.

THE WATER SPOILER


INSTEAD OF THE SMALL FINE OCCASIONALLY LEVIED BY TENDER HEARTED OFFICIALS UPON THE POLLUTER OF OUR STREAMS, WHY NOT, OUT OF THE PROCEEDS OF HIS THRIFT, CAUSE TO BE ERECTED A BRONZE STATUE OF THE OFFENDER IN AN APPROPRIATE POSTURE OF REPENTANCE? A DRINKING FOUNT OF PURE, SPARKLING WATER, WHERE LITTLE CHILDREN, BIRDS, AND THIRSTY PUPS MIGHT COME TO DRINK WOULD COMPLETE THE SET AND GO FAR TOWARDS EXPIATING THE CRIME OF POLLUTION
NEVER AGAIN
A POLLUTER
LOWRY

THE SHELL ROCK IS A SEWER

"Pollution of the Shell Rock river in Iowa has reached such a stage that nearly all the fish have died and the stench from the river can be smelled for a mile. Residents of town and country along the course of the river have become very much aroused over the situation. A recent protest meeting at Greene was attended by a sanitary engineer, a chemist, and an epidemiologist from the state board of health, a representative of the state fish and game department, the district deputy game warden, a field agent of the state conservation association, repre-

(Continued on page 65)

INFORMATION WANTED

IN order to keep our readers informed as to what is being done to check or mitigate the evil of stream pollution, or what progress is being made in that direction in the various states to accomplish that result, we would be very pleased to hear from any or all persons who are interested in the matter, in any section of the Union.

We earnestly desire to know what is being done by individuals, Conservation Societies or Game and Fish Protective Associations, and what progress is being made, whether favorable or otherwise, especially in inland waters. Good results have been made in some localities, and favorable progress is promised in other quarters; but we especially wish to know about the localities where but little or nothing has been accomplished, and the reason why. Please don't pass this up with the flattering unction that some other conservationist will reply, but do it yourself, then it will be well done, and done quickly, and receive our grateful thanks and cordial obligations.

J. A. HENSHALL

"I looked down upon him lying lifeless at my feet and somehow the joy of my kill began suddenly to go away."

The Albino Buck

By BEN EAST

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

PART TWO

SO at last I stood in the little ravine, between the two spruce-cloaked ridges, and looked down upon him, lying lifeless at my feet. The white coat was staining red from my perfect shot behind the shoulder—and somehow at that red stain and the significance of it, the joy of my kill began suddenly to go away! There is always, I think, a momentary tinge of regret when you stand at last beside the fallen quarry—but it is quickly lost in the primitive lust of man for butchery, that has come down to him from the days when to butcher meant to live!

The thoughts that came to bother me then, however, were different from any I had ever known before! He was so beautiful, for one thing! More beautiful than any wild thing I had ever killed before—but he was not half as beautiful as he had been before I killed him! The memory of him, as he lifted above that down log, a soaring flash of white against the gray of the trees, I shall never lose!

Yesterday—yes, even an hour ago—he had walked along the ridges—had lain hidden close in the thick shelter of the cedar swamps—and had loved it all as much, perhaps even more, than I did! He was even on his way down to the little sparkling stream to drink, just as I had drunk from it a half hour before, when scent or sound of me had sent him flying up the narrow valley! What if I had been the hunted, as I bent my lips down to the cool water? What if the wind had borne the warning of death to me, as I drank? But there was not a beast in that wilderness cruel enough—savage enough—vindictive enough—to have killed me as I had killed the albino buck—for sport!

Was this the lure for man that was in the wild places, then—the taking of life that could not be given back? Were all men as savage as I?

The joy of my kill was gone—and I could not call it back, try as I would—not even when I sat before the great pine log fire that roared and crackled in the clay and stone fireplace of Jim's cabin, that night, where I could look out through the one square window and see the snow white body, swinging, head downward, in the bright starlight. It was not as I had thought it would be, this knowing that I would take the albino buck back to the city with me.

"What will you do with it," I asked myself. "Mount it?"

I shuddered at the thought of that strange forest beauty, molded into lines of cold clay, looking always across my den, its expressionless mockery of eyes gazing, with their silent accusation of murder, at me as I worked or read or dreamed. And suddenly I knew that there was but one thing that I could do with the albino buck, now that I had killed him—and that was to give him to Jim Grayson, and let him stay in the quiet lonely cabin on the forest bordered shore of the Little Beaver. The white coat would make a soft rug before the crude fireplace—and the dull eyes in the wonderful head could at least look out through the one window on the spruce and pine that had been theirs!

I turned suddenly to Jim, sitting quiet with his pipe, before the ruddy fire. He had a habit of sitting so, for an hour at a time, without speaking so much as a word, puffing slowly on the pipe, letting the smoke out in a slow drift, that eddied across to the fireplace to be swept in a sudden swirl up the wide chimney.

"Why is it you never hunt, Jim?" I asked him. "Even the deer, you hung up for winter today, that old Frenchman, on the other side of the lake, toted across to you in his canoe."

The silent man beside me smiled a quiet smile, and smoked on a moment before he answered.

"It's quite a long story," he began slowly, "and goes back a good many years, and to a good many reasons. But I guess after all, the real reason is a pal I had once."

He stopped again, and for a moment his pipe spoke eloquently of thoughtful silence. I settled back more comfortably in my larchroot chair and waited. If he told it this would be the first tale of his north country I had heard yet from the lips of the silent woodsman.

"I don't much guess a man ever had another such a pal as that one of mine. Staunch and strong and brave and true and tender—oh, what's the use! If you've ever had a pal that you lived alone with, for years and years, in the big silent woods, that you ate with, slept with, paddled with, portaged with, day after day, week after week—and if he was such a pal as that one of mine—then you know! And if you never had, why then I

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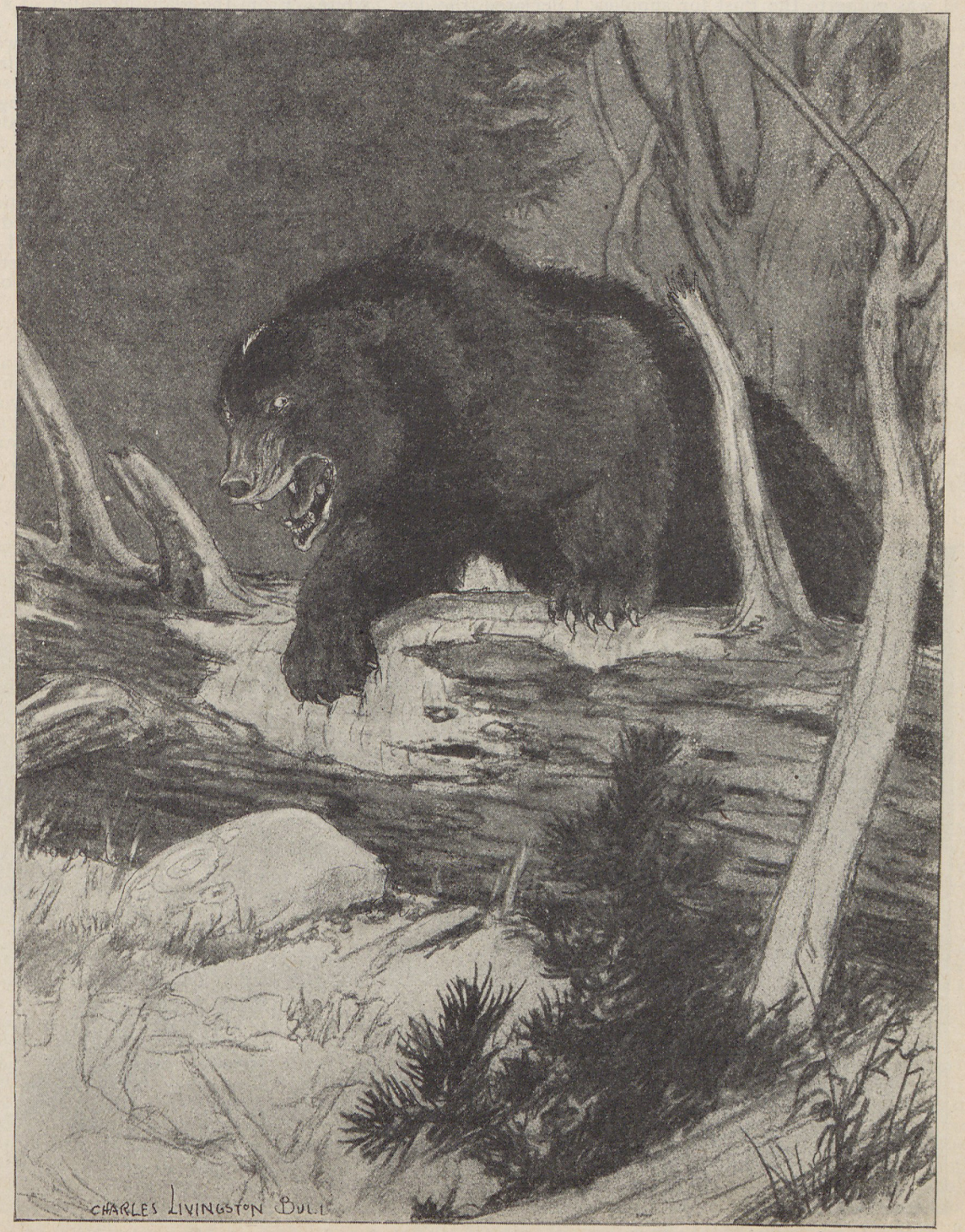
can't tell you! He had one curious habit, though. He had been born in the shadow of the forest—had never been where he couldn't smell the spruce for so much as an hour at a time—but never to my knowledge, in all the years he lived, did he kill any wild thing, unless it was to save a human life—and I don't believe the need for that ever arose but once.

"The one kill he did make, that I know of, was to save my life.

"We were calling moose, one October night, on the alder-bordered shore of a little lake, about halfway between here and Nipigon. He loved those moon-lighted evenings, with the forest people all about us—a lynx screaming in the depth of a swamp—the gray wolves yelping on the hot trail of a buck—as much as I did. And I believe he loved even more the soft grunting of the roll of birch bark—and then the far-away roaring challenging answer, filling the woods, and echoing back and forth across the quiet lake—then the heavy body crashing through the underbrush — the pause, and the cautious edging approach out onto the strip of clear shore that we always chose for a calling place. The rest of it he stood for because it was me that did it, but when we sat here in the cabin in the long winter nights he would never talk about it!

"Well, this night we called only a couple of times before we got an answer—it was early in the season and few of the bulls had mated. This one was across the lake when we first heard him, and after a few minutes he called again, halfway around to us. Luck was with us. He had chosen the up-wind circle around the shore. I kept coaxing him on and it wasn't long till we could hear him coming. He was not at all careful—didn't care who knew he was there, till he was almost out of the alders. Then, I suppose, because he couldn't see the cow who should have been waiting for him out there by the edge of the lily-pads, he stopped. From the clump of spruce that hid us I let out a couple of very soft grunts—but he didn't come. I held the horn out to my pal—he was far more adept with it than I—but he shook his head silently. The end was far too close now for him to take a hand. I put the roll back to my lips again, and at the first low call, the big gray brute stepped proudly out into the full moonlight, beyond the brush. I will never forget the pair of horns he carried, with his massive shoulders behind them, nor how they looked there in the moonlight, not as long as I live! I laid the roll of birch on my knee then, and picked up my rifle.

"He didn't so much as kick, when he went down, and I leaned the rifle against the log we had been sitting on, took out my knife, and started out to where he lay, on the strip of white sand. Then, when I was less than twice his own length away, he rolled suddenly to his knees—stumbled ahead once—and lunged to his feet, facing me, with only a little strip of open shore between



Little more than a dozen feet away, the rage-crazed bear was working toward me.

us! Neither will I ever forget the red gleam of rage that was in his eyes then—not as long as I live! I knew that I stood square between him and my pal, back there in the spruce—there was not a chance in the world!

"I felt a little hot pain, like the sting of a bee, in the lobe of my ear, when the gun crashed"—Jim swung the left side of his face toward me and I could see the white scar in the firelight—"and when the moose pitched forward and lay quiet again, without moving from where I stood, I put my hand out and rested it on one of those big antlers!

"That night didn't stop me from killing, though. It took a winter trip behind our dog team, to the Post on Nipigon—and one of old Pierre Beranger's number five bear traps, to do that—and that's the rest of the story.

"We ran short on tobacco and sugar one winter, before the middle of January. My pal didn't mind—he never minded his share of things like that—but I did! I was going to the Post for supplies, I declared, the day we used the last of the sugar. I wouldn't be gone more than ten days, and he could wait in the cabin. No need for us both to go, with the cold holding at thirty below! But he wasn't that sort either! So the next morning we headed west together, with our six dogs on a light sledge.

"When we left the Post, about noon of the fifth day, we cut cornering across Nipigon, for the first eight or ten miles. A long sand-bar runs out into the lake at one place, for a mile or more from shore. The water had lowered during the winter, and the thick ice, resting on the bottom along this bar, had buckled down on either side, leaving a blue-white ridge, a mile long and four or five feet high, that the wind kept free of snow. We were paralleling it, a hundred yards to the south, when our lead dog stopped and growled deep in his throat. Two hundred yards down the lake the big black face of a bear was looking at us, over that ridge of ice! I slipped carefully up alongside the sledge, and drew my rifle from under the lashings. Then I felt my pal's hand on my arm.

"'Do you need the skin?' he was asking in a sad quiet voice.

"I shook my head.

"'Would you eat him, instead of the buck you hung inside the cabin when we left?'

"I made the same stubborn sign.

"'Are you afraid of him?'

"My anger flamed at that, but before I could reply, my pal was speaking again.

"'Even Gray Devil there on the sledge would not kill unless it was for one of those reasons,' he told me, 'and he is the most savage of our dogs!'

"I laid the rifle back on the sledge then, unwilling to go so stubbornly against his wish, and we started the team, veering in toward the ice ridge. The bear dropped down out of sight again, and when we came to the raise and looked over, we were within twenty yards of him! He was going across the ice like a racehorse, humping himself almost double at every jump—but not before we had caught one plain glimpse of a short white bar that slanted diagonally across the broad head, well up between the ears. A scar, where the fur had come in white. From the glancing bullet of a Hudson Bay trapper? From the gouging antler of a charging ton of moose? Or from the arrow of a wandering Ojibway? No telling. The last we saw of him, he was a black speck, far out on the vast white stretch of Nipigon, nearing the dark line of spruce along the opposite side.

"A couple of miles farther on, along the shore, we came on his tracks where he had come down on the ice, and following them into the timber a short distance, we solved the mystery of his being out at that season.

"A bunch of the Factor's men, cutting wood, had felled a great hollow pine, and as it crashed down, from a hole fifty feet up the trunk, the bear had leaped out!

"That pal of mine was the happiest at the end of that trip that I had ever seen him. For once he had had his way. I had not killed.

"Even that didn't stop me though. Pierre's bear trap hadn't played its part yet.

"One day the following spring, about the time the suckers began to run, I went bear hunting. I was following a bear path into a cedar swamp, looking for a likely place to leave a trap and take a good unshed pelt, when the path ended suddenly in a tangle of down cedar. I was searching for the easiest way over it, when sud-

(Continued on page (61)

"The last we saw of him he was a black speck in the vast white stretch of Nipigon"

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Our Imperilled Forests

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

By ARTHUR R. VORYS

ALTHOUGH it is a matter of common knowledge that the time required to grow a sizable tree is measured in years, that the axe and fire are denuding our forests at a rate far in excess of replacement by growth, and that we have an adequate acreage to produce enough timber to fill our expanding requirements; still we, as a nation, are not yet stirred to the concerted action necessary to avoid the costly reckoning toward which we are headed, and to which another score of years will bring us face-to-face, if we continue in our foolhardy methods at the present rate. The ever-increasing prices of our once plentiful supply of timber have sounded a continuous and unmistakable warning during the past decade, but our prosperity has been so great, and fortunately so continues, that we have been able to absorb these increases, large as they have been, without any considerable hardship, and perhaps for that reason without alarm,—even without concern.

But if we pause for a moment in our dangerous complacency to consider how soon we must start reforestation and practical forestry practices on an heretofore unheard-of scale in order to meet our expanding requirements with a perpetuating supply of timber we are forced to admit that we are now unsteadily poised on a precipitous slope. For the time required to grow a tree in park or forest, now as always, is measured not in days, nor in weeks, but in long tedious years; and our present stands are conservatively estimated under present conditions of management and utilization to represent a forty year supply.

In three centuries our great nation with its colossal achievements in organization, construction, and industry has been evolved from a vast wilderness. During this period our general problem and policy has been one primarily of quantity production to which the considerations of intense utilization of materials have been secondary and subservient. But today as we face a mid-century population of 150 millions we view, none too serenely, a period of transition. A period in which larger yield per acre and closer utilization of materials will command increasing concern and attention, tending toward tedious Old World practices of today. Under the circumstances of development it seems only natural that this turn should be a particularly difficult one for our lumber industry to negotiate, for until comparatively recently this industry has been operating firm in the belief that our timber supplies were inexhaustible.

Agricultural experts are somewhat at variance in their prognostications of the future encroachment of agriculture onto the lands now classified as forest lands; but not seriously so. Differences hinge essentially upon the allowances to be made for the increasing intensity of use of the better farm lands and for a probable readjustment of the national diet. From their conclusions it seems safe to assume that we will require not more than 60 million additional acres of improved farm area to provide for our population in 1950. A large portion of this area will no doubt be taken from our present area of farm wood lots; but however these additional agricultural acres are supplied, an area of forest lands will remain of adequate proportions to provide a

(Continued on page 67)

UNCLE SAM-SON

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Logger *to* Tourist *to* Logger

Two Tragedies and a Hope

By HAROLD TITUS
(Author of "Timber")

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

HIS neuritis and business were both bad.

His setter, tail worn to a frazzle, every bone showing from the season afield, lay at his feet.

Outside the first flurry of real snow was whooping in across the bay.

The year was done, so far as the things closest to our hearts were concerned, and there was nothing before us but work, leader and fly tying, and the prodigious bags that are taken about firesides.

He spoke:

"The country's gone to hell. I've been out in it ever since the trout season opened, and I've come to the conclusion that the white man has made it a place unfit for a white man to live.

"Where there used to be pine trees there's nothing but stumps and automobiles. Where there used to be fish, there's nothing but fishermen. Where there used to be birds there's nothing but empty shells and man and dog tracks.

"They raked off the stream and game covert and made the place a purgatory for wild life and then they built roads and made it a hell for trout and birds.

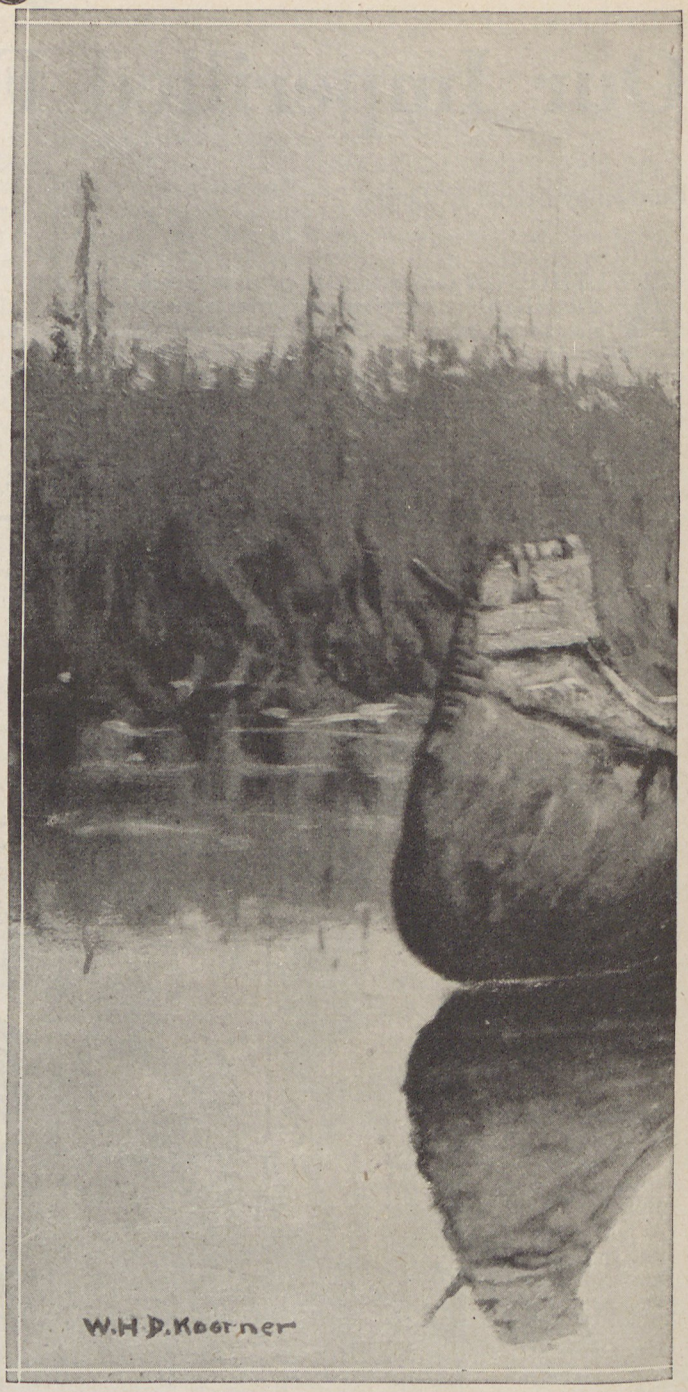
"For ten years I've watched these tourists come. There weren't so many of 'em when fishing or shooting meant long walks, but now they roll through in caravans. In summer they'll hit the Platte and find it's no good and then tackle the Boardman and the Rapid and the Manistee and find they're all shot; in two hours from the Manistee they can be camped on the Au Sable and find everybody talking about fishing in the past tense; they'll pick up and work through the traffic on the sand roads to the Black and drag out one or two of the few fish that are left in the stream and flog Hunt Creek and the tributaries of Thunder Bay River and go home to rest up. . . . .

"Then in late October they come rolling back again, with dogs and guns instead of rods and waders. They can hunt out a dozen good pieces of grouse cover in a day. Wherever there's swamp with bird feed along the edge the country sounds like the Hindenburg line on a busy day, and if he wasn't such a darned **good** bird he'd be extinct in Michigan this minute.

It's gotten to be so that there's no place for a man to go and get enough trout to smell up a pan without casting his arm off or give his dog a little work without burning a tank of gas. What the loggers left the tourists are taking and the good roads men tell us the traffic has only started. If it wasn't for this danged neuritis, I'd pull up and go yonder."

He was crabbing, of course. We all crab, up here in Michigan, when the bird season is down and there's nothing much to do until Spring. But in his plaint was a large measure of truth and a pitiable, wretched truth for the lover of the outdoors.

I hesitate not in the least to classify sportsmen. There is only one fish that swims to attract the discriminating individual: the brook trout. There is only one bird



"It is a man's right that he should

that flies to call the gunning aristocracy: the ruffed grouse. And Michigan, my Michigan, was once the happy home of both.

That was when Michigan was pine and maple clad. That was when streams flowed as God Almighty intended they should flow: through forested valleys. That was when swamps were untouched and hardwood ridges yet to be cleared and when the outsider (we still find ourselves using some parlance of the frontier) was a rare individual to find in the streams or behind a dog.

But the logger lighted his hour or two—in something more than the figurative sense—and hauled for the south or west; and the towns were forced to look for something besides the wood-working industries and slowly expanding farming settlements to keep up the breath of commercial life. Fifteen millions of acres lay denuded and blackened, useless, we thought. . . . .

The automobile was developed and roads improved and something happened to our towns. They spruced up. They commenced to grow after the ante-lumbering

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play as the Creator intended him to play—where the air is clean and the water clear."

slump. Merchants did well. They did better. Crops on the farms were good, but the towns had found a new crop that meant even more than do potatoes or cherries:

The Tourist!

It's a crop that seldom fails. It's a crop that has built many sections in the United States. It's a crop that the cut-overs in any fish and game section is now producing—but at a cost, a grave cost. Something worse than raising repeated crops of potatoes on the same land is happening to the soil and water which makes the tourist industry flourish.

We used to be familiar with the old type of resorter who came on a train and engaged rooms in a summer hotel and sat in a rocking chair or sailed a sloop from June until September. He's gone, quite largely. The resorter has become a tourist in fact. He has the impulses of the explorer. He is familiar with towns and the scenery along trunk line highways. He wants something else.

He has learned to love these valleys and streams which have been so badly treated; he sees in them a certain beauty, a compelling attraction. He is learning to camp comfortably and to fish adeptly and to shoot. He is scattering his money along the route, from town to town, for food and clothing and gas and parts and services. He is making a country that once faced a dubious economic period prosper, but he is taking such a heavy toll from the places that attract him that unless we watch our step he is going to kill his own fun and our own flourishing industry.

Tragedy? Of course. It will be tragedy for the city dweller who hazes for the open the hour he gets his annual chance. It is his right that he should be able to play as the Creator intended men to play. It is his right that Michigan or Wisconsin or New York or Maine or any other state shall offer him a place to play where the air is clean and the water clear, where there are fish to be hooked and birds to be dropped. It will be another tragedy for the business man who has rediscovered prosperity after surviving the tragedy of unwise deforestation.

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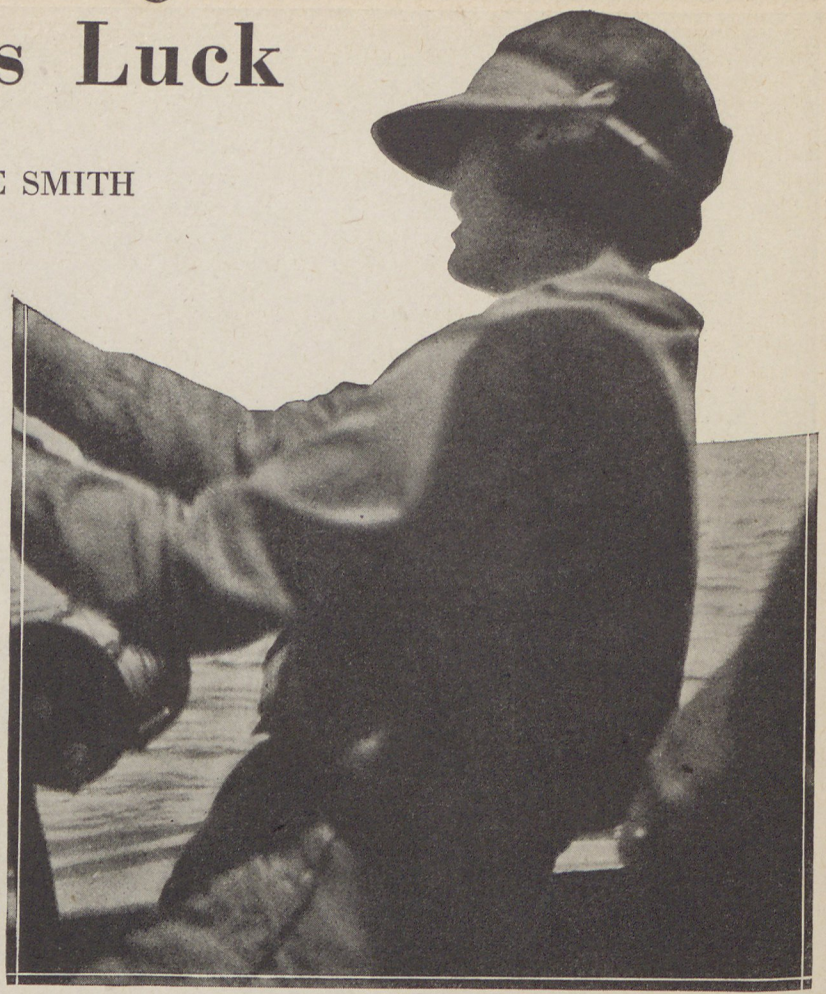
Beginner's Luck

By
MILDRED KAYE SMITH

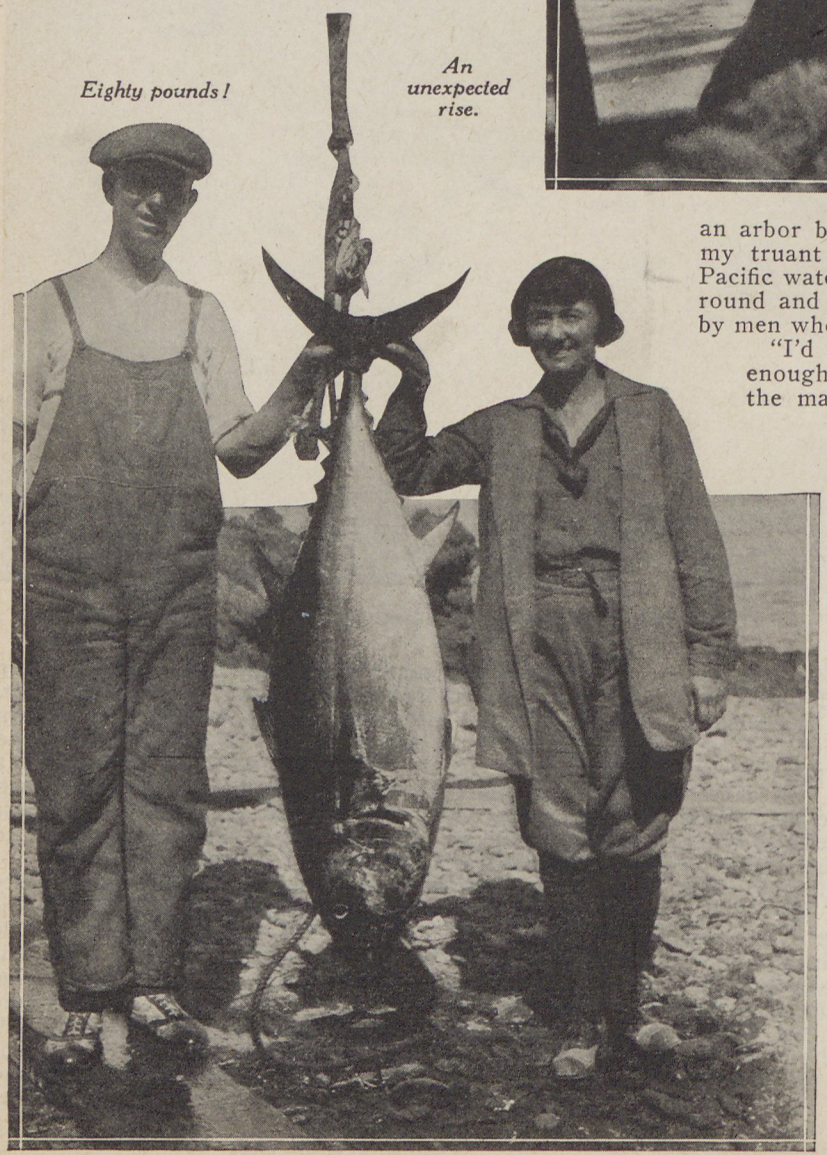


IT was last summer at Clemente, a lonely island of the Santa Barbara group, that I first flew a kite for tuna. I ventured laughingly, not dreaming for a moment that to catch a fish would be my fortune.

I had spent a full morning at bass fishing with my companion-at-rods, Miss Hildred Smith of Middletown, New York, and our angling proving unsuccessful, had willingly yielded my rod for land pursuits. It did seem a shame to have a fishing boat like The Vampire riding at anchor, and so eminent an Avalon boatman as Joe Markham waiting on the whim of girls who limited their ambition to bass fishing. I knew some such thought was on Hildred's mind, and when she voiced it, I was convinced I was a clairvoyant. At the time I was sitting in an arbor between two tents, my typewriter before me, my truant eyes following the soft swell of the blue Pacific waters. Far off two market fishing boats circled round and round, gluttonous sea scavengers controlled by men who had no thought for conservation.

Eighty pounds!

An unexpected rise.



"I'd love to try for tuna, but there isn't wind enough for a kite," I protested. "And I'm afraid the market men have taken most of the fish and scared the rest away."

No sooner had I spoken than a flash of red showed above the nearest market boat, a kite lifted on the breeze. Hildred, too, had seen it.

"What do you call that, Mil? Isn't it unusual to see a kite put out from a market boat? Either they are trying to coax up some fish, or there's a real angler aboard. He didn't put that kite out just to see it fly; and there does seem to be enough wind for it."

It was plain that Hildred had tuna fever. I offered some remark, but she cut in with a triumphant exclamation:

"Look, Mil, out there! That low line of foamy splashes! Tuna! I knew it!"

Sure enough! Not a quarter of a mile from shore, a school of tuna leaped and played. Slowly the market boats turned and headed for them.

Joe came running up.

"There's a big school of tuna out there. Want a crack at them? There's not much wind, but we can raise a kite, I think."

We needed no urging. No one ever launched on a fishing venture with greater speed. In no time we were scrambling out of the rowboat and on to The Vampire. Joe was not so optimistic after we boarded the launch.

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"It's a race with the market boats and I'm afraid they'll circle the tuna before we can get a bait to them."

We didn't dispute Joe. He was busy tying a big red kite to the leader of the tackle that Hildred held. We had ventured on the strength of Hildred's enthusiasm, so I argued that it was fair that she have the first crack at the fish. I watched the traveling line of foam and the active market boats toward which it moved. Already the crew of one boat had marked its field and one member had put out in a rowboat to place the first corks. The big smack was slowly circling round sloughing off the great layers of net as it moved. The tuna in their joyous leaps were headed for sure destruction.

Joe released the kite. It flopped languidly, threatened to plunge, wavered a bit, then catching the breeze stiffened and slowly lifted. Hildred was intent on her job. She pulled on the rod with gentle motion, and the flying fish bait seemed a truly live thing as it lifted from the water with each rise of the kite and skimmed the surface with each pull.

"Hang those boats," growled Joe. "They hog the whole ocean."

The big fishing smack was surely threatening our chances. The monster net was lowered. The tuna, already within its folds, had sensed something strange and disappeared under water. No more splashes. The track of white behind the school of fish had smoothed out and disappeared.

"Good-by tuna!" Hildred and I chorused dolefully.

We moved close to the big smack where we could watch the men aboard hustling into action. I resented them as never before. I was expressing myself vigorously on the subject when suddenly Hildred became an animated interrogation point.

"What's that?"

I followed the length of the line. A streak of white showed behind her bait.

"I'm sure I saw a fin there!"

We watched. The water bulged, and black gleamed through a spray of white.

"You bet you did," yelled Joe. "There's a tuna after your flying fish! Strike! Hand it to him hard!"

Hildred struck, but she struck a second too late. The rod quivered, the line pulled out a few inches, then came a slight sag.

"He's gone," Joe confessed reluctantly.

"He hit hard," said Hildred, "but he was faster than I."

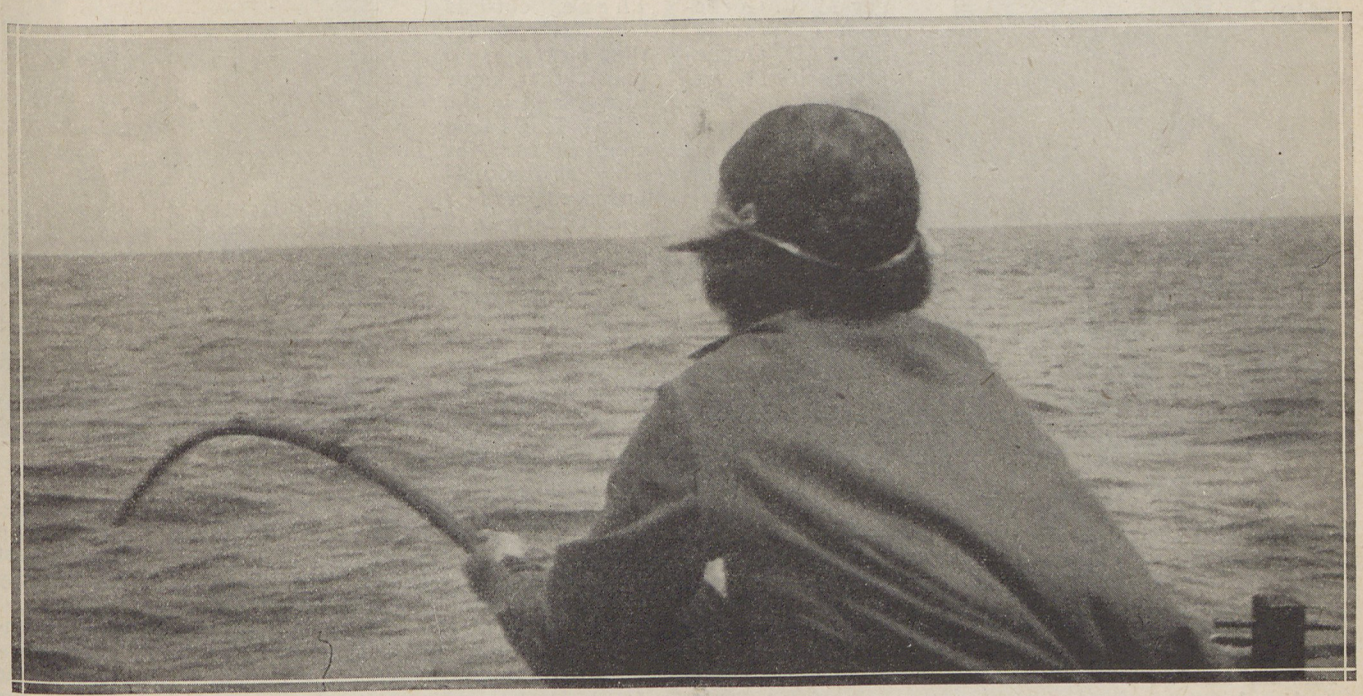
She reeled in. The hook was baitless. Joe produced a fresh flying fish and the rod was transferred to me. We had ridden very close to the market boat, so I delayed casting my line to watch the fishermen haul in their catch. Six men pulled on the great dripping net, stretching it in long folds which covered the entire stern deck and piling it higher and higher with the passing minutes. Three men, gaffs in hand, pulled thirty- and forty-pound struggling tuna from the mesh and threw them in the hold. The process seemed endless.

"They're not getting so much," I declared. "Lots of net and few fish." The observation pleased me.

"Wait till you see the pocket," Joe advised. "Most of the fish slide down into the pocket as the men lift the outside net. Usually they get tons and tons of fish in one haul."

The closer the pocket came to the surface, the harder the men worked. We could tell when they had reached it. It was drag, lift, throw, one fish after another, as fast as the men could work. One man hauled out a small shark and tossed him back into the sea.

Such wholesale slaughter was sickening to me. With dozens of boats depleting the supply at that rate, and daily, and with no legislation to control the deplorable situation, the tuna would soon become extinct. I lost interest quickly and directed Joe to move on.



Hooked to the bottom of the ocean.

I put out my bait. A stiffer breeze had sprung up. The kite lifted easily. Far to the horizon we saw white lines of foam that we knew would out-travel us, but we headed that way, deciding to troll a while and chance some luck. The kite was tugging gently on the line; the flying fish skimming the water easily.

Eastward a low thin line of mist hung over the end of Clemente shrouding the bold noble profile of its mountains. A purple whelt of shadow lay beneath the mist unmoving. As we trolled far out from shore, the yellow oat-covered bench that sloped down toward the beach faded to a mossy green. The market boats grew smaller and smaller in the distance.

I was prone to neglect my bait at times and feast my eye on land and seascape. But Joe was ever on the alert. With a warning cry he tried to keep me from disaster.

"Watch your bait! A shark cut the water directly in back of it!"

I looked in time to see a fin disappear under water. I made long quick pulls on my line and started to reel in.

(Continued on page 59)

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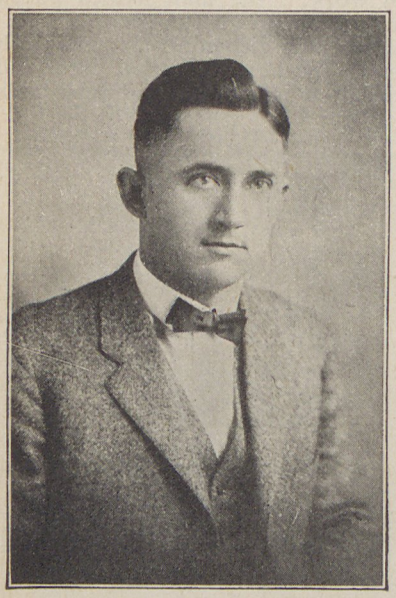
Indiana Chapters Save Tippecanoe

LOVERS of the beautiful and of justice towards men and rivers will rejoice at the news of the complete victory which has been won in the fight of many months against the proposal to make a dredged ditch of the lovely Tippecanoe River in Indiana.

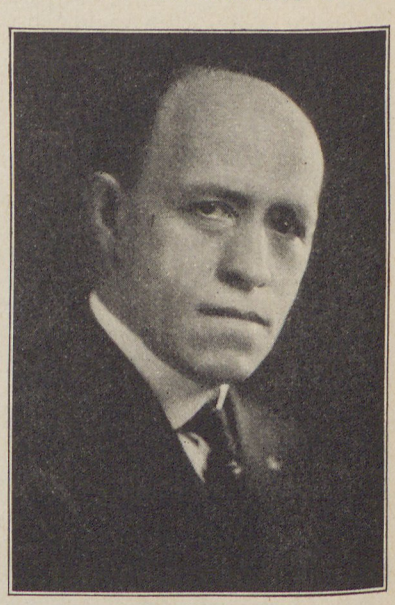
The drainage project known as the Matchett Ditch has been entirely abandoned by a surrender with such conditions only as inure to the benefit of the river, benefits from the standpoint of agriculture, recreation, fishing and natural beauty.

This remarkable result was brought about after the case had been on trial for two weeks chiefly through the efforts of the Izaak Walton League whose defense was prepared and presented by Attorney M. L. Gochenour of Warsaw, Ind. Mr. Gochenour's help was enlisted by Dr. Karl Brown, President of the Indiana Division of the League and too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Gochenour's services which were given at a great financial loss and sacrifice.



M. L. Gochenour.

Witness after witness was brought forth by Mr. Gochenour to prove how criminal and useless this dredging would be—criminal in its destruction of one of Indiana's most historic scenic beauties and in the inevitable destruction of fish and wild life along the course of the proposed ditch and the killing of much timber in the Flood Plane as well as the destruction of the river as a natural resource for Indiana and its value for recreational purposes; and useless because of the fact that the soil of the entire Tippecanoe Valley has been proven to be already leached on account of over drainage to the extent that the productivity has been materially reduced. Mr. Gochenour's witnesses also proved that the proposed ditch would lower the water tables in the vicinity to the extent that the entire Tippecanoe River Drainage System above would assume its mid-summer minimum much earlier in the year so that the force of evaporation operating over a longer period of time would have the effect of considerably lowering neighboring lakes and other lakes farther up the Valley in ratio inverse to their distance from the ditch. The fact was also proven that all of the highways on the lower course of the ditch would overflow more after the ditch was constructed than under present conditions in time of Spring Flood because of the increased Flood over the lower reaches of the course, that public health would be injured by stagnate water in the meanders of the old channel being left without adequate provision for drainage (as it would be impossible to drain these cut-offs completely under the proposed plan), that none of the land in the Flood Plane could be used for any agricultural purposes after construction of the drainage proposed, other than that for which it could now be used on account of the fact that the danger of frost to these low lands with their complementary air drainage would prevent the planting of crops until such a late date in the season, that the lands in this Flood Plane are best adapted to the growing of timber which adaptability would be injured rather than enhanced by the ditch.



Dr. Karl Brown.

The story of this fight for the Tippecanoe is of immense interest, but unfortunately lack of space prohibits our telling it here. The Indiana Chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America on learning of the threatened danger to the river took up the cudgels valiantly. At the convention of the Indiana division, held in Muncie some three months ago, ways and means were discussed for the saving of the Tippecanoe. It was realized that action must be started at once and that

(Continued on page 54)

The Tippecanoe River

A Plea that never another bit of this river be destroyed.

By THEODORE DREISER

Author of The Financier, The Titan, The Genius, A Hoosier Holiday, etc.

Etching by Lee Sturges

WITH all the emphasis that I can summon I wish to applaud the inspiration and energy that in northern Indiana has prevented the further desecration, if not the complete obliteration, of the Tippecanoe River—as poetic and restful a bit of inland water scenery as I know anything about. As a boy in Warsaw, Indiana, I became familiar with a portion of this stream—the very portion, as I only recently learned, that was afterwards totally obliterated by the cutting of a very practical drainage ditch, the only purpose of which was to recover certain marsh lands, then frequented by wild ricebirds, blackbirds, wild duck, mud hens, cranes and loons. Even this land, the practical recovery of which for farming purposes necessitated the complete destruction of the very lovely upper reaches of this stream, did little more than to add a few hundred or, at most, a thousand or two acres to the already ample farming area of the state. But at what a loss.

For at that time these very marshlands were among the most picturesque areas of this region. Marsh grass,

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

sedges or cat-tails, wild rice and water lilies flourished agreeably and poetically here throughout the spring, summer and fall. And throughout the winter when the cold turned the marsh pools to ice the picturesque brown speared cat-tail was to be seen about as far as the eye could travel. And to these fields in the fall when they were frequented by the birds most desired as a delicacy came the fowler with his gun. I can hear the popping of the guns and see the rising covies even now.

But far more painful to me than the loss of the open reaches of marsh grass which somehow suggested the preserves of a great estate and lent color and charm to the entire region—appreciatively recalled by many since, was the loss of this same little stream, the edges of which these sloughs of marsh-grass paralleled in places for so great a distance as a mile or more. The poetic facets of that little river. Its nooksy, winding coves and pools. The water lilies and clustering blue marsh flags that starred its shallow bays and inlets. How in a rowboat, alone or with a girl or some fellow schoolboy I have gathered them — great armfuls to ornament the jars and vases of those who cared for them.

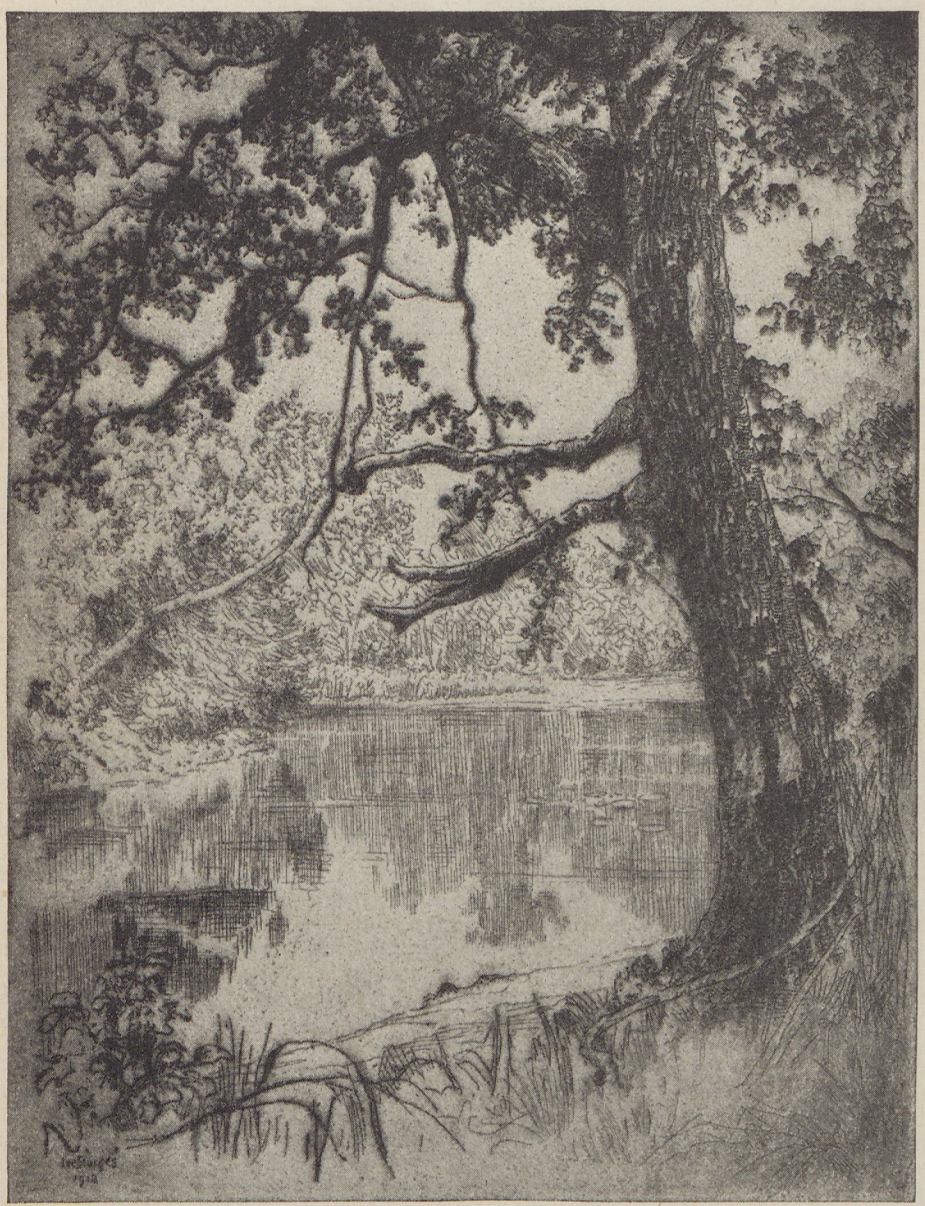
The Tippecanoe completely encircled the northern and northwestern environs of Warsaw, the very pretty county seat of Kosciusko County. It provided for the youth of the town and the country adjacent one of the loveliest playgrounds imaginable—at least three sandy and shimmering swimming holes into which one could toss a white rock or doorknob from the shore and see it lying on the stream bed at the center. Upon its dry and grassy banks in places one could sit or lie, pole or book in hand, and watch the placid fresh river fish reconnoitering the bait or the grassy hiding places below. Oaks, elms and beaches sentineled it in groves at points. Even rocky gray banks of stone appeared in places and it could be viewed rippling over clean bright pebbles or those long green streamers of water grass that sway so gracefully at the bottom of clear streams. For a distance of not less than three or four miles within the immediate vicinity of this pretty little town it constituted such an idyllic natural feature as any city or town would

(Continued on page 54)

Izaak Walton League of America:

I have no words in which to express my deep joy that the beautiful old Tippecanoe of history, poetry and song has been perpetuated for coming generations. Praise God for whom all rivers flow.

Gene Stratton-Porter



About a year ago a dynamiter came to dynamite the spot shown here and the bomb prematurely exploded in his hand and killed him!

Izaak Walton League of America:

As a Hoosier who has known and loved the beautiful Tippecanoe River for many years, I rejoice in the victory of your League in the protection of the stream. I am starting on a trip to the West Indies and cannot undertake to write long article, but want to send you assurance of my hearty approval of your wise and unselfish campaign.

George Ade.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Lost Legend

A Chronicle of the Fragmentary History of one

PAUL BUNYAN

Mythical Hero of the American Forests

As Told by John Rogers to His Grandson, and Compiled by

DONALD HOUGH

Illustration by H. H. Field

PART III

I SOON felt at home in the camp of the Two Cooks, and had a very easy summer of it, keeping the bunkhouse clean and doing the chores for such a small crew. I became very friendly with Chunk and Angus, and used to spend most of my evenings, sitting on the bench with them outside the cook shanty door. You may be sure that Paul Bunyan came in for his share of attention, and though I was now treated as one of the initiated, there were times when these two men seemed as earnest in recounting the strange adventures of the great lumberjack as they had been on that first night, and before the summer was over both had laid claim to having worked in every camp Bunyan ever had, and at times with such positive assurance that I almost believed them.

But the summer passed, and the cold Fall rains swept over the north woods, and the young partridge took to the air, and before I knew it, the first snow had fallen.

He Gets a New Job, With a Glorious Title, but Finds That It Doesn't Mean Anything

The crew arrived in groups, coming by tote team. There was a busy two weeks of it, I can tell you, before we were all settled down and ready for the work of the winter. I found myself a sort of privileged person by reason of having worked at the camp all summer; and on making a plea that I was tired of chore work and felt fully able to take my place on a crew, I was assigned as an assistant teamster, a position which soon took on all the earmarks of that of stable boy.

I shall never forget one of the teamsters, Old Bill. I never knew his full name, neither did anybody else know it; but I know that he was either a Canadian or an Englishman, and a person of wide experience.

He was a man of about six feet tall, and spare in every limb, and stooped. He was very old, and his face was as tough as leather and of about the same flexibility. He wore a mustache, a heavy, bristling one that grew like a reddish grey bush beneath his nose. He seldom removed his worn beaver cap, but when he did, it was observed that he was bald.

Old Bill was an enigma. He was a very silent man, and if now and then on great occasion a twinkle did appear in his sad blue eyes, his face never was disturbed by a smile. Since he never told very much about himself, he was the subject of much speculation, and I heard his age estimated as high as ninety years, and it was told about that he was a deserter from the British navy, and had been in India, and in South Africa, and goodness knows how many places. It was also told that he was a member of a very aristocratic English family, and had been obliged to flee first to Canada and then to the United States because of a scrape of some sort in London when he was a young man. His voice was soft (though he used it but seldom) and he used most excellent grammar; and, indeed, he was a queer character.

I helped him with his team, and one day when he was going down to Lake Superior to tote in supplies he arranged so that I could go with him; though if he did it in order to have company he had a queer notion of compa[illegible] for all the [illegible] the lake

It's Hard to Get the Exact Measurements on Babe.

his eye, and he hummed queer little tunes to himself, and suddenly began to make flat, senseless jokes, always winking at me with his left eye when he came to the point of the tale. But even so, it was not until we had eaten our lunch and started again up the tote road that I summoned courage to break my silence, and then I merely remarked that I had been in the camp all summer. Instead of just nodding, as I had expected, he burst forth with a flood of questions and asked me all about myself, and how I happened to be up here, and about my parents; so I told him the whole story, and how Ted Cameron and Darby O'Brien had directed me to search for Paul Bunyan in this section.

"Bill," I said a little later, when we both had become silent again. "Now these yarns about Paul Bunyan are a terrible mess of lies, aren't they? Do you suppose there once was a man by that name, and they have just made up all these lies about him, or is it that he just never existed?"

I looked at him out of the corner of my eye.

He stopped suddenly—I think he had been whistling a tune, sort of under his breath.

He looked at me with those blue eyes of his (I remember them yet) and said:

Old Bill Is of the Opinion That Somebody Has Been Lying About Paul Bunyan, and Warns Rogers to Avoid Such Scoundrels

"My boy, never let anyone tell you that Paul Bunyan never existed, or that he never did the things he was supposed to do in the woods. There are some who make up lies about Bunyan, but such scullions have no business in the woods and are to be avoided. Bunyan did exist. Just where he is now, or where he started in, or when he operated in these parts, I don't know; but I do know some things about him, having once worked with a chap who spent two winters in Bunyan's crew.

"This fellow was a great friend of mine, and he worked with Shot Gunderson the winter of the Blue Snow, for he told me so himself. What's more, I think I worked for Bunyan one winter—but I don't just recall where, or when, or what I did, or anything else about it.

"Paul didn't have to monkey around with horses. He did most of his hauling with the Blue Ox. Nobody knows where he got the Ox, or how, and I don't know of anybody who ever saw him; his tracks have been, though never more than one at a time, for the tracks are so big that it takes two or three men to see across one of them. Some of them have been seen in Wisconsin, and I've heard there is one up north of here, in the stone, the Ox having once been overloaded so that he sank to his knees in solid rock at every step.

"But probably the best known proof that the Ox really existed is the presence of Lake Superior. Bunyan made the lake so he would have a place to water Babe (for such was the Ox's name) and of course the lake stands there to this day, proof of the Ox's existence.

"Some folks say Babe was seven axe handles between the eyes, and others, equally as well informed, maintain it was twenty four. Probably both are

to the other horn until after the spring thaw, and he had started in February.

"Many were the uses that Paul put the Blue Ox to. I'll never forget how he used him to haul regular white snow over from China the year of the Blue Snow, when the Pacific ocean froze over. Such a sight I never saw—"

"But I thought it was a friend of yours who worked with Paul."

He looked at me seriously.

"I said I thought I worked there myself, one winter, and now when I come to think of it, it was the winter of the Blue Snow,—either then, or the year of the two winters, when it got cold in April and didn't start to thaw until it was time to freeze up again. But—yes, I worked for him. Everybody has, one time or another.

"But I was telling about Babe. Now it seems Paul always thought in straight lines—and speaking of straight lines, reminds me of the way he used to use the Ox for straightening out the crooked logging trails. For the Blue Ox could pull anything that had two ends to it. Once while straightening out an unusually crooked trail, Babe strained so hard that he pulled a chain made of four-inch links right out into an iron bar.

"But as I started to say, Bunyan always thought in straight lines. He

Old Bill Makes an Ambitious Assertion, but Is Borne Out by Official Documents of the U. S. Government

figured out that the main thing in logging was to get the logs down to the river, so he hit on the plan of hitching up Babe to a whole section of land and pulling it down to the river, where his men would cut off the timber and then Babe would haul it back in place again. In this way Paul was able to log pieces that nobody else ever bothered about. Now it took the Ox just a day to haul six sections of land down to the river and haul six back again. That made thirty-six sections a week, and the first time Paul used this scheme section thirty-seven was hauled down the last thing Saturday night and left there over Sunday. On Sunday the river rose and washed the whole section away. Documentary proof of the truth of the statement that Paul used this method of logging is contained in the fact that no government survey maps show more

(Continued on page 64)

The Winter of the Blue Snow.

Passing of Our "Oldest Inhabitant"

By EVERETT E. LOWRY

homage to the pon[illegible] in h[illegible] year.

Mammoth Redwood Cut; Has Wood for 50 Cottages

GRANTS PASS, Ore., Jan. 7.—A mammoth redwood, measuring 23 feet across the butt and 70 feet in circumference, was cut this week in the redwood forest near Crescent City, Cal., on the Redwood highway, according to word brought here. The tree, which was 300 feet tall, was the largest ever cut by the saw-mill operating in that vicinity. It is pointed out that fifty cottages could be erected from the lumber cut from this single tree.

BROTHER Waltonians! Read the simple news item reprinted on this page. Read it carefully and thoughtfully. No stranger or sadder obituary was ever penned to a noble work of God, nor a more damnable proof of our neglect of His blessings than is to be read between the hard, commercial lines of this simple news squib. This is a news dispatch, and wears no frills. Its mission is to state a fact correctly and succinctly, but however inadvertently, it serves a purpose inasmuch as it has torn away the mask to show a face from which a Vandal might shrink in disgust.

Search that news paragraph in vain for the hint of a tear at the passing of a tree that was a thousand years old when Columbus came, yet you learn that this Imperial Caesar of the forest, felled and turned into lumber will build fifty shacks to keep the wind away. Neither does there appear in the dispatch any note of regret that this same wonderful tree, that has looked down from its eminence while a civilization, axe in hand, crept slowly and painfully across a continent, should perish by that axe. This seeming neglect is easily made up for by the pleasing bit of information that this, the Creator's greatest experiment in plant culture (given to us to have and to hold, incidentally), will cut up, in this brick and stucco age, into 250,000 feet of excellent lumber.

One must stop and ask himself the question "What is news?" and the answer seems to be "LUMBER!"

To sum up: The very fact that a news item of such unconcious, such artless candor may slip unchallenged through the usual news channels proves beyond doubt that the public conscience is snoring so loud it is in danger of waking itself up. On every side Commercialism is tearing away and destroying that beautiful out-of-doors of our America from which we came in the beginning, and to whose peace, and beauty, and sunshine we yearn, when the heart is heavy, to return, but find receding year by year. Ever we find the muddy footprint on the hillside, the slimy trail in the waters, the rape in the forest, and know that the monster has gone before.

Inquiries set on foot by the editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA have so far failed to elicit a satisfactory reason for the felling of the big redwood, but we hope it will be a good and sufficient one, for nothing short of self defense, in or out of season is going to satisfy the Izaak Walton League of America in the line of deforestation from now on.

BUT Brother Waltonian, that great tree shall not have fallen in vain. The mighty thunder of its crash to earth is going to echo and reëcho across this broad land of ours until there comes an awakening of the conscience of the American people to the prospect, with all its horrors, of a treeless land. The instinct of self preservation must be aroused in the nation, and every parent must be taught to fight Deforestation, Unwise Drainage, and the Pollution of God's crystal streams for the sake of their children and their children's children.

Nothing that may be said or done will ever lift that proud head into the clouds again, but OUTDOOR AMERICA can at least "turn leads," as the printers say, for the passing of our "Oldest inhabitant."

In Memoriam

By Everett E. Lowry

SEQUOIA GIGANTEA,
"Father of Forests;"
Sprung from a seedlet
In the Year One,

With rugged serenity
You've tasted Eternity—
The night stars are wondering
Where you have gone.

We know by the size you grew
This world of ours was new
When Nature planted you
On the Pacific.

But where shall the eagle nest
Now that you've bowed your crest?
Something's gone from the West
Along with your passing.

You of the kingliest birth—
Mightiest plant-child of Earth—
All that your fall seemed worth
Was a "news item."

For we are a ruthless folk
And, e'en though your heart be broke,
Forgive, pray, the pigmy stroke
That sent you crashing.

There'll be no more of you.
God broke the mould of you.
Peace to the soul of you,
Sequoia Gigantea!

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Only Fighting Sportsmen Count

By THE EDITOR

I HAVE about seven or eight hundred words on my chest, and let's sit down, my brother, and talk things over for just a few minutes.

To make our talk real, let's imagine ourselves sitting on the banks of the Upper Mississippi, after having made the trip by river from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, to Rock Island, Illinois, and let's imagine that the trip has been conducted by Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey, and Henry O'Malley, Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries. And to make it a good job, let's imagine that our steamboat has been stopped at different districts along the river and that we have listened to these two men who know all about wild life and all about fish life, and that we have heard what this region means to the sportsman and lover of outdoor America of today, and to the boys and girls of **tomorrow.**

First of all we will have had the most beautiful river trip in North America. We will have seen a country that is not equalled in the world, and to the fisherman and the hunter a paradise so wonderful that it is beyond the human mind to put it into words.

Now, my brothers, this area can belong to you and to your posterity **forever** if every white man among us does his duty. It will not do to think good thoughts and to wish the Izaak Walton League of America success in its endeavor to pass its Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act in this Congress. Nothing of this kind **is worth a damn in this fight.** Only the fighting sportsman counts. Only that man and woman scores who makes it a duty to let his and her Congressman and Senator know that they want their votes in favor of this League's bill. The Izaak Walton chapter and the sportsman who goes out and induces such organizations as the Rotary Clubs, the Kiwanis Clubs, the Lions Clubs and the civic organizations of his city to pass resolutions and forward them to the members of this Congress are the ones that are really fighting a good fight. I am not arguing with you now, my brother, **I am telling you.**

Get it into your head right now that it is no cakewalk to pass our bill through this Congress. We could not have made our fight at a more difficult time. Things here in Washington, where I have been working with all my might for the past three weeks, are in anything but a settled state. You have been reading the newspapers, and your common sense must tell you that this is true, so if you are one of the men who **really care** and who really want to help the wild things and wild places of the Mississippi Valley, it is up to you to get busy and not sit around and expect "George" to do it, because if you don't do it, "George" won't do it. And again, I am not arguing with you, **I am telling you.**

A few days back I had a conference with Dr. Nelson and Henry O'Malley, and in a nutshell if we pass our Upper Mississippi bill, wild life will increase along the Mississippi Valley **five times,** and warm water food and game fishes will be multiplied **ten times.**

Now if you are a hunter, our bill is important to **you.** If you are a trapper, our bill is important to **you.** If you are a black bass fisherman, our bill is **extraordinarily important to you,** because if you are informed, you know that unless extra efforts are made to save black bass, in a few years they are doomed to extinction. Now the Supreme Creator of the Universe made these Upper Mississippi sloughs, rivers, creeks, lakes, ponds and marshes a natural breeding ground for black bass, and it is safe to say that should our bill pass, at least a billion six-inch baby black bass will be shipped every year from this region to stock our lakes and streams **everywhere.**

Now let us suppose that you and I own a private lake, and that we want to stock it with six-inch baby bass. What do you think we would have to pay the black bass hatcheries for six-inch baby bass? I will tell you. We would have to pay forty cents apiece. Now think it over. Any man of common sense can see how necessary it is that the League's bill pass this Congress, but it won't pass unless YOU—the man back home—makes it your duty to let the men you have sent to Washington **to represent you know that you want their votes.**

If there is an Izaak Walton chapter in your home town, **join it.** If there is none, **start one.** If you are not a subscriber to this League's magazine—**subscribe NOW.** If you are a subscriber, do some other sportsman a favor and **get him to subscribe.** Our fishing rods and our guns are soon to be relics of a past golden age unless every mother's son of us does his bit and does it NOW. And once again, my brother, I'm not arguing with you, **I'm telling you.**

Membership-at-large coupon of residents of vicinities having no local chapter

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO

Date_____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

OUTDOOR AMERICA COUPON

Date_____

Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the OUTDOOR AMERICA, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

A Perfect Day

By E. R. PHILLIPS

Illustration by William Schmedtgen

WITH breath coming in sobs and my lungs crying for air I ran on.

My right hand held two fishing rods and a canvas bag while my left was firmly fastened to Fat Bill's coat, making his feet travel faster than they ever had before.

Down a long flight of stairs we flew, tumbling into the train full tilt; rods and bag each flying in different directions.

"I'm ruined," gasped Bill, but I paid no attention to his remark, being too busy getting back my breath.

We were bound for Rye Lake, Westchester County, N. Y., having planned this trip weeks in advance for the purpose of disproving a long existent theory that fish could only be caught there after dark.

The Westchester and Boston train was speedily carrying us over the first half of our journey. Having collected our scattered equipment and breath—we were riding pretty when suddenly Bill looked me over with a puzzled facial expression, then exploded into peals of riotous laughter that made his sides do the shimmy.

"Where in the world did you get that hat?" he asked.

"What's the matter with it?" said I, at the same time reaching for it, to find out the cause of Bill's mirth. I discovered that in my hurry to leave home I had taken my new brown derby instead of the old reliable soft felt hat.

Being equipped with a much worn suit of khaki clothes and an old flannel shirt, my brown derby certainly struck a discord.

"Do you know what you have done?" asked Bill. "You have spoiled a perfect day. The wind and temperature are favorable for good fishing and here you have to gum things all up with that iron boiler—now we'll never catch a fish."

Rye Lake was formerly a small sheet of water covering a few acres. The New York City Water Department took over the property to use as a city reservoir, raising the water level about one hundred feet.

It is now a large body of crystal clear water covering thousands of acres with an irregular shore line of massive boulders that fairly shriek, as the hiding places of tough old he-bass.

The bottom is also covered with rocky ledges which are the stamping grounds for myriads of crawfish and minnows.

Innumerable rocky coves and points follow two sides of the lake with meadows on the others. The background is a solid wall of virgin trees completely circling the lake, hiding from view one of nature's choice jewels.

Whitey's flivver was awaiting us at the White Plains' station. He stepped on the gas as we rolled up beautiful North Broadway—a mass of heavy foliage overhead with the sides flanked by sweet smelling hedges.

We soon passed Silver Lake and in ten more minutes were at our destination. A quarter mile walk through dew-laden woods brought us to the shore of Rye Lake. The old boat was riding sleepily at anchor as we piled in. Bill rowed through mist-covered waters as strange noises blending with the murmur of gentle waves spoke a mystic language understood only by an angler.

Bill's voice seemed far away as he said, "I don't hear a fish breaking. What will we do, take this shore and work up with our plugs?"

"Nothing doing, old boy," as I was tying on a nice, brown cork bodied bass bug to a nine-foot heavy single gut leader. "No plugs for yours truly."

With my fat friend at the oars we worked slowly alongshore until a point was just to our right. After making a few false casts, I laid my lure at the base of a jutting weather-beaten rock, which caused a fishy looking swirl.

The bait landed and lay still, then with a jerky movement of the rod I brought it forward three feet, once again letting it lie bobbing on the water. After repeating this operation several times with no results, I was about to pass up the likely looking spot when something decided me to make one more try for luck. You know how a fellow gets those hunches?

"Come, old boy, don't be all day!" said Bill, as I made what I thought to be another futile cast. The lure landed fifty feet out, just on the edge of the swirl and quicker than scat Mr. Bass struck and my nine-foot five-ounce rod bent in a half circle as he came to the surface doing the buck and wing dance. Down he went, then out like a shot. All I could do was to give line as grudgingly as possible, praying that he would not break loose.

"Hold him, Phil, hold him," cried Bill. "He is trying to get behind that rock."

I had no chance to stop the old warrior, for in two seconds he was boring down behind a flat rock, trying to rub the hook out of his mouth.

With line held as tightly as safety permitted, I tapped my rod just above the handle—at last he could stand the vibration no longer, coming out with a rush. I could see the visible part of my line slowly rising and out he came, my tilted rod making his break a fall. Slowly, but surely, his struggles became more spasmodic as I led him near Bill's waiting net which landed him quivering in the boat.

Five and three-quarter pounds of pure grit. I was half inclined to return him to the water in recognition of his game fight.

"Gee, Phil, that is a beauty," said Bill, while we both sat in reverence, our eyes paying silent tribute to this king of all fresh water fish.

Skirting coves and points, we had covered about one mile with Bill's plug doing no execution.

"Watch this cast," said Bill, as he landed his bait within a few inches of the shore, which was fully eighty feet away.

"Now get this one, Phil—my reel is working to perfection." With a quick snap he cast and my new brown derby went sailing through the air, landing twenty feet away. Ruefully without a word we rowed over and picked it up. Alas, I wanted to swear, for my Sunday bonnet had a jagged hole in the top. Bill had made a prize cast.

It was my lucky fishing day, for every second cast I had a rise from sunnies, perch or bass, all of which ignored Fat Bill's large assortment of plugs and spoons. They loved my bass bug.

I now had six fine bass ranging from one and three-quarters to five and three-quarters pounds—black scrappy fish that were full of fight.

Never in any other lake have we seen such stocky fish. This is probably due to the fact that Rye Lake is full of small fry, locally known as sawbellies, upon which the bass seem to gorge.

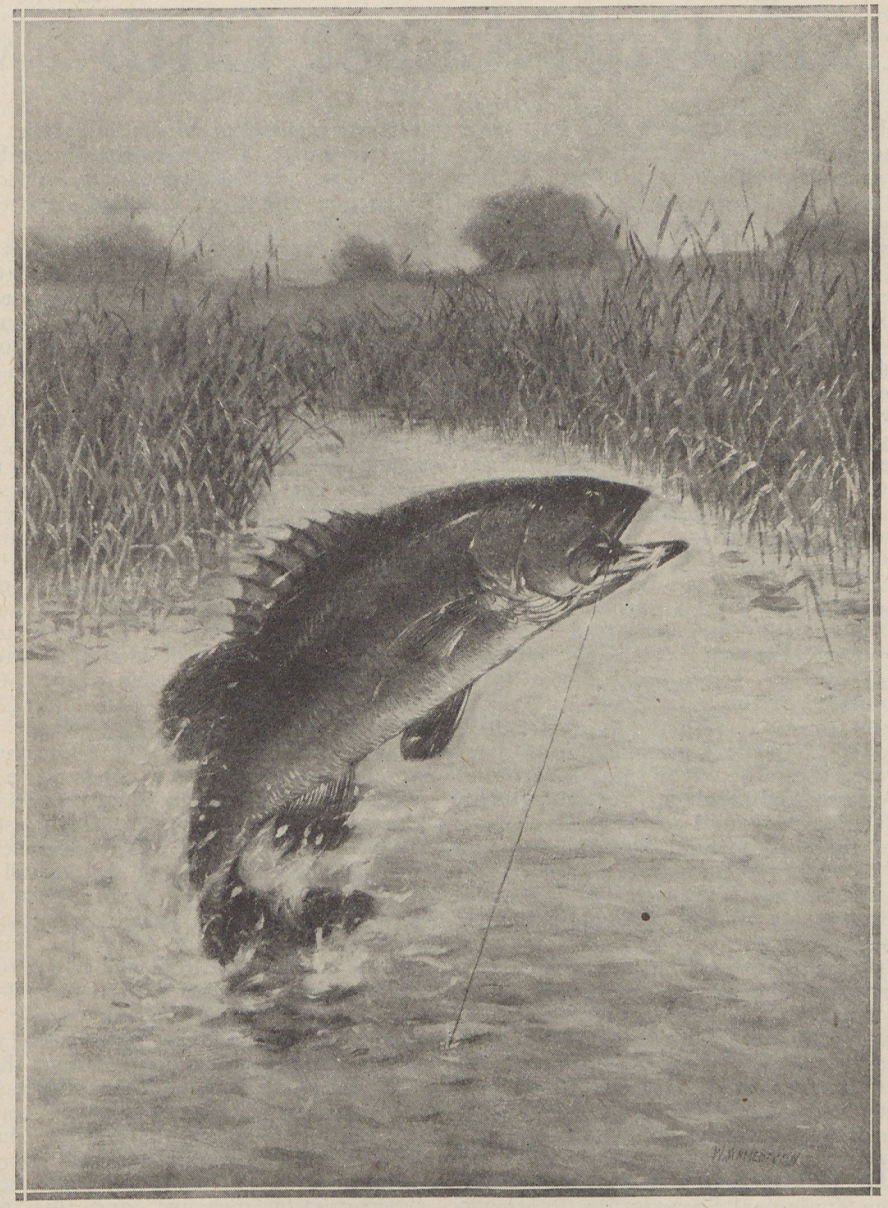
Gradually working through Meadow Hollow, which consists of a long cove, mud and weed bottom, covered by ten feet of very clear water, we came to a rocky jut. Feeling thirsty we decided to fill our thermos bottles at a spring two hundred feet inland.

"You take the lead to break a nice trail for me, Bill. You sure have the beam," I said.

Instead of answering, Bill stopped dead in his tracks with an inarticulate gasping sound—he was shaking as if with the ague. Startled, I looked down and past him—there in the path was a wicked looking copperhead ready to strike.

I exerted every ounce of strength I had and shoved Bill to one side and jumped aside myself just as the snake struck. Not more than five seconds later it lay dead, I having used the rock with good effect.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



"Our eyes paid silent tribute to this king of all fresh water fish."

Bill grasped my hand with a vice-like grip and in a voice shaky with emotion said, "Much obliged, old boy, you have done me a favor that I'll never forget. Some day I hope to repay you."

"Oh! forget it, Bill, let's drink at the fountain of youth—it will do us both good."

After enjoying the cool, mint-flavored water we started on the last pull of the day. The sun was going down in a blaze of red gold as it made an iridescent path in the water and each lifted oar seemed to drip quicksilver—the scenery was beautiful.

Great Island, heavily wooded and girded with rusty looking rock bound base, stood out in bold relief. In the quiet distance Elephant's Back Island appeared like a mirage.

As we rowed slowly parallel to the shore a muskrat turned and swam frantically shoreward—through oil smooth water, landed and scurried for cover. Suddenly a sharp sound interrupted the stillness—then a medley of staccato yelps seemed to offend the ears.

"Dogs are chasing something," said Bill. The words had no more than left his mouth when there was a crashing, tearing sound and a doe, breathing hard, nostrils extended, dashed through the brush and started swimming toward the island shore.

Fifty feet astern of our boat passed the deer, swimming steadily, its head held erect out of the water, while on shore wailed six hounds, all grief-stricken because of their lost prey.

Resting on our oars, we watched the swimmer nearing Great Island. At last reaching bottom—resting a moment, then scrambling on shore, it shook itself, and in a second more was lost to view.

Our boat grounded at the landing just as the sun sank behind the hills. Hungry, tired but happy, we felt richly rewarded for our trip and considered it the end of a Perfect Day.

The Proposed Death Trap of the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club

By WILL H. DILG

SOME time about 1912, conservationists were elated over the purchase by Mrs. Russell Sage of 73,000 acres of Louisiana Gulf Coast land, which she dedicated as a wild life refuge. Again, some time about 1914, John D. Rockefeller purchased 85,000 acres of land along the Gulf Coast, and this, too, was turned into a wild life sanctuary, and again the conservationists rejoiced and applauded these two great contributions to posterity. And there was cause for rejoicing, for these Gulf Coast lands are a paradise for migratory birds of all kinds, especially duck, geese, snipe and quail, and there are deer and bear as well.

This was the first time the writer ever heard of Edward A. McIlhenny, of Avery Island, La., but I remember at the time I thought how fine it was that he had brought about the interests of the Sage and Rockefeller fortunes and had induced so large an outlay of money to the cause of conservation.

In the fall of 1923 I heard for the first time of an area consisting of 109,000 acres along the Louisiana Gulf Coast that was to be used by a proposed hunting club which was to have 4,000 members, and much to my surprise I discovered that Mr. McIlhenny was the promoter of this organization. Later I was sent a beautiful lithographed booklet of the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club, which proposed to sell memberships at $1,000. Investigation developed that the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club lands lay between the Sage Wild Life Refuge and the Rockefeller Refuge, and even a wooden Indian could see that such an area would prove a death trap to the waterfowl of that region, and I could see how simple it would be to attract the myriads of fowl from both the Sage and Rockefeller sanctuaries to the hunting club grounds by the liberal and systematic baiting of the club's waters.

The map of the region is interesting, especially since it was prepared by the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club. Study it, and see for yourself just what the whole ghastly plan means.

Soon afterward the League's magazine was offered page advertisements devoted to the sale of these thousand-dollar memberships in the Club, and a meeting of our Executive Committee was called, and it was unanimously voted to reject this advertising. Then such great conservationists as Henry W. DeForest; Madison Grant, Vice President of the Zoological Society; W. T. Hornaday, President of the Permanent Wild Life Protective Fund; John N. Phillips, President of the Pennsylvania State Game Commission; Edmund Seymour, President of the American Bison Society; J. A. McGuire, Editor of "Outdoor Life"; Charles Dana Gibson, publisher of "Life"; and the great newspapers burst into indignation, and for a time the press harshly condemned the scheme.

But let me quote a paragraph from a New York Tribune editorial, which is just a sample of many printed throughout the whole nation:

"It is hard to see how any good sportsman can support the plan of the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club to establish a hunting preserve alongside the bird sanctuaries designed to protect wild life from the greediness of hunters. The bird refuges, if this scheme should go through, would be in effect decoys to lure game to destruction. It would be equivalent to attracting deer to a protected salt lick and shooting them if they wandered a few yards off." We agree it is "hard to see" as the Tribune says, "how any good sportsman can support the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club." We simply **cannot see** how any good sportsman can do it—not if we know the meaning of the two words **"good sportsman."**

Then Governor Parker of Louisiana began receiving letters by the score from indignant sportsmen all over the nation. The Governor condemned the whole scheme as "destructive to our Louisiana bird life." The Governor might have added destructive to the whole nation's waterfowl life.

Mr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, closes a wonderful letter to the Governor as follows: "We are more confident that this is the position of the authorities of Louisiana because not only the interests of the state, but of the entire Mississippi Valley and of a large portion of Canada, are involved."

Then practically all of the famous names on the Advisory Board of the Club resigned, and we thought at headquarters that surely this death trap club would die because of the righteous indignation of sportsmen everywhere. The promoters, however, have not quit, despite the storm of protest coming from principled sportsmen everywhere.

From the beginning it seemed perfectly obvious to us at headquarters that the rational course to pursue was to purchase these 109,000 acres and join them to the 85,000-acre Rockefeller tract and the 73,000-acre Sage tract and thus avert the prospective catastrophe and make the Louisiana Gulf Coast a winter paradise for all migratory birds.

We knew that eminent sportsmen with more than enough of this world's goods were interested and that efforts were being made to purchase the lands, among these was Mr. Henry W. DeForest, nationally known as a conservationist. Mr. McIlhenny in a letter to Mr. DeForest stated he would sell out for $925,000 or almost $10.00 an acre. This unheard of price of almost $10.00 per acre was promptly declined. The Rockefeller and Sage tracts had cost but a trifle over $2.00 per acre. There are 158,000 acres in these two tracts and they cost $383,000. The Gulf Coast Club wanted $925,000 for identically the same type of lands. A stupendous rise in price, you must admit.

Now take another good look at the map and THINK.

The Louisiana Gulf Coast Club, however, went merrily on its way and continued to send out pages of advertising, alleging that if the Club were not formed and put under regulation and law that ALL the wild fowl would be killed off and that the club was really a "conservation measure" and this, too, notwithstanding that Mr. De Forest had pointed out to Governor Parker, "We cannot concur in this view. We may not properly object to the desultory hunting of wild fowl in that area by **unorganized** hunters, such as now obtains, because in our opinion such limited hunting, while regrettable, does not operate destructively against the purposes of these sanctuaries, but a large club, shooting persistently in what would seem a baited deathtrap for wild fowl is quite another matter."

The war of protest against the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club really opened **at home.** As early as last July the New Orleans **Item** opened its columns, and besides its editor, Mr. Marshall Ballard, called for a public investigation of the whole affair.

Take another squint at the map and see for yourself just what this Club means. Think of 4,000 guns, or 2,000 guns, or 1,000 guns, or 500 guns, or even 250 guns—each legally killing the limit of ducks and geese and snipe for ninety days. Will it not indubitably mean the greatest slaughter pen in the world for wild fowl?

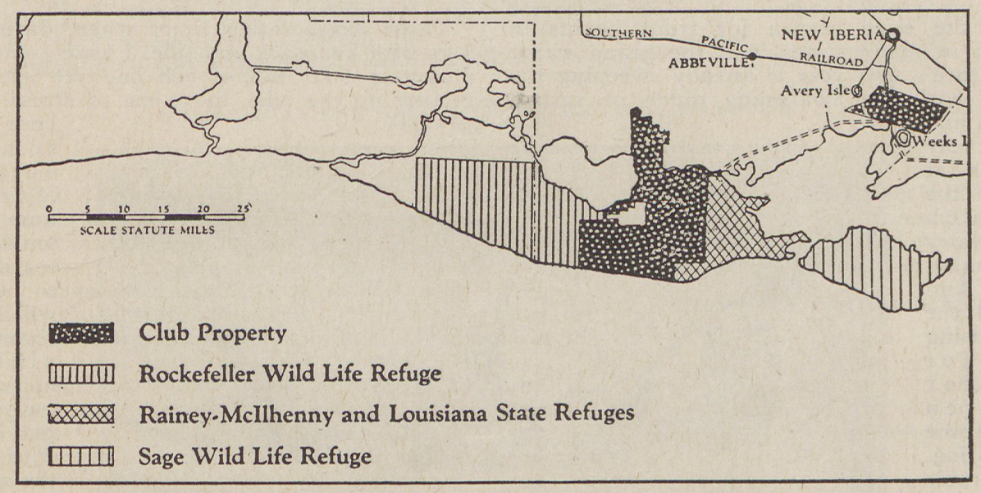
Recently, the conservationists of the country were electrified by an announcement coming from T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the Audubon Societies at the annual meeting on October 30th, 1923. The Audubon Societies expressed their disapproval of the plan. But let us quote verbatim from President Pearson in "Bird

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Lore," the official organ of this great national organization of bird lovers. You will note that the price of his land demanded by Mr. McIlhenny again goes up from $925,000 to $1,007,790.

"Acting on the expressed wish of the members, the President of the Association entered into correspondence with Edward A. McIlhenny, of Avery Island and Chicago, who is the chief promoter of this proposed Louisiana Gulf Coast Club.

In his final offer, Mr. McIlhenny stated that the cost would be $1,007,790. Publicity was given to the fact that negotiations were proceeding between Mr. McIlhenny and this Association, and a number of offers of assistance were received from various parts of the country, should a fair price be arrived at which would enable the Association to undertake to raise the necessary funds. As result of inquiries, and with some knowledge gathered from past experiences of the cost of waste marshlands in that part of the country, we were forced to the conclusion that the price asked by Mr. McIlhenny, representing the Gulf Coast Club, was enormously in excess of the actual cost. We, therefore, requested of McIlhenny a bill of particulars, showing just what he had agreed to pay to the different owners for the territory under discussion. Mr. McIlhenny however, flatly refused to divulge this information. Everyone interested in the matter would be quite willing that he should have a fair percentage above the actual expenses, but under the existing circumstances we do not feel justified in asking the public to contribute to a fund for the purchase of the land when it seemed quite probable that the sum asked was perhaps much more than 100 per cent in excess of the actual cost.



The above statement is made in order that our members may understand that a serious effort has been made to carry out their wishes in the matter of attempting to turn the vast territory into a wild-life sanctuary. **It is to be hoped that the way may yet open whereby this can be done.** This region constitutes probably the most wonderful wintering grounds of wild ducks and geese in the United States, and if all shooting could be prohibited on this territory, it would be of incalculable value in preserving the wild fowl that migrate through central North America."

Mr. Henry W. DeForest, who, representing Mrs. Russell Sage, was largely responsible for the purchase of Marsh Island as a wild-life sanctuary, is much incensed at the prospects of seeing an enormous shooting club located on this territory, where, by baiting, the ducks may be drawn from sanctuary to killing-grounds. In reference to the Association's recent effort in this direction, Mr. DeForest has given out this statement:

"I was ready to advance the plan put forward by Mr. Pearson and agreed to be responsible for at least $50,000 if a fair price could be assured and a reasonable time allowed for the raising of the balance. It is, in fact, identical with the suggestion and offer I made to Mr. McIlhenny the latter part of last August. His price then was $925,000 for 100,000 acres. The remaining 10,000 acres were to be reserved for a shooting club of 150 members and the limit of time for the acceptance of his offer was placed at eight days. This is the 'business' proposal he made 'in the interest of conservation' and has been seeking credit for it in the press. The 10,000 acres is the cream of the entire tract. Nine hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, I am informed, represents probably three times the cost of the remaining property and eight days were allowed to bird conservationists to raise this sum."

After all, the best judges of the merits and demerits of the "conservation scheme" of the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club is the judgment of the Louisiana sportsmen themselves. Here I will quote portions of the resolution issued by the Louisiana Sportsmen's League, signed by the officers and Board of Directors of that organization. I am informed that an attorney of Mr. McIlhenny labored for two hours to dissuade its members from taking the action which was impending and which was finally taken. The resolution is too long to give it in full but here are portions of it showing what the sportsmen of Louisiana think of this proposed club.

"Aside from the selfish interest which the 1,000 members of this League have in the conservation of wild fowl, we feel that we owe a duty to the sportsmen of this country, who too are seeking the same ends to protest against this proposal and **to combat it by all legitimate means.**"

"The good faith of the State of Louisiana is pledged to the protection of these game refuges which, through the generosity of the trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation and Mrs. Sage, have been entrusted to this State."

"Louisiana cannot afford to be recreant to this trust." In the resolution including this statement it is declared: "The establishment of the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club, or any similar club with large membership, on lands immediately adjacent to the Rockefeller, Sage and State Game Refuges, **should not be permitted,** and **should be condemned by all sportsmen here and elsewhere having an interest in game conservation.**

"2nd. That the officers of this League be directed to use all legitimate means to prevent the establishment of said clubs in the immediate vicinity of these refuges."

The 1,000 members of the Louisiana Sportsmen's League do not have to look at the map as you do—they are the boys "on the spot"—they know and they have told the wide, wide world what they think of this alleged conservation scheme.

Now, my brothers, I have given you only a brief outline—I have not drawn on my imagination and have merely set down in a temperate way the meaning of this death trap which has been planned with a cunning worthy of a better purpose. It seems impossible that the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club can be put over. Surely we can save this area where almost every specie of our migratory birds winter and where all wild waterfowl find a winter paradise.

If the sentiment of the country continues to make itself felt and heard, this whole scheme will collapse like a house of cards. Then this wonderful area of 109,000 acres would be purchasable at a fair and reasonable price. Then the patriotic purposes of the Rockefeller and Sage Refuges will be saved and there is no describing the importance of these areas to the sportsmen of

(Continued on page 54)

Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

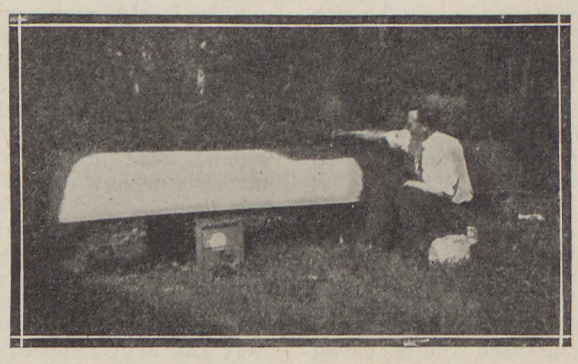
March

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor.

WHILE the open season for trout begins in March in many states, and the grand swing of Nature's new year is already sweeping the forest with the awakening touch of spring, it is upon boats and canoes that my mind ruminates at this season of the year. How much we do owe to water in the panorama of our outdoors! And to be denied the possibility of using that water for transportation, for fishing, for even crossing it to some favorite spring, what an irreparable loss! I for one never get over it; at any season of the year! Wherefore a boat or a canoe of some kind is reckoned among my outdoor possessions, as quite equal in importance to the dear old camping-box, well stocked with everything needed for a long stay in the woods, with tents, sleeping rigs, accessories, cooking stove and outfits for various kinds of trips—even a timber-saw, axe, and wedges, so that we can build a whole house of wood-hewn materials. But with it is also always the canoe, the boat, the raft—anything on which to be abroad on the waters. Shipping your canoe anywhere is simply a matter of sticking on a label and a tag and calling the expressman. No crating is needed. Again and again have I seen mine disappearing down the street in an express wagon, to be there, waiting for me, turned over and leaning on one gunwale, beside the track at the jumping-off place. You settle with the local factotum, pick her up and move off toward the water you see gleaming beyond the little frontier railway station. And there lies a period of happiness and of easy carriage for you through the vast wilderness.

"The boat and the canoe, those twin transportation agencies of the wilderness."

Those exasperating times when, during my wanderings with knapsack and rifle, I have come to a gem of a mountain lake, full of fish and yet with no means of getting on the lake, move me to stress the importance here of a boat of some kind. And why at this season, March? Because now is the time to build or acquire one, for soon the season to be up and doing will be upon us. A review of all possible wilderness boats may not be out of place to begin our sermon with. There is first the raft, dubbed the "Man Friday" by good old Uncle Danny Beard many years ago. If you have arrived at your lake, pack on back and rifle or rod in hand, and there is no boat to be had for love or money, you still have recourse to the Man Friday. A tour of the lake shore brings to light certain dead and dry balsams or spruce or what-not, lying prone on the beach, perhaps all their upper limbs sunk in the waters. Your axe reduces two of these to logs, say fifteen feet long and over a foot in diameter. They need floating together side by side, whereupon a pair of long diagonals are first nailed atop the two and beyond them two cross pieces. These four sticks tie that raft together so it can neither skew nor collapse parallel-wise. If you have no nails, there is still the bow-drill and hardwood spikes of pin oak. A bow drill similar to the well-known fire drill is easy to make, the bitt for it devised from any piece of metal you may have handy,—an empty .22 cartridge flattened if nothing better. This raft will need a pair of rails, a platform and rowing seat of cross-sticks atop the rails, and a pair of rowing pins,—best of two forks

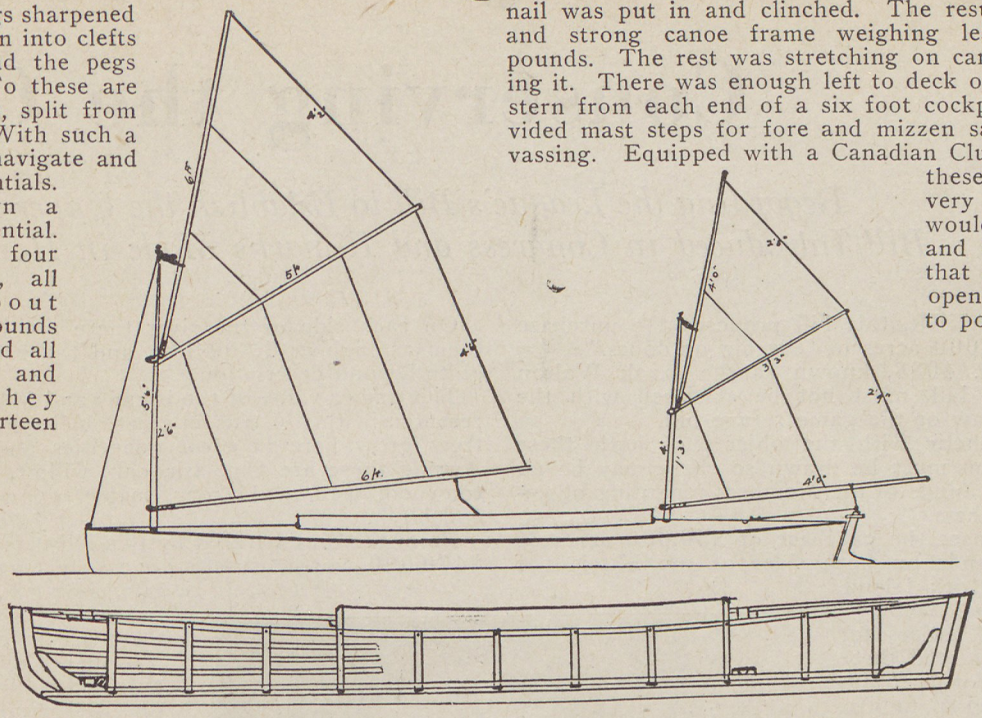


"If she needs paint, apply a new coat."

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

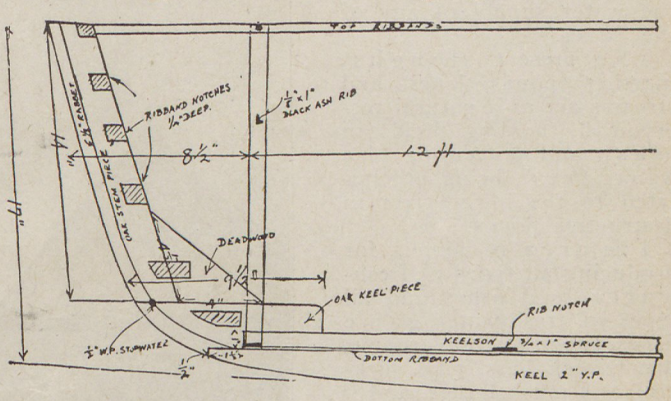
with their prongs sharpened and driven down into clefts in the logs and the pegs sticking up. To these are lashed the oars, split from dead spruce. With such a craft one can navigate and fish; the essentials.

But to own a canoe is essential. I have built four canvas ones, all weighing about forty-two pounds when done, and all very staunch and seaworthy. They averaged fourteen feet long by 33 inches beam. They were covered with 8 oz. duck canvas, given three coats of ordinary white lead paint. The frames consisted of thirteen ribs a foot apart, of white ash, one inch by one-eighth inch, about four feet long in the rough. The stem and stern were made of 2 x 3 inch white oak and were sixteen and fourteen inches high respectively. They were roughed down to a triangular shape with hatchet and plane and a rabbet cut in each, one-eighth inch deep, for the end of the canvas. Also five pockets were cut with the chisel to receive the ends of the ribbands on each side.

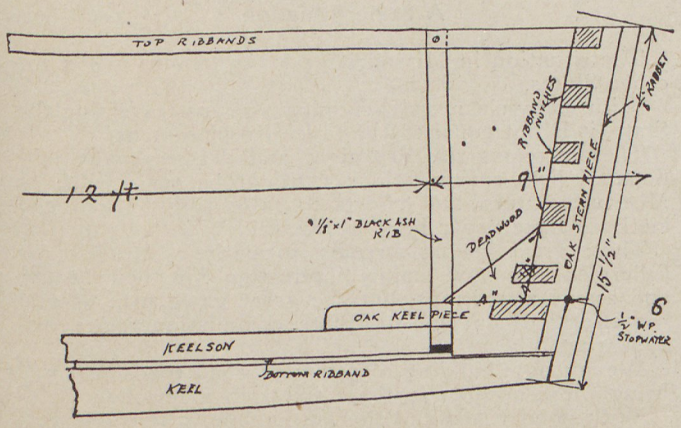


FRAME PLAN AND SAIL PLAN, DECKED SAILING CANOE "WATERAT IV"

These stem and stern knees were screwed to the ends of the spruce keelson, a strip one inch by seven-eighths, a little over thirteen feet long. Notches were cut in the keelson on the under side at every foot to take the ribs. The latter were put in them, and a ribband screwed to them underneath. Two top ribbands on a side were next bent around the central mould and tacked temporarily over their bow and stern pockets. The remaining ribbands, of one-quarter inch by seven-eighths inch spruce, were then put on around the central mould and bent in over their pockets and tacked temporarily. The ribs were now bent up inside them and their ends secured between the top ribbands with ties of strong cord. Followed a period of adjusting both ribs and ribbands until a smooth bottom with flowing lines fore and aft was obtained. Then all the ribbands were screwed into their pockets and a hole drilled where each rib crossed a ribband and a copper nail was put in and clinched. The result was a light and strong canoe frame weighing less than thirty pounds. The rest was stretching on canvas and painting it. There was enough left to deck over at bow and stern from each end of a six foot cockpit. I had provided mast steps for fore and mizzen sails before canvassing. Equipped with a Canadian Club pair of sails, these canoes were very able cruisers, would go anywhere, and live in weather that would send the open canvas canoe to port. I wore out four of them during the years from thirteen to forty. They cost, for materials, from $7 in 1891 to a present maximum of $11 for the same material. For lake and salt-water bay cruising I would highly recommend building one, these days, if you have no canoe at all. For river cruising you cannot beat the regular open canoe, as it is much stronger, more able to withstand hard usage, and much easier to pack with the supplies needed for a long trip. One of these



DETAILS OF STEM CONSTRUCTION, DECKED SAILING CANOE. "WATERAT IV"



DETAILS OF STERN CONSTRUCTION, DECKED SAILING CANOE. "WATERAT IV"

can be obtained second-hand quite reasonably from any big boathouse. If she needs paint, take off the old coat with paint-remover and apply a new one, of any shade of the various canoe varnishes put up by the big paint companies.

During the years I have given considerable thought to what I have called a "boatent." Many a time have I gone back-packing through the woods, to come upon a fishy lake, set in the lap of the mountains, where it became imperative to at least stop and try it from the banks. But oh, for a boat! There is only one part of one's outfit that one can rob to furnish a portable boat, and that is the tent, for a boat itself makes a passable shelter.

Well, the heaviest part of a boat is its frame, and that grows in the woods. My ideas of a "boatent" began to take shape in a certain maple thicket on the shores of a lake in Pike County where we were boatless. It is really wonderful how long and slender and straight these young maples grow. Farther north you have young cedar for the same supply of long—and still lighter—poles. A frame for a boat these maples!

(Continued on page 67)

Conserving the Outdoo

Regarding the League's Bill to Establish the Upper Mississippi Wil an
Bill Introduced in Congress and Remarks Made in House of Represent by

MR. SPEAKER, this bill proposes the purchase of 250,000 acres of "the big outdoors."

H. R. 4088, known as the Izaak Walton League bill, must not be confused with the migratory bird law or the game refuge bill.

While sympathetic with the objects of both these bills, a distinction must be drawn so there may be no confusion in the minds of the Members regarding objections raised to them.

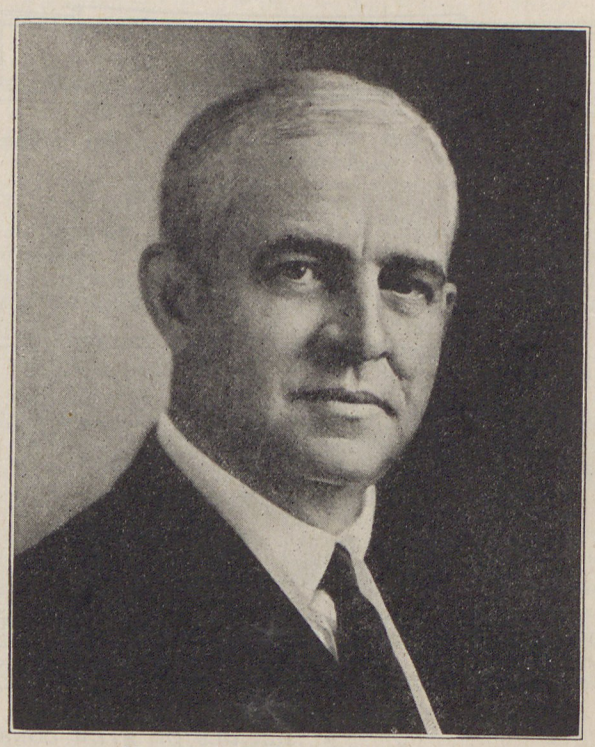
This bill proposes the purchase of 250,000 acres of waste bottom lands on both sides of the Mississippi River between Rock Island, Ill., and Wabasha, Minn.

This land is useless for farming purposes, and three different efforts for its drainage have resulted in failure, but the ominous dread of drainage of this area, which is now again proposed, can only be prevented by this national action.

Possession by the National Government would not interfere with navigation or the water supply of any of the States.

The present sloughs, marshes, ponds, lakes, and streams act as a natural reservoir by holding floods in leash and preventing the waters from being precipitated to the lower river in destructive floods.

This area is famous for producing all types of fresh-water food fishes and all types of fresh-water game fishes, such as perch, croppie, drum, rock bass, pike, pickerel, and muskellunge, and it is especially famous for black bass.



Hon. Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri.

Scientists declare this area represents the last stand of black bass in the Mississippi Valley and some declare in the whole United States.

These scientists state that the yearly toll of black bass in this country is so great, compared with the yearly hatch, that this greatest of American game fishes is certain to become extinct within 10 years, unless extraordinary effort is made to protect their natural spawning beds.

The Bureau of Fisheries and other scientific bodies declare that black bass would become practically extinct, if not protected, while on their spawning beds.

The area covered by this bill is pronounced by scientists as being the greatest natural incubator for black bass in America.

The aquatic value of the plant life of these bottom lands is known to scientists, who state that if properly administered under Government regulation, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of aquatic plant life would be conserved.

There is no more beautiful section in the United States than the 300 miles of river bottom lands covered by this bill.

Artists and painters declare the scenery not only the equal of the Hudson but surpassing it in beauty.

On each side of the river there are bluffs, some of them as high as 1,800 feet, and the rugged beauty is quite beyond description.

The timber value of the islands and bottom lands represented in this district is great. All types of woodland trees grow here in great quantities and very rapidly. Among these are elm, ash, oak, willow, boxwood, cottonwood, walnut, hickory, maple, dogwood, live oak, and birch.

From the area covered by this bill it is estimated that $400,000 worth of pelts are yearly taken from muskrats, skunk, raccoon, and fresh-water otters, and if these are taken over by the National Government and put under the direction of the Biological Survey, it is estimated that under the protection of this commission, five times this amount would be raised.

It is impossible to approximate the food value of ducks, geese, brant, snipe, woodcock, grouse, and pheasants taken from this area, but they are in the hundreds of thousands.

It is an established fact, testified to by ornithologists of fame, that the region covered by this bill is the greatest highway for migratory birds on this continent.

Two hundred and sixty-nine varieties of song birds mate and breed in this region. It is their one great refuge. These birds later scatter all over the United States.

There is no national wild-life refuge established by the Federal Government between the Rocky Mountains on the west and the Appalachian Mountains on the east and from Canada on the north to the Gulf on the south.

A State Situation

The situation in Missouri serves as an illustration for other States.

With many clear, swift-running streams traversing the State, it is not equal to the task of replacement.

These streams rise overnight and destroy many millions of bass spawn, which can not be replaced from Missouri waters, and efforts to raise bass by artificial methods have never been successful.

These great fishing streams, formerly a paradise for fishermen, are now mainly interesting for their beauty and scenic attractions, but the great game fish, despite the efforts of an efficient State commissioner, are disappearing.

We are now building a system of good roads that will bring the fisherman to these rivers in a few hours.

With good roads and the automobile, where one person formerly fished on these streams thousands will soon line their banks.

These streams must not only be protected from pollu-

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

oo for Health and Profit

Wife and Fish Refuge.
sent by Congressman Hawes

By HON. HARRY B. HAWES
of Missouri

tion, the fish hog, and the dynamiter, but they must be continually restocked, and the stock must come from the great natural spawning beds of the Mississippi Basin.

Each State has a similar situation. Good roads and automobiles bringing fishermen and camping parties are placing a new and tremendous drain upon the fish supply.

Object

The object of this bill is—

1. To preserve from destruction as a fish and game conservation measure a tract of land and water which is the chief source of national supply for black bass and other game fish replacement.

2. The object is national, not local or even sectional.

3. The property is to be acquired by the United States and placed under the joint control of the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of Commerce.

4. The purchase is to be made by the Secretary of Agriculture, subject to the approval of the Legislatures of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota.

OUR forefathers came with the Bible in one hand and the rifle in the other.

SOME of their descendants have lost the rifle; some the Bible; some both the Bible and the rifle.

LET us restore the confidence and strength that knowledge of the rifle brings. Let us restore the spiritual strength the Bible gives.

LET us help to bring back both by the purchase of a piece of the big "outdoors," where strong men and spiritual power find the best nourishment.

WHEN we lose our "pep," when good food tastes bad, when friends do not satisfy, when life becomes a bore, when music seems out of tune, when the old dog annoys, when the doctor fails, and the good wife irritates, there is but one remedy for the "run down," and it is found in the forests or on the streams in the big "outdoors."

THERE we go to church and worship God by conversing with the things He made, listening to sermons from rocks and trees, choir music from the birds.

IF you need a fresh start and want to lose the "run-down" feeling and get back your "pep," go fishing.

IT is a notable fact that of the Twelve Apostles selected by Christ, four were fishermen.

THEY were natural philosophers who made their living in the big wide open, who knew the stars, the tempest, the sea, the sun, the moon, the winds, and the calm.

THEY were prepared for a campaign for men because they had first campaigned with the elements of nature.

STUDY of nature had prepared them for a study of men, and their thoughts and teachings were big, like the outdoors from whence they came.

Practical Utility

When suggesting Government expenditures we must be sure that the investment is wisely made and will bring a proper and adequate return.

In addition to purchasing now, at a low price, property that will ultimately greatly enhance in value, the investment is justified in a practical return in its food-producing possibilities, which will lower the food bill of all Americans.

The last available figures are those of 1921, which show that the total income in dollars and cents from fresh-water game fishes by anglers in the United States was $48,400,000.

In Wisconsin and Minnesota, two of the States through which the upper Mississippi River flows, the total value of game fishes in 1921 was $2,125,000 in Wisconsin and $3,000,000 in Minnesota.

The total value of commercial food fishes taken from Rock Island to Wabasha, Minn., was $503,258. The value of mussels was $104,548, making a total value of commercial food fishes alone of $607,806.

Under the supervision of the Bureau of Fisheries, in the Department of Commerce, this amount would be multiplied tenfold.

The Bureau of Fisheries' rescue crews saved from the land-locked sloughs and rivers of the upper Mississippi River 24,570,000 fishes in the year 1918; in 1919, 51,883,000; in 1920, 148,157,000; in 1921, 116,356,000; in 1922, 176,075,000; and in 1923, 142,000,000.

Of this number approximately 40,000,000 were baby black bass, ranging in length from 4 to 10 inches, of the small-mouth and large-mouth varieties.

These game fishes were shipped by the Bureau of Fisheries throughout the Nation under application of United States Senators and Congressmen and were used to stock the streams and lakes in 30 States.

These bass if bought from hatcheries engaged in producing black bass for stocking private waters would cost 40 cents each, or $16,000,000, the price having gone up in the past year from 30 to 40 cents each.

The cost to the Government of rescuing these black bass was only $40,000, compared to the $16,000,000 they would have cost if bought from private hatcheries.

There is at the present time in this region practically no regulation by the State or Federal Governments. It is believed by scientists that with regulation the product of not only fishes but fur-bearing animals and migratory fowl would increase tenfold.

Scientific bodies devoted to the study of fish conservation, such as the American Fisheries Society, are so

(Continued on page 52)

YEARS ago my old native State of Kentucky had pike, muskellunge and bass in abundance. The larger fish are gone. Here originated the Milan, Frankfort and Meek reels, the best reels in the world, and, through neglect, fishing there is reduced to a minimun.

In my own State of Missouri, we have some wonderful bass streams, but they must be constantly watched and young bass introduced each year, or our fishing here will soon be gone.

I have had so much pleasure myself in fishing that I want those who come after me to enjoy it.

HARRY B. HAWES.

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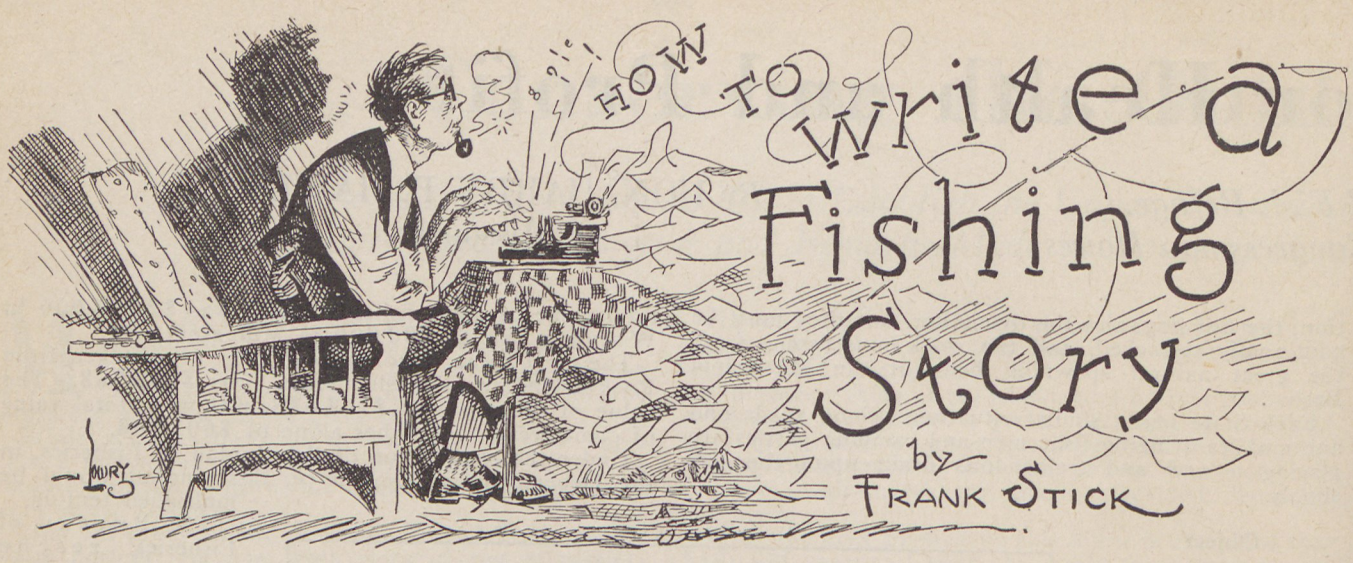


How to Write a Fishing Story

by Frank Stick

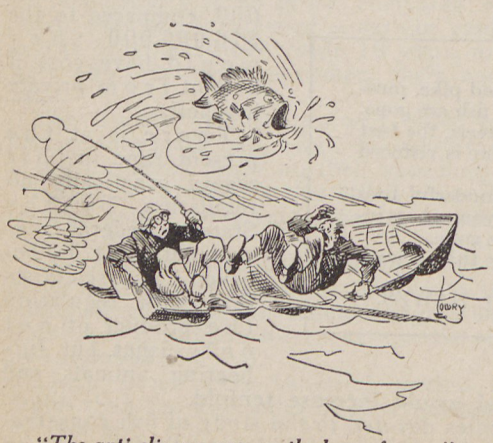
Illustrations by Everett E. Lowry

FOR a good many years I have been waiting for some magazine to publish an article under the above title, but as none of our older writers of outdoor stories have come forward to satisfy this burning need, I have come to the conclusion that they are reluctant to pass on their trade secrets to a younger and needier generation of authors. Now I do not pose as an authority on angling literature. I do not claim that I can write even a passably good fishing story, but during a lifetime that has not been devoid of unique experiences, I have served on the editorial staff of several outdoor publications, and during this period I believe I discovered the salient features of composition, which makes the fishing story acceptable to the publisher. The following suggestions and examples are offered in the belief that they will be of considerable help to those who are desirous of following in the footsteps of our own Izaak.

A direct plunge into the matter under discussion is against all the precepts of the fishing narrative, but nevertheless, I will adopt it in this instance.

The opening sentence of a fishing story is frequently handled in a, to say the least, slovenly manner. I have known writers to flounder around for several pages before they were fairly started, and I have known a man of national reputation as an editor and a plug fisherman to start off with an absurdly irrelevant quirk in order to arouse the reader's interest. In summing it all up I have come to the conclusion that there are three logical and safe methods of opening your story. One I shall term the ting-a-ling-a-ling beginning, another the alarm clock opening, and the third the toot-toot.

The first, or the ting-a-ling-ling, is perhaps the most popular of the three, and goes something like this: "I was sitting in my office one day last June, mopping the perspiration from my brow, and thinking of boyhood days, and goggle eyes, when ting-a-ling-ling! I heard the telephone at my elbow, and raising the receiver from the hook, I recognized the voice of my friend Bill." Of course Bill wants him to take a trip to Washandryem creek for a week's fishing. There is usually some pro and con argument before our fisherman yields to his friend's blandishments and to his own inclinations. This dialogue serves to raise the interest of the reader to a fever heat, and he is certain of being carried into the next sentence, at least.



"The anti-climax leap, or the leap of pain."

As an example of the alarm clock beginning, I shall quote from a story published not many months ago. It was as follows:

"I was dreaming that I was fishing on a northern lake, when I received a tremendous strike, and pulling the fish toward me, hand over hand, I beheld my quarry turn into a huge sea serpent, which was just about to clamber over the gunwale of the boat, when I heard the alarm clock go off with a terrible racket at the head of my bed." This opening is short and zippy, and gives the reader the impression right off the reel that the writer is an early bird and that there is apt to be something doing before the day is over. Of course it may be varied considerably. The sea serpent, for instance, may be replaced by a crocodile or some other amphibian critter. Yes, the alarm clock idea has many things to recommend it to the young writer, but of late years it has lost somewhat in popularity, and has been replaced by the toot-toot beginning, in a great many instances. The toot-toot also suggests the hypothesis that the writer is slumbering peacefully in his own feather bed, when, to quote from another recent story, "My dreams were brought to an end by the toot-toot of Pete's old Cad in front of the house, and springing from the bed, etc." Now this is unquestionably an improvement in several ways, over the last example. The use of the derivative Cad is admirable, for it contains a subtle suggestion relative to the financial stability of the writer, or at least, of the writer's friend. Cad, or Rolls or Pierce is to be preferred to the name Lizzie, though I have seen the latter used successfully on more than one occasion.

Either one of these opening sentences is as dependable as a Leanord or a Seger rod. They have stood up under years of hard use without developing a set, and I suppose they will still be in favor when our present generation of writers have passed on to a realm where oil burning steamers and paper mills are unknown. Of course there are others hardly less popular, such as the good old, "Well, boys, here I am again, etc.," which is breezy, and breathes the very spirit of good fellowship, to the still more ancient sentence which starts off with a letter from Hank, the guide. This last has fallen somewhat into disuse since the telephone and the telegraph system have come into general use.

Brevity and terseness. These faults should be guarded against and shunned, as one shuns poison ivy on a

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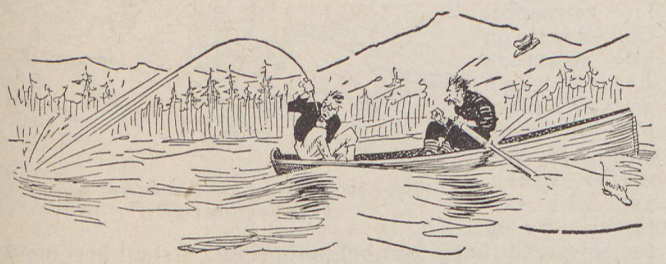
rainy day. Never yield to the inclination to use only one word, when your meaning can be expressed almost as well with two or half a dozen. I know this method to be in opposition to the practice of our modern school of literature, and of such writers as Kipling, Wells and Tarkington, but those birds are not being paid by the column.

In the story the start on the fishing trip should be made before daybreak, so as to afford an opportunity to tell what you had for breakfast, what you packed in the lunch basket, etc. A description of what you and Pete wore and your tackle for the occasion, makes good padding. Your wife's remarks as you sidled stealthily out of the back door gives a nice homey touch, though, of course, a certain restraint should be exercised here. If the trip, or a part of it, is to be made by train, a wonderful opportunity is afforded for the use of a time table. What can be more gripping than a detailed account of how you almost missed connections



"With blanched cheek and palsied arm watches the line fade from the reel."

at Podunk Center, and what the conductor said? Gosh, how it mounts up into good payable stuff!

After three or four pages of descriptive matter, we will suppose that you and Pete have at last arrived at Washandryem creek. Your tackle is assembled, and eventually you receive what is usually termed "a smashing strike." This strike is what you have been leading up to all along, and marks the beginning of a sanguinary conflict with old Pink Eye, a blood-thirsty outlaw trout or bass or pike, as the case may be, who has dwelt for years in a deep cavern below the riffle, and who has worked terrible havoc with the tackle of the natives, and of visiting sportsmen (natives are never referred to as sportsmen) and who has been known to chase school boys away from the old swimming hole.

After the strike the quarry "leaps from the surface in a burst of foam." As he leaps he "shakes his head like a bulldog." For the last couple of years, due doubtless to the popularity of the airedale, the simile to a bull has been supplanted by a reference to the terrier. This is a refreshing change, certainly, but it has been used quite extensively, and I am in hopes of seeing some pioneer spirit introduce a new breed of canine into our angling literature.

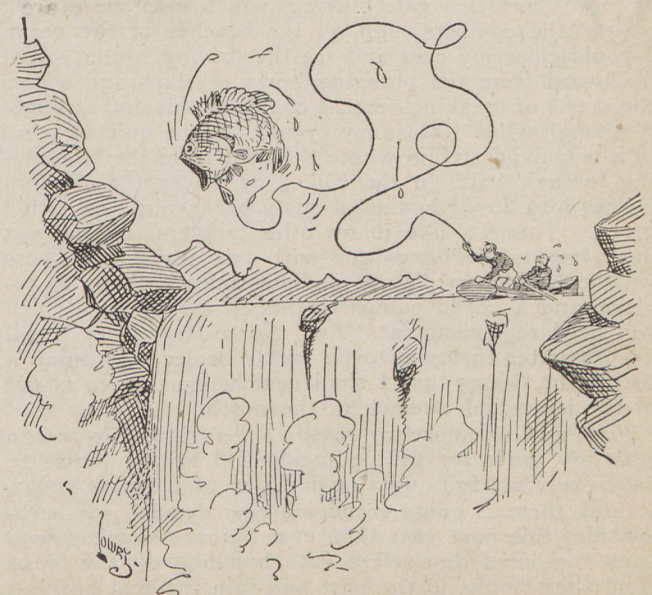
This first leap of old Pink Eye is sort of a prelude to the battle which is to follow, and serves mainly to impress the reader with the fact that our fisherman is up against a tough proposition, and no telling what may happen before he is done with it.

After the fish has shaken himself back into his native element, he steps on the accelerator, and "darts away like a streak of lightning, stripping the line from the reel until" great guns! "the filler comes in view." If you are an experienced angler you may protest at this point that no bass or trout or pike was ever known to take out this much line at a single run, to which I would agree. The idea, however, is to convince the reader right off the bat that old Pink Eye is a very superior sort of a fish in every way. In fact, a simple physical feat, such as running out three or four hundred feet of line, is one of the poorest things he does.

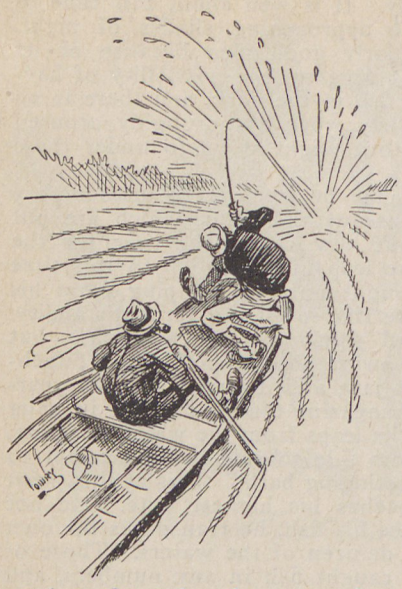
When the fish has been turned, just in the nick of time, he rushes to and fro, hither and yon for a space of time which may be anywhere from a half hour up to an hour and a half. He cavorts around considerable, and a few casual leaps may be introduced here and there by way of variety. It is well about this time to make reference to the approaching shades of night. This last is a particularly good idea because of its psychological effect. It suggests the possibility of having to battle with this fish in the dark, and there is no telling what sort of dirty work a thoroughly aroused and fighting bass or trout might stoop to under these conditions.

We have had what may be termed the introductory leap, and several inconsequential leaps, which are put in mainly as fillers, but now comes the time for the anti-climax leap, or the leap of pain. Up to this time old Pink Eye has thought only of escaping from his enemy by a display of terrific speed and acrobatic ability. He has been animated solely by fear and rage, but presently be becomes aware that something is punching a hole through his jaw, and, to quote from a year-old copy of a certain magazine that specializes in gang hook advertisements, "he leaps from the water in agony, thrashing his head from side to side in an attempt to free himself from that stinging barb." It is at this point that the writer approaches his highest note. He not only entirely humanizes his fish, he transposes his own mind into that of the denizen of the waters. Those of us who have actually caught fish in any numbers, and who have had the finned creatures return to the bait after being once or twice released from the "stinging barb," are well aware that unless the fish is hooked deep, there is little or no pain connected with it. The writer must disregard this fact, however, for the introduction of pain into the narrative is necessary to arouse the fish to his supreme display of frenzied effort.

Again this pink-eyed warrior makes one of his awe-inspiring runs, while the angler, to quote again, "with blanched cheek, and palsied arm, watches the line fade from the reel, as the morning dew dissolves under the rays of an ardent sun," but again he turns him, with but a foot of line remaining on the spinning hub. Old Pink Eye sees at last that mere speed, and strength, and savagery will avail him nothing. But does he acknowledge the futility of further effort, and come wavering to the waiting net, as the bass and trout of yours and my acquaintance are in the habit of doing? To entertain such a thought is to admit that the real significance of the fishing story has escaped you. This heroic fighter is made of finer stuff. Better death of his own seeking, than surrender, says he, and turning from his last run, he dashes madly down stream, toward that point where Washandryem creek plunges between rocky walls, and in a sheer drop of fifty feet, reaches the river bed. Onward darts Pink Eye. He reaches the brink of the falls, and with a last flicker of his tail, he leaps far out, whirling over and over in mid-air, until, with a sickening thump he lands on the granite far below.



"Better death of his own seeking than surrenaer, says he."



"Again this pink-eyed monster makes one of his awe-inspiring runs."

Now the tale might very well end right here. The writer has gone the limit, indeed, some may say he has gone too far, in describing piscatorial emotion. The end is dramatic in the extreme, and it leaves something to the imagination, yet there is one important point in the construction of the fishing story that has not been attended to. This is the heart throb, which if worked up properly will yield at least another column of pay dirt. I shall be concise, for I have known a severe attack of mal de mer to result when the emotions are unduly aroused and this is neither safe nor pleasant.

The fisherman clambers down the declivity as rapidly as his tired muscles will allow, and at last stands by the side of his quivering victim. At last—at last, his life is in the enemy's hands. The fish, lying there, flopping feebly, gazes up at his persecutor, who looking into the depths of that pink eye, feels the desire to destroy fading from him. His tense limbs relax, a briny drop rolls down his cheek, and as he gently raises his noble quarry, he declaims thus:

"Oh, beautiful creature, as brave as beautiful! We have long been enemies, you and I, but now that is changed, and we are but fellow creatures gazing into each other's eyes. Now, at last, we understand each other. No more will I pursue your fellow denizens of lake and stream with intent to do you harm. No more will my thoughts in retrospection dwell on hot platters piled high with crisp brown forms, garnished with water cress, and with tartar sauce on the side. All that is put behind me, and I shall become a cake eater. Henceforth we will be brothers, oh, silvery creature! Go now to range your sequestered pools, your tinkling riffles, but hereafter keep that pink eye peeled, and remember to shun all bugs with barbed tails. I may never see you again, but always will I remember the soul that lurks behind that glowing orb. Good night, little brothers." GOOD NIGHT!

"Go now to range your sequestered pools, your tinkling riffles."

Prepare Now for Inquisitive Grandchildren

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

President of the Outlook Company

OUTSIDE my office window the temperature hovers between zero and the freezing mark. There is a gale blowing which must be driving the combers high on the beaches of the coast. I could close my eyes and see the driving spume swept backward from the plunging bows of ships and across the crests of breaking seas. I could see this, but strangely enough when I close my eyes, I see the quiet reaches of a woodland stream where the dust from the blossoming birches drifts in the eddies or where the rhodora flushes into flower against a misty background of spring green. Tonight, like many other anglers, I shall get down my tackle boxes and sort over my flies. There will be leaders to discard and old lines perhaps to replace, and a dozen compartments in my fly box which will need replenishment. And shortly thereafter I will drop a letter to my favorite tackle dealer containing a list of the things that I shall need when the ice is out of the lakes and streams of the north.

First and foremost my reason for rushing the season with my order for fishing tackle will be the desire to have ready my full quota of flies tied on barbless hooks. I think there is going to be a bigger demand for barbless flies this next year than ever before. Anglers who have contented themselves with breaking off the barbs from their hooks in the past will join the real barbless anglers in increasing numbers. Those who have for many years used the straight barbless hook—even when they had to import their flies from England—will doubtless want a bigger supply than ever for their own use and to use in missionary work for the conversion of their friends. A word to the wise angler—if you can get it in, in the intervals of his angling talk—ought to be sufficient. The word is this, whether or not you have used barbless flies in the past, be sure that in the rehabilitation of your tackle boxes you make due allowance for securing a supply of barbless flies for the coming season. Order them now. There are several American tackle companies which will be prepared to supply the market this coming season. Do not let another year go by without joining the ranks of those who are laboring—and a most enjoyable labor it is—for the improvement of our angling practices and the preservation of our angling resources for future generations. May I suggest that though the satisfaction may be a bit remote, it will be pleasant to look forward to the day when your grandchildren, rummaging through your dusty tackle boxes, run across a full supply of barbless flies, moth-eaten perhaps, but still bearing testimony to your interest in humane angling and conservation. "Bless me," some grandchild of yours may say, "but here are some old flies of grandfather's. Why they are barbless! And just the kind that we are all using today. Grand-dad certainly was ahead of his time."

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Superior National Forest Boundary Extension

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

THE Superior National Forest Boundary Extension Bill introduced in the House by Congressman Fuller is known as House Record 488 and has been referred to the Committee on Public Lands, the Hon. Nicholas J. Sinnott from Oregon, Chairman.

This committee is composed of twenty-one congressmen, representing eighteen states and one possession and their recommendations will be representative to a degree that our national need for forest conservation has impressed itself upon their judgments.

Senator Charles L. McNary from Oregon is to introduce the Bill in the United States Senate. This senator has been prominently identified with forest conservation and reforestation measures, being chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Reforestation and father of Senate Bill 1182, which is to provide for protection of forest lands, for the reforestation of denuded areas, for the extension of national forests and for other purposes.

I believe this bill is the most far reaching forestry measure ever introduced and the outcome of a most exhaustive study of our national forest needs. Its provisions will automatically speed up the enlargement of national forests throughout the United States.

While President Coolidge has sounded a serious note of warning on national expenditures, his first message to Congress laid emphasis upon the need for reforestation and the production of timber. This soberly constructive measure therefore is in strict keeping with the President's own views.

The Superior National Forest Recreation Association, while primarily interested in the recreational development of the Superior National Forest would cease to exist, should the region become largely or wholly treeless, it follows therefore that the interest of the Association is inseparably linked with the fortunes of its trees. There are today all too many examples of such areas that have been wrecked beyond hope and for periods exceeding the ordinary span of life, which under adequate protection would have continued to produce timber for all time to come. Erstwhile highland lakes, indescribably beautiful, and primeval wildernesses are now huge burnings, a blackened, devastated barren, an inferno of rocks and snags and utter desolation. Soils have been eaten away by the greedy tongues of all consuming flames, and have become but a sterile desert of rocks, useless from whatever standpoint. Wild life avoids these regions, humans sidestep them, the sun and winds work their wills upon them relentlessly.

Snap shot taken by the writer in the heart of the Superior National Forest.

And yet these stark cliffs and unnatural ridges that have ceased their functions, these lakes, monotonous and glaring, these regions of death shunned by the croaking raven, readily respond to the kindly, softening hands of Nature, which gradually transforms them into gentle slopes and rugged eminences, covers them with majestic stands of virgin timber that are cool and inviting. Their shadowy depths deal kindly with the tender vegetation of the forest floor, growing luxuriantly sweet in the redolence of balsam and spruce. It is here we may hear the sacred strains of the hermit thrush in the Temple of God, pillared with giant pines and domed with the lacy fragrance of their boughs.

What exceptional recreational possibilities are contained in this tree-grown area, which permits of our enjoyment of its beauties without injury to its economic value as a timber producing forest. But it would cease to be a national playground if fires were to continue to sweep it. And it will cease to produce timber for long years to come, unless our friends throughout the United States do their part to support our efforts to accord this forest undivided protection by the United States Forest Service.

The Superior National Forest is the only national forest in the middle west offering such unusual features, that place it on a par with the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite and the Glacier. That it is less known makes it no less important. It is the only real bit of wilderness left in Mid-America, the finest forested lake country in the world. But the constrictions of advancing civilization, the inroads of agriculture, ambitions of individuals, corporations, forest communities, counties and state are gradually tightening in fatal convolutions and obliterating this heritage of the ages.

Shall we continue to sing the praises of this wonderful forest, of its wild and matchless beauty and its mirrored, sylvan lakes?

Unless House Record 488 is enacted into law, it will become but a question of time that the Superior National Forest will be a plaything for the varied interests of the individual, corporations, forest communities, counties and the state, instead of a much needed national playground for the people of the entire United States.

You can help us make House Record 488 a law by writing your Congressman and Senator to give this bill their undivided support.

Write to the Chairman and the members of the Committee on Public Lands, some of whom you perhaps know, to report favorably on this bill and apprise them of your interest in this legislation.

Committee on Public Lands
Committee Room, House Office Building, Room 347, Washington, D. C.

Nicholas J. Sinnott, Chairman, Ore.; Addison T. Smith, Ida.; Hayes B. White, Kan.; Don B. Colton, Utah; William N. Vaile, Colo.; Charles L. Faust, Mo.; Charles E. Winter, Wyo.; Scott Leavitt, Mont.; John D. Fredericks, Calif.; Arthur B. Williams, Mich.; Frederick C. Fleetwood, Vt.; John E. Raker, Calif.; William J. Driver, Ark.; Lamar Jeffers, Ala.; John E. Evans, Mont.; Charles L. Abernethy, N. C.; Sam B. Hill, Wash.; Elmer Thompson, Okla.; Charles L. Richards, Nev.; John Morrow, N. M.; William P. Jarrett, Hawaii.

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The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS
Former assistant to "Ozark Ripley"

Influence of Field Trials on High Class Shooting Dogs

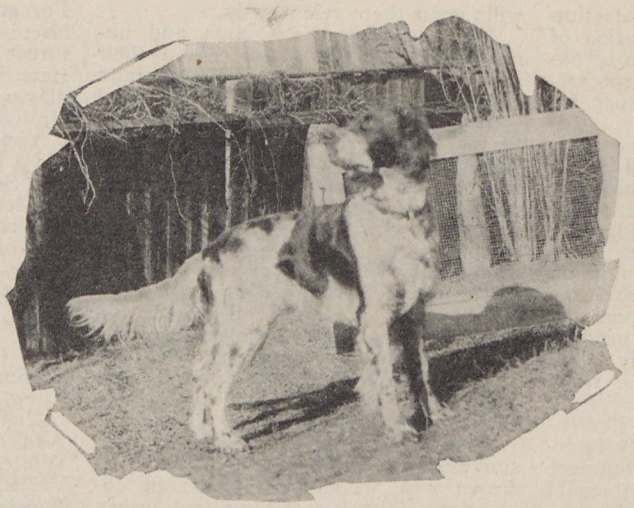
THE strangest thing in the development of high grade field dogs is the fact that seldom are blinkers seen among individuals of common breeding or prospects of a very low order. Probably this is due to one thing particularly: the latter are not of such great nervous makeup as the pure breds, whose qualities have been brought forth and intensified by continuous line or closest inbreeding.

There are so many forms of blinking that the layman often will not recognize a case of actual blinking, and invariably attribute a deficiency of this character to some other cause. Many cases of blinking are harder to cure than gunshyness. Some cases of blinking can never be cured. Yet when the afflicted dog is of high caliber in every other way, he is worthy of every possible effort expended.

Many cases of blinking are entirely due to the trainer. He is severe with a nervous high-strung dog when teaching him to point, and the animal, afterward fearing that it is going to make a mistake, backs off from the birds through fear of flushing them. Another kind of blinker asserts himself by running back from the birds the very instant he catches scent. Then again some more work nicely on birds until they have them on very bare ground, and lacking confidence in themselves leave them for fear of flushing. Some very capable dogs are accused of blinking when they draw to point on footscent, and when the birds begin to run, make a wide detour and then try to nail them against wind. This last performance borders very often on the spectacular, but it can be attributed to lack of confidence in making the birds lay and inferiority of pointing methods.

Here's Ben Ghost owned by J. B. Waddell.

The hardest dog to cure of blinking is the one that conceals his fault. So long as the handler is near invariably he points in the regular manner; but as soon as he is out of his sight he leaves his point at once. Then once more there is the type not so frequently seen who are not called blinkers because their owners, unfamiliar with classy, brainy dogs, attribute their fault to the fact of bird sense not having been developed yet. The amateur seldom learns to distinguish between a sly blinker and the dog that does not recognize the presence of game. Some dogs go for a year or two before they show they are aware of quails, though they run right through them.



Large Type of Present-day Setters.

A case came under the writer's observation years ago while he was helping on the prairies Ozark Ripley, who was at the time handling the string of the former Secretary of Agriculture Norman J. Colman. The dog in question was an extremely fast, wide ranging son of California Bell Boy. He could hold his excessive speed for hours. The dog did well on quails but when brought to the prairies to work on chicken, showed time and again that he was not aware of the presence of chickens, in other words no scenting ability for them, despite that he had been raised on the Nebraska prairies and was said in his early days to have handled chickens well. We worked this dog day after day, but without bringing forth any visible recognition of the scent of the great prairie birds. We led him into them, killed them before him, placed them in his mouth, but all to no avail. He raced wide and stylishly over these broad prairies just the same and apparently with no object in mind except to go. Not a single time did he ever get on birds in the month we had him.

When Ozark arrived, we called his attention to it, declaring it was useless to train him further on chicken as he never would have a scenting power for them. However, Ozark was obstinate and for three days he watched the dog with greatest care when he was cast out. The last day, suddenly while he was going at great clip, Ozark Ripley, on seeing him swinging apparently to catch the wind, shouted: "Boys, he's sure a blinker. That dog knows chickens and is the most accomplished blinker I ever saw."

We were loath to believe this. But he insisted, and ordered that the dog should ride with him in the future in the dog wagon, and he would handle him, but he was never to be put down. For several days this was done with the Bell Boy dog striving every way to get loose to hunt. Finally on the fourth day the handler let him down at the end of a lead to back two of the dogs that were pointing chickens. After the birds flushed he took the dog back to the wagon, and repeated this performance every time birds were found. For ten days this process was continued, never leaving the Bell Boy dog to hunt, no matter how much he wanted to. Finally on the eleventh day the dog was put down alone, simply crazy to hunt from long desistance, and right off he outfound every dog we had on the prairies on chickens, and pointed them as if he had been working on them all his life.

The discovery that he was a blinker was done by the

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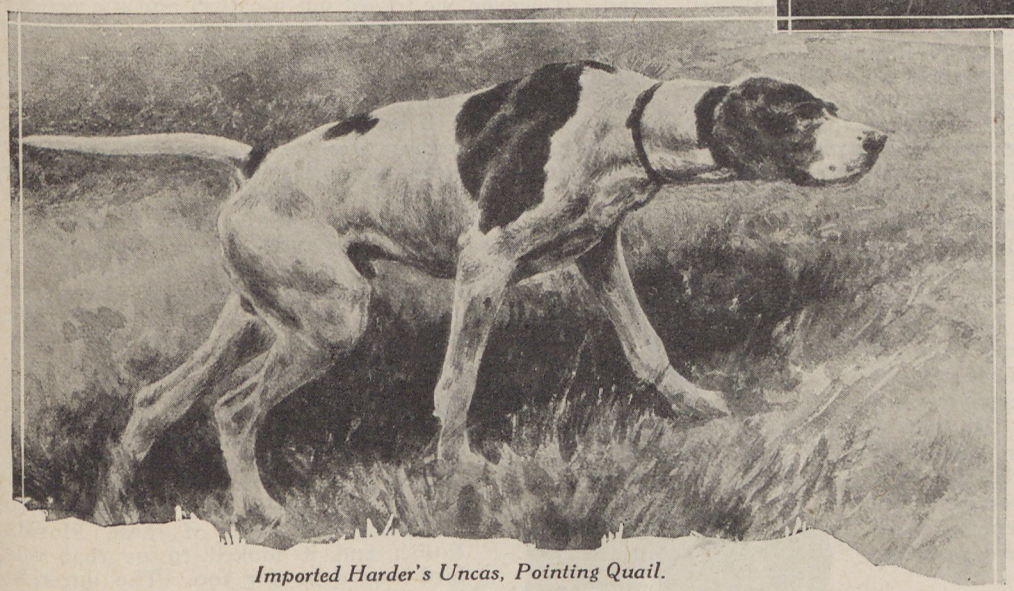
handler when he once veered to one side as though beating for wind. He was not beating in the right direction. He simply had scented chickens and was working fast away from the scent and radiating none of the usual actions dogs show when in the presence of game. The handler studied early conditions. The dog had been on the prairies some time before in a man's hands who was noted for his rough methods. He had been abused when he tried to force him to point and finally developed into the most skillful blinker that one could well fancy.

The cure effected was simple, taking advantage of the dog's great love to hunt and assuring him that in no manner would he be punished if he made a false move or pointed chickens. Furthermore, jealousy of the liberty of other dogs entered into this arrangement which brought positive results.

The blinker is the most trying dog any trainer, amateur or professional, has to work on. He cannot cure every case, he can only lots of times speculate on the cause, especially when the dog has at one time been in other hands than his own.

The writer has seen a blinker developed when he was punished for his bad trait of stealing the point of another dog. He was a great covey and single bird dog, one of those rare combinations that are more often spoken of than seen. But he positively refused to back another dog's point, and from the first time attempts of correcting it were made he became a blinker and never got over it until he was permitted to hunt in his old way. This much must be said to his credit, that



Imported Harder's Uncas, Pointing Quail.

while he stole another dog's point every time, not once did he flush the birds as many robbers of this kind do when under the influence of the green monster which actuates such deportment.

One great son of the famous pointer Masterpiece developed the blinking trait on coveys in bare ground. In every way he surpassed his sire, from endurance to bird finding ability, but his owner had no love for field trials, and kept his greatness hidden. Every sovereign method was tried on this dog without the least success. His blinking usually was done on fields where the cover was sparse and birds hard to make lay, though before he developed the fault he was unusually capable in handling birds under such conditions. It took some study and investigation to determine how this extremely bold going dog ever became a blinker. The owner used him considerably, but not in the country where he had been trained. We remembered that the rich owner was of a nervous type himself and somewhat resented the bold going ways of his truly great dog. Running a hand along the muscular pointer's legs and loins we found three No. 8 shot imbedded there, then later the keeper of the dog when in the city admitted that his owner had shot him once at a distance when he was clamming into birds, as he thought he was going to flush them, though it was a way he had to make them lay tight to point.

After resorting to every known remedy for the affliction we decided on a new process. The dog was given an opportunity late one afternoon to blink on a covey of quails near home. When we went to bring him back to where he had blinked he ran to his kennels. But after him we went, brought him back, drove a stake in the ground just where he had drawn on the birds before blinking and chained him there for a few hours. We could hear his howling at his treatment for some time. After dark we returned and released him. It only required two occasions of this remedy to effect a

Champion Doughboy winner of National Championship Stake 1924.

permanent cure, and make out of him one of the boldest high-headed dogs that ever lived.

In every strain some blinkers crop out. It matters not whether they are pointers or setters. Some of the cases of bolting are really cases of blinking, but when they are they are very much out of the ordinary.

Men should be extremely careful in handling high-strung, classy young dogs. Carelessness will cause blinking and correcting a dog at the wrong time as often. Many blinkers get the habit from the way the handler works them. Usually this occurs when a man who has not handled many dogs tries in a few days to make a wide going covey dog into a single bird dog. He resorts to punishment that is unnecessary, and soon cows the marvelous prospect that is placed in his hands. Dogs that like to go wide and have been handling covies perfectly, and that seemingly care for nothing else, frequently become blinkers when pulled down on scattered birds suddenly and forced to work exceedingly cautiously on them as so many men foolishly believe they have to before they will work out singles or can hold them.

Handling the blinker is the work of a professional, an expert who studies the fault from every angle and applies correctives accordingly. The amateur who is confronted with a case should do everything possible to find the cause and then recognize the almost human element in a dog and then work as each case necessitates.

All inquiries relative to the training and care of the dogs gladly answered by Andrew Brooks.

Bird Lore

by Bob Becker

Photographs by Mrs. Sheldon Smillie

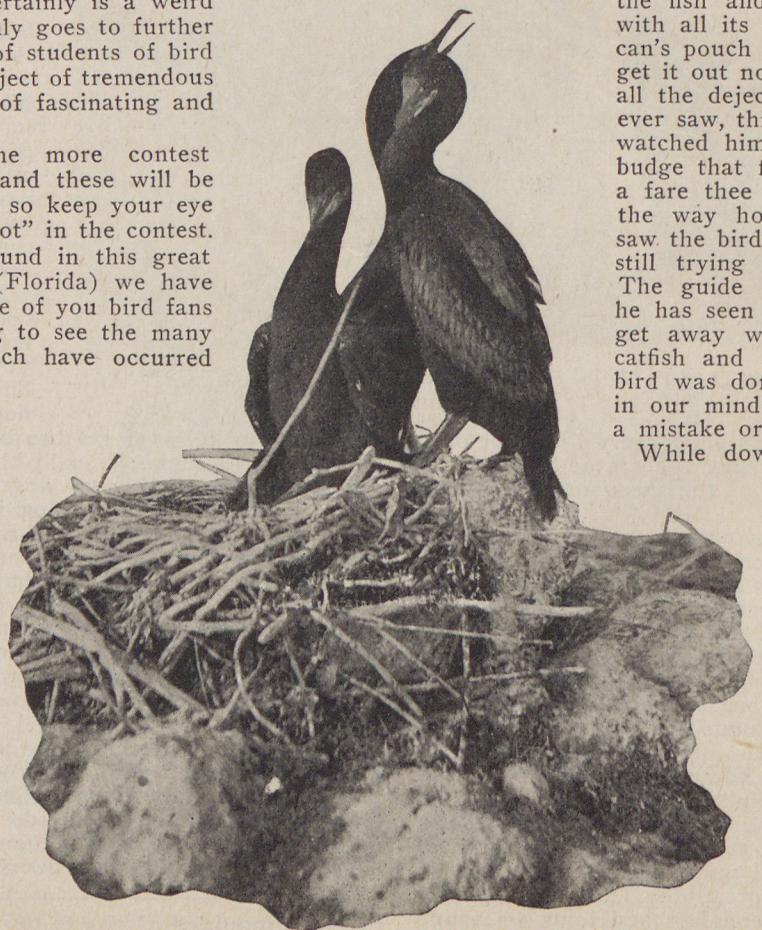
NAPLES, FLORIDA.—While way down here in "mocking bird land" where "summer spends the winter" and the bird life is both interesting and abundant, it is difficult to realize that in the northern states cold weather, sleet and ice have been raising havoc with some of our feathered friends. As we wrote last month, don't forget to feed the birds. No matter how unpretentious your feeding station may be, if it just holds a little chow for the birds, it may mean the difference between life and death for them. So toss out the seed and put out a little suet at this time of the year.

Well, here is Pennsylvania stepping to the front again with two pictures for the Prize Photograph Contest. Mrs. Sheldon Smillie, 650 Orchard Avenue, Bellevue Place, Pennsylvania, is entering the photos. Number one shows young cormorants on their nest. According to Mrs. Smillie's description they are almost full grown, but not yet able to set sail for themselves. The photo was taken on a small island about three miles from Point Granville, Washington. Photo number two shows a sea parrot with its egg photographed on this same island. Mrs. Smillie writes that this brilliantly colored waterbird nests in a burrow, but this one was placed at the entrance of one so as to get the photo. And it certainly is a weird looking citizen and only goes to further prove the contention of students of bird life that theirs is a subject of tremendous interest and a hobby of fascinating and varying charm.

We still have some more contest photos to show you and these will be run in the next issue, so keep your eye peeled for the last "shot" in the contest.

While browsing around in this great country near Naples (Florida) we have been wishing that some of you bird fans could have been along to see the many interesting things which have occurred in birddom in the woods and along the Gulf of Mexico. One of the things that we can't forget is what happened to a pelican the other day. This big fellow made a fatal mistake or else greediness overcame common sense with the result that the pelican suffered.

We were fishing near the mouth of a freshwater stream for sheepshead, the striped, fighting fish that is so hard to hook. With the sheepshead we were unwillingly getting one or two catfish. Pretty soon a very dignified, serious looking pelican hove into sight and cast his anchor about 30 feet from us. He was quite tame—a characteristic that has been helped along by the fact that all the fishermen down here toss out nice, fat fish to the birds when they come around. Mr. Pelican eased around with an appealing sort of air begging for something to eat. We had three small mullet on board which were to be used for bait. Now a mullet is candy for the pelican but we needed 'em, so refused to throw 'em out just to appease the bird's greedy appetite. But the catfish! The guide said nothing doing. The pelicans would not touch them as the sharp "daggers" which the catfish totes around as part of its anatomy are sure death for a pelican. You know these "daggers." As a boy fishing the old mill pond and the river we used to run afoul of these spines which hurt when they prick your hand. However, we tossed out a catfish and the pelican fluttered over, took one look, but refused to nibble. The guide was right. These birds knew that the catfish meant death by slow "stabbing" so they let them alone. Another pelican came around thinking that he could get a bite to eat and the guide threw another catfish into the water. However, just to show us how much sense the pelicans have this one went down for the fish and grabbed it. The catfish with all its spines caught in the pelican's pouch and the poor bird couldn't get it out nor could he swallow it. Of all the dejected looking creatures you ever saw, this one was the worst. We watched him for some time trying to budge that fish but it was caught for a fare thee well. Six hours later on the way home from our fishing we saw the bird standing on a sand beach still trying to remedy his condition. The guide told us that occasionally he has seen a bird die from trying to get away with one of these Florida catfish and it looked to us that our bird was done for too. The question in our mind was: did the bird make a mistake or was it too greedy?



Young Cormorants on their nest.

While down here in mocking bird land we have received several letters from bird fans who have been observing the actions of several of the birds which winter in the north country. We wonder how these songsters from the south country have fared during the extreme cold weather in January. One of our most interesting letters is from Vada V. Blair of Urbana, Illinois. She has written such a dandy letter that we are going to let you share it, too.

"Anent the mocking bird in Illinois. When-

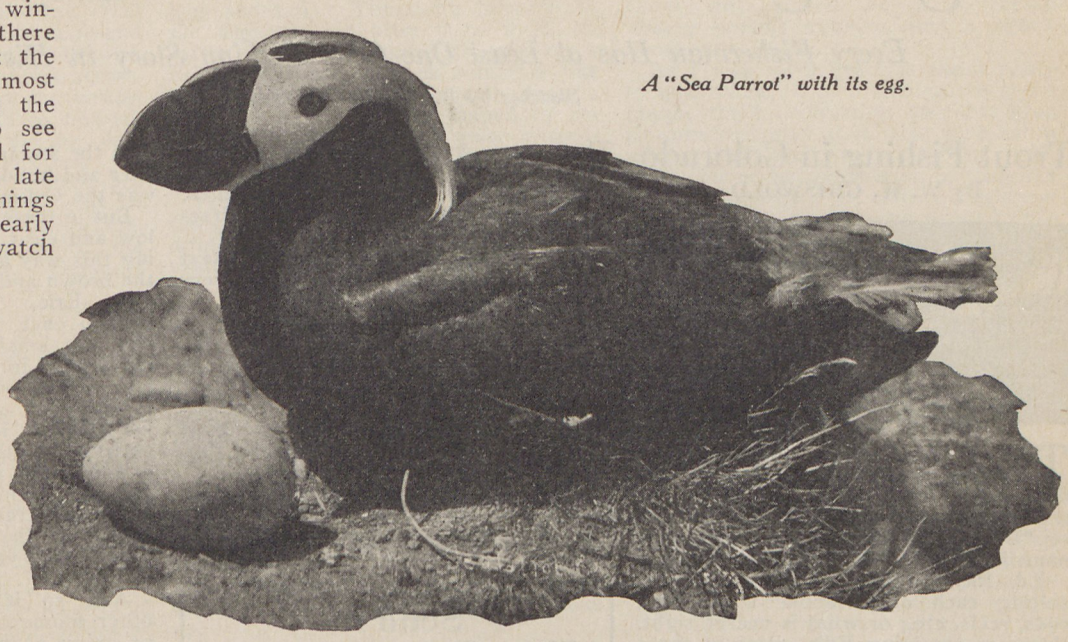
Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

ever I lift my eyes from my typewriter, they come to rest on a fat and saucy mocking bird who spends most of the day sitting on the peach tree just outside. Last week I fastened a two-foot Christmas tree to an open box against the window frame. I put it there about twilight, but the mocking bird came almost before I had closed the window in order to see what new treat I had for him. But it was too late for him to sample things that night, so I got up early the next morning to watch him eat breakfast. At eight o'clock he was actually sitting on the tiny tree eating apple just as fast as he could swallow and fighting off a score or more sparrows.

"An hour later I suddenly discovered that the apple was gone and knowing that the twine which I had run through the core would have held against all his efforts, I looked all about for the possible marauder. On an upstairs sill sat Mr. and Mrs. Gray Squirrel surrounded with red apple skins while down below on the ground Mr. Mocker was most literally eating the crumbs which fell from their table.

Oatmeal gems, apple, baked potatoes, suet, anything and everything seems to furnish satisfactory grist for his digestive mill. Just at this moment he is peeking through the window between bites or rather gulps. I am curious to know whether this bird is the same one which has been here every winter for six years. There seems always to be but the one during the winter months, although a pair nest here every summer."

If there is any doubt about the fun that one can have by feeding birds during the winter months, Mrs. Blair's letter should dispel that doubt. And the mockers make mighty interesting friends, as they get so chummy. They seem to love company and like to hang around a house.



A "Sea Parrot" with its egg.

And now March is but a short "distance" away on the bird fans' calendar. And then—well spring isn't so far "behind" is it? It's time to get to work on the bird boxes if you are going to have some bird neighbors this spring.

Our Dream

By
SHERMAN BROWN

(Treas. Milwaukee Chapter I. W. L. A.)

COME fair Reality; stand smiling behind the dreaming!

While the chemistry of the human mind eludes the alembic of the laboratory, or when caught continues cloudy, one crystal of truth at least has been found in the summary of one of the master minds of the science, who writes: "When acts have become instinctive they have become invincible." And the thought drifts into the dreaming when will come the instinctive love of a tree, pure waters, "ravines rich as amethyst," and the beauty of nature, the abundance of which upon a time, made glorious this land?

And there is a questioning one:—will the hard hand of utility pause in its destruction before the last fragment of forest and glen, now but nominal and meagre vistas of God's once wondrous America? Is the instinctive love of these national treasures of woods and waters so deep as to be invincible? That is the question.

For the fairest rainbow holds no enduring promise, and if the call to save is instinctive, it is sufficient to mingle its love, with the half evolved tenderness of children, to whom belong our America's tomorrow? For if so, it would be "wisdom surpassing wisdom" to implant it there.

For come what may, to the child is given the pen that shall sign the most momentous document since this country became a nation of ravishers of its own resources and its own beauty, despoilers of the natural heritage of its own children and of the divine inheritance of those dim faces yet to be born.

And timidly, on tip-toe another;—that the love of sky blue waters and the distant hills is becoming instinctive, if indeed it were ever otherwise.

But how fragile, intangible it seems—far off as the land of heart's desire—when all that is needed is to brotherhood the thought and then grow resolute.

But eyes are again beholding the Star, and awakening to find the name of the gentle angler, embedded now forever in the Izaak Walton League of America.

And there now stands an Olympian, whose arm entwines about the boy; and eyes are looking—out yonder—toward the Shrine in the Temple of the Hills, where there's a music, a benediction and a hope;—so Come fair Reality; stand smiling behind the dreaming.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

Trout Fishing in Colorado

By W. W. GRISWOLD

THESE genial, delightful May days have developed a very active "outdoor germ or bug" (as you please) in the systems of the four "Old Timers" or "Big Four," as they are sometimes named.

Ed, Ray, Frank and Pard are consulting each other about trout flies, rods, reels, etc.; or what is nearer right, they are obtaining Ed's views in these matters. As Ed is the first, last and deciding authority, he is more often dubbed affectionately "Pop" by his intimates, not because he is the oldest or largest (he only weighs about 190 pounds), but because one part of his anatomy is so large that he fathers the whole bunch. He it is to whom they all go when an ankle has been sprained, or a finger bruised, or a rod broken, or advice needed. He is a better help than any emergency kit. If some of the October mornings are cold and the gang hesitates about crawling out of their warm cots, Ed is the unselfish fellow who starts the big pine wood fire without a grumble. No use to go into further detail, as some other trout fishing groups know and appreciate a few such princes.

Last summer Pard found a big trout which made its home in a pool about five feet deep, under a bunch of overhanging willows. Some of these willows at upper end of pool extended out over the bank several feet and their ends touched the water, so you can readily see that we could not float a fly down stream and over the home of that big "daddy trout." The only way to approach him was with a low, underhand cast. Pard happened to make a fair cast in this way one day, and discovered his majesty, as he took the fly as quick as a streak of greased lightning, and stuck to it long enough so that Pard found out what a beauty he was. The next day Pard tried it again, but was not successful in placing his No. 12 fly on that pool without some splash. He tried again a couple of times during the next weekend outing, couldn't get there, properly. So he goes to Pop and tells him the story, and takes him up the stream to try his hand at it.

Pop sizes up the situation from the opposite side of the stream, and then goes into the water almost to the top of his waist waders, and below the pool. He made a few outside casts with his No. 14 dry fly. Then with a neat little twist of the wrist out goes his fly and under the overhanging willows, and with a gentle drop it landed in the center of that little pool. That trout was certain that nothing but a real live fly could drop down so gracefully on his protected dinner table, and he had it in his mouth in a fraction of a second.

What's the use of describing the next ten minutes while Pop was using every skill and method he knew about to keep that trout on the end of his 4½-ounce rod, light line and No. 14 fly. The real trout fisherman who reads this knows the thrill of such experience.

The bait fisherman or the man who considers trout fishing a waste of good time need not bother about reading this, so far as we are concerned.

Well, that trout measured nearly 18 inches, and not one of the "Big Four" had the slightest jealousy because Pop was the lucky man.

Send in Your Fishing Stories Five Great Prizes

FIRST PRIZE—Choice of any rod, fly or bait, made in America.

SECOND PRIZE—Choice of any reel, fly or bait, made in America.

THIRD PRIZE—Leather fly rod case.

FOURTH AND FIFTH PRIZES—Autographed famous fishing books.

Muffing a Good One

By WILLIAM T. DeWOLFE

HAD the aviator who makes the daily flight between the flying field at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, and the McCook field at Dayton looked down as he was going south and whirring over the River Raisin, three miles above Monroe, on Armistice Day, November 11, 1923, he might have seen out of the tail of his eye, a khaki dot on the brownish waters of the stream. I was that dot. And I believe that I was the busiest little man in Michigan.

But wait. Pull up your chair, knock the dottle out of the old jimmy pipe. Pack it one-third full; tamp it down. Pack in a little more; tamp it down. Fill it to the brim; tamp it down, and light it evenly all over. Now.

The River Raisin, a kindly, friendly stream, once ran red with human blood because of an Indian massacre on its banks. The old homestead in which General Custer lived as a boy, oddly enough, fronts a road that runs parallel with the stream. He, too, though much later and hundreds of miles to the west, was the victim of Indian warfare.

But in these peaceful days the Raisin, low and clear, rambles along, meandering this way and that, slipping through the brown and dead grass on its way to Lake Erie. "They" tell us that, although once the Raisin was touted as the best small-mouth black bass fishing ground for miles each way from the jack, it is all over now. What a wonderful gossiper and what a consummate liar "They" is! To the wise, to the patient, to the persistent come the prizes. That is true in black bass fishing, as it is in business, or in the arts, or in the crafts. That is true of the Raisin. The big ones are there. Twenty-five years of fishing has proved it.

And so it was that I—wait another moment. Will you laugh at me or enjoy a smile with me, and excuse the personal reference? I am a little fisherman, even if an old one. I stand about four feet-ten, and so hip-boots don't mean a thing to me but a wetting when I'm in an ordinary stream. I'm one of these fellows that always brings up the rear of the parades when they grade 'em as to their height. My waders cost more than those of the other fellow because I have to have 'em made to order. And I was trying the new ones out this day when a boy on the bank cried to his mother: "Mother, you said the river wasn't deep. Look at that fellow out there. He is in a hole up to his neck!" It wasn't deep. They had jumped at conclusions. They didn't know how short I was under water! Laugh, darn it, laugh. I've been kidded by experts for 40 fishing years.

And so it was that I greeted the round red sun on Armistice Day as it blazed in the east. There was frost on the red barn tops as I drove my old car Mike the 25 miles between home and the river. A most beautiful autumn day was promised. And the promise was fulfilled. You know how it is. One doesn't travel fast enough. But the road-end at last found me beside a cabin at the stream side. Old and brown, its broad roof was big enough to harbor both a living crowd and the shades of scores of anglers who now, one hopes, are fishing in wonderful virgin waters.

Sorry, but all of us are not yet converted to the fly and the barbless hook. But we are slowly learning. And wiser days are in the offing. So, my equipment was a dozen four-inch shiners, a fly rod, and a heavy trout line.

Don't get uneasy. I'll make it short. Puff up a bit. Down the Raisin I waded. No use fishing the shallows, nor the riffles. Too cold. The willow hole. Nothing. The hole by the poor house. Nothing. The hole dug out by an endless current at the turn in the river. Whish-sh-sh! Yeah.

The strike came just as the purring zing of the airplane motors, high in the blue, came to ear. "I got one on, old boy," I said, "and I believe he's a binger." But the aviator sailed right on. How quickly things flash through

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one's mind in a crisis. I thought of anglers I knew through the written word or by the hearty handshakes. And I wished they were there with me to enjoy the sport. Henry Van Dyke, Robert H. Davis, John Moreland, Will Dilg, that whole Chicago bunch—and how I needed some advice! Whoah. Boy! Man! Man! Man! Once across. Twice across. In between the weeds. And the rod snapped back to normal. Gone. The only strike of the day. Won't some good soldier swear for me? This had happened: I foolishly used an old snell and hook, a hook of odd shape that I'd recognize anywhere. And the fish had simply pulled the hook away from the gut. Dammit! There!

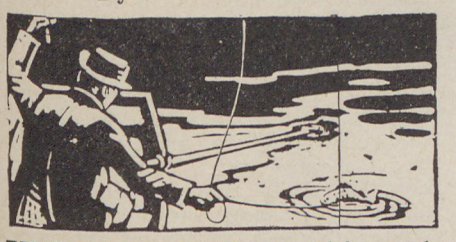
When I got back to the cabin I told George Bradt, and John and George Pickett and Gus King what had happened. "Pike," said John Pickett. "Snapped it off. They'll do that." I don't argue. I didn't know. John was only guessing.

Late that afternoon John Pickett came in with a string of three small mouths. One of them was exactly 19 inches long, and weighed three and three-quarters pounds after the scales had been removed. A fine fish for that water. Our scales would weigh only up to three pounds, and we wanted to know what that bass weighed, a beautiful, wonderfully symmetrical fish,—like they paint for the covers of our magazines. So we dressed her—it was a her. And weighed the flesh and entrails separately. And just to see what the bass were feeding upon we cut into her stomach.

And there it was, an undigested minnow, hooked by the lips with MY hook of the morning! Man! Man! Man! There's an angling memory I'll never forget—19 inches! Three and three-quarters pounds—and I muffed it by using poor tackle! Sucker! Sucker! Sucker!

A Change of Tactics
(or Tackle)

By C. M. BENNETT



WE'VE been getting lots of fun readin the anglin memories of the other fellows but last month our friend Will Dilg up and says if we don't get busy and send in our own, why pretty soon there won't be anything for the other fellow to read, so I'm going to tell about something that happened a few years ago.

Now this ain't one of those yarns about the big one, where the fellow stretches his arms just as far as he can reach and says it was so long, and broke away by pushing against the side of the boat with its hind legs. No, this is an awful true story about one that was landed all safe an sound. I'm not sayin as to his size just yet for you'd call me a low down liar, so just put another chunk on the fire or have another one of those ice-cold drinks, dependin where you are when you read this, an we'll go on with the story.

The whole thing sort o' centers around one of those contrapshuns what has a big red collar around its neck an a big treble hook where its tail ought to be and another one where its legs would be if it had a regular set of legs and tails. The thing is white in the daytime, but after 8 or 9 P. M. (after supper) it begins to take on a color that makes it look somethin like the ghost of a feller you've done a mean trick and he has cashed in before you have got over your cussedness enough to tell him you was kinda sorry about it.

Well, as I was sayin, one of these things was hangin in a hardware window, not the ghost but one of those things with the hooks on it, an havin heard what big fish they was gettin on 'em, which must have been so for the ads in the papers said so, an havin a little spare money I went in and came out as happy as a boy who gets up Xmas mornin and finds a sled an a pair of red boots in his stockin. The wife says those things couldn't go in a stockin but we won't let a tecknikal point like that spoil the story.

The thing was in a pretty yellow box and when I got home that box laid where I could look in once in a while which was quite often, an at night it hung in the bedroom so as I could enjoy lookin at it in case I should wake up.

I kep this up for quite a while an finally got a chance to visit some relations in the country. If you have any relations in the country you know there's lots of work and they always seem to be short a hand when you happen along. In the afternoon I pitched enough wheat to feed the whole U. S. a couple of years and then we had supper, an after supper the wife (not mine but the relations) says would I fill the woodbox, and she was tired and the hot watertank in the stove was empty too, and would I carry the pail of swill out to the hog. Well, by the time I'd done that an a few more things she happened to think of, the man had the cows milked an says he guessed maybe we could go down an fish a little now.

There was a couple a barb wire fences on the way an one of these gates like they have in the country that ain't got no hinges an both ends is wired fast an you have to undo one end cause they are too wobbly to climb over an there ain't hole enough to crawl through.

We got the gate fixed an then waded through some marsh grass that was full of dew and got wet up to our belts, and those six hooks got fast on a bush an had to be coaxed off. By this time we had found the boat but the moon was goin down and we had to feel for the hole in the paddock, an the mosquitoes was settin' aroun pretty thick right behind our ears an in the edge of our hair an you could just hear the rest bussin and whettin their beaks an lookin for a place to work. Finally we got the lock open and threw about thirty feet a chain into the boat. When we had pushed out where the water was deeper I began throwin that plug around an it sure looked pretty an made the water look like a speed boat was goin' through.

The first thing we got was some lily pads cause it was gettin' dark an they didn't show up very plain. Then the hooks got set in a pole that was sunk in the bottom for some contemplative fishermen to tie their boat to. After a while I got so as I could see a little better in the dark an didn't hit all the snags an then all of a sudden there was a splash an a noise like a dog snappin at a fly that comes along an tickles his nose when he's having a good sleep.

But he had missed the plug and didn't bother it any more. We was mad because we guessed he must weigh twenty pounds anyway, just a rough guess, you know.

As I was sayin, we was about ready to quit when all of a sudden we got a terrific thrill. Somethin had that plug an sure was mad at it. He sure had a wicked pull and we guessed he must weigh about ten pounds more than the one we didn't get. Of course, you know this was just a rough guess as we hadn't seen him. But we was plannin on havin all the folks over for a big fish dinner anyway. Finally he got tired an came in an when he was pretty close to the boat I slid down the line to where I could see the plug shinin an got a good hold and gave an awful heave and pulled him into the boat. Honest, he was the biggest one I ever saw—the biggest blue gill, I mean.

I joined the Izaak Walton League since then an cut off five of those hooks leaving just one on it, which is all there is on any of my plugs an they get fish just the same. Let's all use single hooks an go after some of them single hook prizes they want to give us an if we don't even get a smell of any of the prizes we will know we got the fish the way we ought to an he had some chance. Tell all your friends about the League an try to get three dollars outa their pockets for a card an a button. You've listened to me quite awhile an nobody butted in, so now let's see what the next fellow has to tell us.

His First One

By OLE ALEXANDER

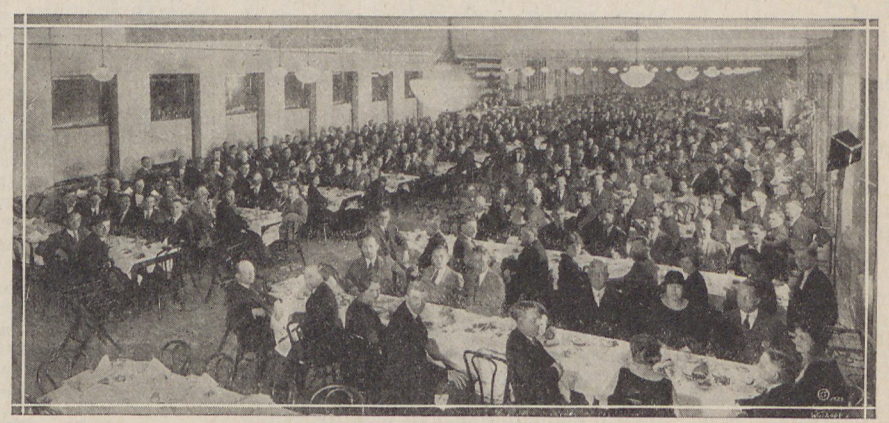
IT was in the year 1902, I lived in the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon and many wonderful trout streams flowed from those beautiful perpetually snow-capped hills. Here it was I became an ardent follower of the great Izaak. I had a fishing companion and our outfit was as follows: 1 Bamboo cane 7 ft. long, seagrass line and two or three fly hooks each.

We had started one Summer morning, as usual, and had come to one of our favorite pools. My first cast was rewarded by a vicious strike, and I struck too. This was the first trout I ever had hooked that had his own way. Down the stream I ran, as fast as my fat legs could carry me. At a small hole the fish stopped; I grabbed my companion's hook, wrapped it around the butt of my rod several times and hooked the hook through the line, threw my pole in the stream and grabbed his pole. One jerk and that fish was at it again downstream and across, but the weight of the tackle soon proved his undoing. I dragged him upon a sand bar, a beautiful Dolly Varden 20 inches long. Home I went, straight up Main street, displaying my prize to everyone whom I met.

Last summer, I again visited that town and was asked if "I wasn't the little fat kid that caught the big Dolly" —I said, "Yes."

Brief News of the Chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America

THE **ELKHART** (Ind.) Chapter started the year with a rousing meeting, at which Dr. E. R. Zimmerman, who has headed the chapter since its organization, was re-elected president. C. L. Dewey, erstwhile Chicagoan, later president of the Michigan City chapter, and now head of the Outing Manufacturing Co. of Elkhart, was chosen vice president. Maurice M. Frink, a newspaper man, was named secretary - treasurer. The Elkhart chapter now has the largest membership in its history, but, at that, "it's just starting," say the men back of it there. The chapter, in common with others in the state, helped support the fight against the Tippecanoe drainage project.



Birthday Banquet of the Detroit Chapter.

After the election meeting had adjourned, one N. E. Tyrrell of Portland, Oregon, came forward, and when the chairman discovered he was there he called the meeting to order again and asked Mr. Tyrrell to speak a few words. He talked for an hour and a half. The members refused to let him stop several times when he tried to. Tyrrell went from the Tippecanoe river district to Oregon a score of years ago. He was back in Indiana at that time to help fight the Tippecanoe drainage, and he drove 40 miles by auto to attend the Izaak Walton meeting at Elkhart that night. His talk dealt with trout and salmon fishing, with the Tippecanoe project, and many other things of interest to the Waltonians. "I have fished on many streams and lakes in many parts of the country," said Mr. Tyrrell, "but if I had my choice of them all I'd say turn me loose on a northern Indiana river or lake with a fly rod and let me fish for bass! You can't beat that for fishing anywhere."

Kenneth L. Cooper, President, Detroit Chapter, I. W. L. A

FIVE hundred and ninety sportsmen gathered at the annual banquet recently held by the **OMAHA,** Neb., Chapter of the League according to word received from Kenneth D. Phillips, secretary. One hundred new members were gained as a result of a talk by I. J. Dunn, an Omaha attorney. This talk was on the need for the League, its accomplishments, future attainments and the need for further support from the lovers of the out-of-doors. Proposed local legislation was dealt on at some length and the two big bills now pending in Washington were discussed. Ex-governor Keith Neville spoke on Tarpon fishing and described the decoying and shooting of a flock of Canada geese so realistically that half the audience got off their chairs and down on one knee.

Clinton Brome told of a canoe trip through the Superior National Forest and W. J. O'Brien, former Fish commissioner, spoke on conditions in Nebraska as they are and as they should be.

We had the best Radio program of the year last month sent out by W. O. A. W. and have had letters from thousands of miles away. This was a real I. W. L. A. program and included three ten minute talks on game—on fish and on organization. We have secured the date of March 11 for our next program broadcast from the same station—9 to 11 p. m. C. S. T. If you are listening in that night you will get a fine musical and instructive evening.

We made the Omaha City Commissioners honorary members but they have nearly all insisted on paying their way and seem to be for us from one end of the year to the other. We are very fortunate in having that kind of men at the head of our city and we are trying to know them better. They recently voted bonds to raise fifty thousand dollars to improve the local lake—Carter Lake—by dredging and we look for an appropriation next year for two artesian wells. We also secured a great many bass and crappies from the city parks to use in restocking this lake. These fish will be moved in the spring and there are a great many of both in the two parks which were stocked.

The State Fish Reclamation crew took 440,000 bass longer than six inches from Brown Lake to better water last fall and were prevented from getting several times that many by an error of the Reclamation Service of the United States which left a little water in a lake intended to be drained completely. This lake should never have been touched but we did what we could.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

THE Anglers' Club of **ALLEGHENY COUNTY,** Pa., which is an official chapter of the Izaak Walton League, adopted at a recent meeting, a measure for the protection of trout.

"Whereas—the number of game fish in the waters of Pennsylvania has in most sections of the state been reduced to an alarming extent, so that fishing has, as a sport, become very inferior and

Whereas—the streams of our mountain sections are naturally suited as a home for brook trout (brown, rainbow or speckled);

Be it resolved—that this club favor and do all it can to accomplish the changing of the fishing laws of Pennsylvania so that one fisherman be allowed to catch and kill in any one day no more than ten (10) trout and that he be allowed to catch and kill in one season no more than 50 trout. That no trout of less than seven (7) inches in length may be legally caught and killed; That the Fish Commission of Pennsylvania be empowered to close any waters to any method of fishing except that by artificial lure upon petition of 200 citizens of Pennsylvania.

Our measure is designed primarily to protect trout (speckled, brown and rainbow) but the section on artificial lures is so arranged that it may cover all game fish.

The purpose of the section on artificial lures is to make it so that fish under the proposed 7-inch limit may be returned to the water with slight danger of serious injury. We believe that the injury to fish from hooks is only on an average about one-tenth as great when artificial lure is used as it is when a natural bait is used. This is due to the fact that a fish generally endeavors to swallow a bait, while it takes an artificial lure in its mouth and immediately ejects it if possible. Seldom does a hook with artificial lure catch in the throat or stomach. We believe that the return of fish to the water can be accomplished with a very small percentage of them dying if they are caught and removed from the hook in a sportsmanlike manner.

We believe that there is no justification in keeping trout less than 7 inches in length and that there is no possible justification for a sportsman killing more than 50 trout in one season in the state of Pennsylvania.

MADISON, Wis., chapter went through with a crash that will come pretty nearly making Izaak Walton League history in Wisconsin. Almost from the start of a wonderful meeting, where the Rev. O. W. Smith presented the charter as a member of the national directorate, there was intense enthusiasm and more than 300 members came into the chapter. Splendid motion pictures were shown through courtesy of the Northern Pacific railway. Officers elected were: President, Dean Scott H. Goodnight; vice president, M. B. Olbrich; secretary, L. D. Browne; treasurer, L. D. Atkinson; directors, M. B. Rosenberry, J. F. Baker and W. W. Cook.

BATAVIA, Ill., chapter celebrated its first birthday Jan. 31 with a banquet and program which drew a crowd which would have done credit to a city many times the size of Batavia. A program of exceptional merit was furnished and the true Walton spirit prevailed throughout.

THE WILL COUNTY (Ill.) chapter, which boasts of being the second largest in the League gave the greatest banquet of its existence the latter part of January when the speakers included Will H. Dilg, Dr. Halford J. Morlan, Mrs. Ellie K. Werner and was presided over by Rev. W. H. Macpherson, national lecturer for the League. The chapter expects to pass the 1,500 mark by the time of the national convention.

STREATOR, Ill., celebrated its second anniversary with a rabbit banquet and an exceptionally splendid list of attractions. The Rev. James O'May of Sycamore was the principal speaker. The Streator chapter from almost the first week of is organization ha. been one of the very strongest in Illinois and it bids fair now to increase its strength very substantially.

ABOUT a hundred members of the **BEATRICE,** Neb., chapter of the Izaak Walton League attended the annual banquet of that organization at the New Paddock hotel recently.

Dudley Scott presided at the meeting and introduced Dr. Baird, who made one of the most eloquent talks on the things that the league stands for that has ever been heard here.

He very cleverly constructed an acrostic, using each letter in the name of Izaak Walton to emphasize and describe the ideals and purposes of the league.

The following is the address of Dr. Baird:

Gentlemen:

"We are here to honor the principles that Izaak Walton lived. The story of his teachings and what the Izaak Walton League stands for are told in the letters of his name. It was these principles that connected his name with the league for the conservation of wild life in America.

"I read in the very letters of his name the story of the destruction of our wild life and beginning preservation.

"I. Stands for ignorance; the shortsightedness of our forefathers. We must not blame them as the wild life was so abundant there seemed no end. Had you stood for hours watching pigeons, ducks or geese darkening the sky, you would have believed no differently than they.

"Z. Zeal. The zest with which they pursued game, fish and fowl, first for food, later for sport, and then for profit. Next came the market hunter, hide hunter and so-called commercial fisherman.

"A. Stands for annihilation of our birds, beasts and fish. The biggest single factor in this was civilization. There are two periods to this story of destruction of our wild life, properly divided by the two As in Izaak.

"The first period shows the increasing destruction. I have pictured the peak has been reached and the decline starts with the second A.

"A. This A stands for the Apostle, Izaak Walton, he knew and spread the truth about our wild life; what our future would be in a gameless and fishless land."

He spoke of the rapidly disappearing game and argued conservation.

"K. The last letter in Izaak is for knowledge. He preached that our wild fowl, fish and game were being exterminated. First by destroying the breeding places; second by pollution of our waters; third by our hunters. This knowledge is the beginning of or the creation of a Kingdom when wild life will have its rightful place. A Kingdom not for ourselves, perhaps, nor for our children, but surely their children. Thus we build truly a Kingdom.

"W. The first letter in Walton's name is the wedge. This was the first spreading of the knowledge we had. More Apostles taught the truth to others, so there came about the awakening that A. stands for.

"A. The awakening of an avalanche or landslide to our side of the cause. People everywhere were awake to the fact that our wild life had disappeared, excepting a few last strongholds.

"L. Laws. Laws were enacted with the hope of controlling, not the appalling slaughtering of our wild life, but the murder of the last few.

"T. T stands as always for trouble, tribulations and finally triumph. The heartache that came to a few of us when we realized that perhaps we had delayed too long. A few faithful workers had the vision, given only to a few of us; realized that in working they had triumphed.

"O. Stands for order, brought out of chaos. Humanity as a whole, observing the law, making wise ones, that posterity might know the wild life of our forefathers.

"N. National. A national league formed by the people for the preservation of our wild life. For that

vast Kingdom that cannot vote nor protect itself. Let us protect, conserve and watch it increase, that we may leave to our children a heritage such as our forefathers left to us. A heritage betrayed, almost destroyed, re-created again by the work of the Izaak Walton League of America."

THE **WASHINGTON,** Mo., chapter not only announces its intention to wage ruthless warfare on dynamiters of fish in Franklin county, but twenty-three members at a meeting of the chapter dug down in their pockets and put up $405 as a reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of such outlaws. A number of the members were not present at the meeting and the reward will be increased to $500 beyond a doubt. The Washington chapter also is particularly fortunate in having through the Washington Citizen a weekly column reporting activities of the League and containing information of value to the sportsmen. One of the editors of the Citizen is George Krumsick, the chapter's secretary.

THE **NAPOLEON,** O., chapter held its first get together meeting and banquet Tuesday Feb. 5th, in the Odd Fellows Hall with one hundred and twenty-five present. A fine supper was served and a twenty-five piece band from Okolona, Ohio, composed of farmers, furnished most excellent music for the evening. The musicians generously donated their services.

J. F. Cuff, former mayor acted as a most capable toastmaster, O. K. Evers, read Harold Bell Wright's wonderful article, A Question of Patriotism written especially for the League's magazine Outdoor America and first published in the November issue. The editorial so thrilled all present that it was unanimous that the local chapter adopt it as their creed.

N. E. Hutchens, President of Toledo Chapter, and a national director, was the principal speaker of the evening; he talked on general activities of the League. He also urged a Maumee river council of the different organizations along the river, an anti-stream pollution campaign, feeding of the birds during the hard winter, and absolute respect for posted land and courtesy to the farmer at all times. At the close of his splendid talk he requested a few minutes of absolute silence out of respect for our late president, Woodrow Wilson. It was a very impressive tribute.

The gathering was brought to a close by the singing of America.

THOUSANDS of undersized rock bass and perch have been placed in the River Raisin just above the dam about a mile west of Monroe, during the past few days through the efforts of the **MONROE COUNTY** (Mich.) Chapter of the Izaak Walton League it is announced by the president of the local chapter, William J. Kiemle.

A few days ago the officials of the local chapter secured several thousand of these undersized fish for the purpose of restocking the river. George Mullen donated his truck and services and Lawrence Duvall also donated his services and these two men did the work of placing the fish in the river. It is hoped to secure more fish in the very near future.

George Mullen recently purchased a strip of land along the river, a part of the Gary farm, four miles west of Monroe and he has invited the brother Izaak Walton Leaguers to make this strip of land their headquarters when they want to fish.

Up until a few years ago this section had a reputation as a fishing center and it is the hope of the Izaak Walton League of Monroe county that this reputation will be regained in the near future.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The dates of the annual convention of the Izaak Walton League of America have been changed from April 17, 18 and 19 to

APRIL 10, 11 and 12

This change was necessary because of the fact that the dates formerly came the last week in Lent, which fact would have doubtless prevented the attendance of many of the delegates.

FORT Clark Chapter at **PEORIA,** Ill., is making great plans for the Illinois division convention which will be held Feb. 27 and 28 at the Jefferson Hotel in what in days gone by used to be known as the Distillery City. The first days will be devoted to arrangements of all details in connection with committee organization and reports, thus leaving the last day open entirely to active business, with a banquet and entertainment winding everything up in a blaze of glory. Among important things to be done at the Illinois convention will be the organization of a committee on publicity the members of which will spread the gospel of the League in every section of Illinois and work toward a goal of 200 chapters by convention time next year. Recent chapters in Illinois are Momence, Colchester, La Grange, Harvey, Blue Island, Chicago Heights, Dixon, Champaign, Metamora and Quincy.

NORA **SPRINGS,** Iowa, chapter has rendered a service of which its members are justly proud and which is in keeping with the spirit of the movement—they have during the recent heavy snows fed and cared for pheasants in the vicinity. A great many of the beautiful birds have been saved from death and the work of the Nora Springs Waltonians is well worthy of emulation.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEES ATTENTION!

The Izaak Walton League has had prepared page mats telling of the Upper Mississippi national park plan, with appropriate cuts.

These mats can be secured on request and it is suggested that your local papers be importuned to use the mats for the promotion of this worthy cause and to spread the gospel of the League.

A proof will be sent upon request.

PLANS for the early future of the **SAN ANTONIO,** Texas, chapter provide for a clubroom where the members will begin accumulating trophies and objects of interest in the way of fishing tackle, fire-arms and kindred objects.

GREEN **BAY,** Wis., sent Judge Henry M. Graass, president of the Wisconsin division, to Milwaukee recently where from station WIAO the Judge broadcast a splendid Izaak Walton address. The address was picked up by many listeners-in in many parts of the country.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

OUT at the traps the other morning I was asked why I had taken up trap shooting so enthusiastically, and had encouraged my children to do the same. The inquirer was honest, he wanted to know; and in the course of the inquiry he suggested that it must be pretty expensive to keep three guns going, week after week.

I am glad to answer these questions, and to help someone else to a sane approach to a higher companionship with his children, boys and girls alike. I am all for this Father and Son movement (only I want it to include Mother and the girls too) and I know of no sport where all can enjoy together the same thing without hardship and at all seasons of the year that compares with trap shooting.

The obstacle which most people consider prohibitive is the expense, and I admit if you want to go into it for show you can spend a lot of money, but you don't have to do this unless you really want to. We all know dozens of men and women who are shooting good scores with the old pump gun, or the double barrelled game getter which they have used for years in the field, and in the average trap club there are many more of such guns than there are of guns which are used exclusively for trap shooting.

Most clubs arrange a program of fifty targets, which is all that any beginner should shoot; and such a program will cost two dollars for shells and one dollar for targets. How many times did you ever go into the field, pay for your shells, transportation, hotel bill or camp expense, and get out of it for three dollars per day? If you will stop and figure for a minute I think you will agree with me that you spent more on one or two trips than a whole year's shooting would have cost you, supposing that you became such an enthusiast that you shot every weekly shoot during the year; and if you did take a long trip back into the wilderness, hire guides, pack outfits, pay railroad fare and the enormous expense of maintaining such a party, you know that it would be almost impossible to have spent a like amount at the traps.

"But," you say, "look at the game we got!"

All right, if you obey the Game laws, and came home with a clear conscience and could look that boy in the eye and tell him to uphold the laws of our land, without his knowing you were a hypocrite, the money value or the food value which you brought back would have been more than counterbalanced by half the time spent at your usual work. At the same time, I am in favor of a man having one or two good hunts after wild game every year, if he can possibly afford it, and with **all the family,** but with the present opportunity for learning to shoot, there is very sure to be a lot of disappointment, and a pitiful record of crippled birds left to drag their weary pain stricken bodies into some protecting heap of brush, there to die a lingering death, because somebody didn't know how to shoot. On the other hand, I have an eleven year old boy, who has been shooting clay targets since he was six and a half years old. We had one glorious hunt together this fall. I saw two mallard ducks get up at about forty yards; he killed the first one stone dead before it got ten feet from the water, shot the other when it was up about twenty yards farther, and for fear it was not perfectly dead, shot it again while it was falling. That one trip has given us plenty of thrills to discuss in the den, until another fall hunt comes around. In the meantime once a week he has three hours with the highest class of men in this community; men who love him and whom he dearly loves and respects, men who, when the time comes for him to take the trail alone, have a personal interest in him and who, to the last one, treat him as a fellow sport who can take a defeat with a grin and a win with a smile.

One day when he was learning to shoot with a little 410, shooting at easy targets thrown from a hand trap, my youngest daughter, then fourteen, looked on wistfully.

"Would she like to try it?"

Will a beaver slide down a bank? Say! she ate it up!! In a short time she was shooting a 20 gauge over the traps at regulation targets and breaking twenty out of twenty-five. And then came a day on the edge of a prairie lake, when a band of red heads came hurtling down the wind, and she swung on the leader and brought him tumbling to her blind. How would you like to have been her Daddy, right then?

Then the glorious days when we have been "squadded" together and shot our way in to hearts and friendships which grow more precious every year. The comradeship, the generosity, the sportsmanship of the men and women with whom she has become closely acquainted, have helped to raise her ideals of what her friends and associates must be at other times.

Now that we must call a halt on the matter of killing in order to have the joy of seeing wild things in their native haunts, how can we satisfy the boy's love of guns and manly associations better than by encouraging him to shoot clay targets? I know of no way that is half so good and for that reason, I hope to make the monthly trap shooting column of Outdoor America, so interesting that the old and young will read it, and if brother Dilg will just assure you that this column is open to all, and then the rest of you who have something to contribute will write it and send it in, we can make this corner attractive.

Come on now, Squad up!

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Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Conserving the Outdoors for Health and Profit

(Continued from page 37)

aroused over the danger of extinction of black bass that they have repeatedly within the past few years sent letters to our various State governments setting forth the absolute need of protecting black bass during the spawning season.

The black bass is different from any other American fish. It must select its own spawning bed, and the male zealously guards the bed until the spawn is hatched, and then protects the baby fish and teaches them how to live.

The bass is undoubtedly the great American game fish and the favorite game fish of millions of the rank and file of American anglers.

Fully 90 per cent of all fishing tackle made by the manufacturers is devoted solely to the black bass. There is no American game fish so popular with our people.

He is found in all American fresh waters, ponds, lakes, and streams.

We might say that he was "found," for his passing away is a mere matter of time unless the Nation helps.

He is found under the firs and birches of the St. Lawrence Basin and in the Everglades under the overhanging moss in Florida and Louisiana.

His principal and natural home is in the Mississippi River Basin, the source of which and principal spawning place is the area which this bill seeks to preserve.

Agile and strong, inch for inch and pound for pound he is the greatest fighting fish that swims.

True to his mate, hard to catch, better to eat, the fresh-water bass is the typical American fish.

Pugnacious and aggressive, they are none the less companionable mates, for both build the nest, the female lays the spawn, the male performs his part, and as the family grows the male defends the nest like our frontiersman did his cabin.

In 22 days the tiny eggs hatch. In a few days little minnows swim, guarded by the circling male. For three weeks they live in a little group, moving together. In one year they weigh 1 pound and in two years 2 pounds and are ready for the table.

From the area in the proposed purchase in six years' time 659,041,000 game fishes were sent to 30 different States in our Union.

Two years later, if they were preserved, after deducting the percentage of loss they would represent 800,000,000 pounds of game-fish food, which, if sold at 20 cents a pound, from information secured from the Bureau of Fisheries, would have a market value of $1,600,000,000.

The bass is found from Manitoba and the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes regions, through the entire extent of the Mississippi Basin, and in the waters on both sides of the Alleghenies.

But in all this region the one under discussion is his principal habitation, designed by nature for his especial conservation; and as he passes down the mighty Mississippi River and enters all of its tributaries he brings food, and he brings pleasure and health to the small boy and the oldest man.

It has been demonstrated by scientists that artificial black-bass hatcheries can not be made profitable for our State or our National Governments, the cost of operation being too great when compared with the output. Black bass can not be artificially propagated the same as trout, but must be given protection and permitted to reproduce under natural conditions.

This bill proposes that a ready-made hatchery created by nature shall be preserved by our Nation for all time.

The Bill's Sponsors

This bill is sponsored by a national organization known as the Izaak Walton League of America.

It came into existence in January, 1922.

Its first anniversary was celebrated by chapters in 30 States.

Its first convention had 400 delegates representing 32 States.

Its total membership is now extraordinary and it is moving toward its goal of 2,000,000 members.

The league has no commercial basis and no elective officer receives pay for his services.

The league owns and publishes its own magazine, known as Outdoor America.

This magazine has no stockholders and all profits coming from its publication go into the national treasury of the league and are used to push its fight to save the remnants of the old America of our ancestors.

This magazine receives without pay contributions expressly written for it by the greatest writers in America, among whom are found the following: Zane Gray, James Oliver Curwood, Gene Stratton-Porter, Irvin S. Cobb, George Ade, Rex Beach, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Albert Bigelow Payne, Harold Bell Wright, Hamlin Garland, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Dr. James A. Henshall, and many others.

Its illustrations are made by nationally famed illustrators, among whom are the following: Charles Livingston Bull, Bruno Ertz, Frank Stick, Percy Couse, W. H. D. Koerner, C. Otis Wilson, Rollin Kirby, Everett E. Lowry, Bessie Crank, Sarah Noble Ives, Audubon Tyler, Feyerweather Babcock, and others.

These contributors placed on a commercial basis would run into hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

But these artists and writers make this free contribution to conserve the great "outdoors," believing that American citizenship demands it and feeling that in this way they can best do their "bit."

In 1923 there were approximately 7,000,000 hunting licenses issued, and it is estimated that there are more than 15,000,000 amateur fishermen in the United States.

The league makes its especial appeal to these men and women by causing the voice of the sportsman and the lover of outdoor America to be heard in every State government and at Washington.

It attempts no legislation where economic interests are involved without giving sufficient time to those interests for practical experimentation.

It is attempting to bring about uniform fish laws in every State in the Union, and its program on pollution has been pronounced sane and practical.

It proposes to pass a uniform pollution bill through the State legislatures, thus forming a mosaic of uniform laws.

The league believes that "outdoor America" is the chief asset of the American people.

Its purpose is to stop the rape of our rivers, lakes, and streams.

It calls a halt on that commercialism which would rob our country of the frontier spirit that lives in places where winds are untainted and skies are clean.

It performs the patriotic duty of bringing an understanding to our citizenship which will cause it to consider it a crime to rob America of its "outdoor" lands, and that this Nation's welfare and health depend upon the conservation of our woods, waters, and wild life.

In the preparation of this bill it employed able counsel.

The original draft of this bill was prepared by Judge J. M. Dickinson, ex-Secretary of War and a constitutional lawyer of ability.

His work was reviewed, commended, and approved by George Shiras, 3d, who has devoted so much of his time to the great National Geographic Society both as a director and counsel.

By the end of this year there will undoubtedly be 1,000 Izaak Walton Chapters. These chapters must hold eight regular meetings annually or be disbanded, and they are found in the great cities and in the small towns, and everywhere the press of our country has given liberal and cordial support to the objects of this patriotic association.

Anyone can join or start a new local chapter by writing to the Izaak Walton League of America at its national headquarters in Chicago.

The Big "Outdoors"

Our forefathers came with the Bible in one hand and the rifle in the other.

Some of their descendants have lost the rifle; some the Bible; some both the Bible and the rifle.

Let us restore the confidence and strength that knowledge of the rifle brings. Let us restore the spiritual strength the Bible gives.

Let us help to bring back both by the purchase of a piece of the big "outdoors," where strong men and spiritual power find the best nourishment.

When we lose our "pep," when good food tastes bad, when friends do not satisfy, when life becomes a bore, when music seems out of tune, when the old dog annoys, when the doctor fails, and the good wife irritates, there is but one remedy for the "run down," and it is found in the forests or on the streams in the big "outdoors."

There we go to church and worship God by conversing with the things He made, listening to sermons from rocks and trees, choir music from the birds.

If you need a fresh start and want to lose the "run-down" feeling and get back your "pep," go fishing.

It is a notable fact that of the Twelve Apostles selected by Christ, four were fishermen.

They were natural philosophers who made their living in the big wide open, who knew the stars, the tempest, the sea, the sun, the moon, the winds, and the calm.

They were prepared for a campaign for men because they had first campaigned with the elements of nature.

Study of nature had prepared them for a study of men, and their thoughts and teachings were big, like the outdoors from whence they came.

Every great man we have had was an outdoor man. Every man with big thoughts is at some time compelled to get away from the little things that cramp and bind and forced to seek a revitalization, new energy, and a broader perspective by contact with nature.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The city bed and fancy sanitation are luxuries made more attractive by a week on the ground; the camp fire makes the radiator endurable; the flapjack, the bacon, and the browned fish bring the "comeback" after hard work and the hotel menu.

The city and the town have their call, but they have a sameness and a "too sureness" to be palatable for all of the 12 months.

To find rest, we must find a change. The same streets, the same roofs, the same faces, the same sights, though of the best, like food of the same kind, pall upon the appetite and tire the brain.

We must find real rest by seeking contrast, by finding the big "outdoors," by not living too much and too long indoors.

The doctor tries his medicine and fails, the friend his companionship and fails; and if they are wise physicians and thoughtful friends, they advise a change of scenery, a new environment.

What is becoming of our big "outdoors"? Where are the animals, the birds, and the fishes whose presence renewed the primitive and stronger natural instincts? They are disappearing, now almost gone.

Can individuals stay their departure? Can citizens hold these things for our children? Not by individual action. Only the State and Nation are strong enough to keep these retreats and asylums for the benefit of both the wild things and for men and women.

It can only be done by the intelligent action of the legislatures of States and the Congress of the Nation.

This bill promises first to save and then to perpetuate.

To hold for those who are alive and keep for those that follow after.

It promises to give the "kids" the things that we enjoy and save for them a piece of the big "outdoors."

The "four score and ten," the big thoughts, the big conscience, and the big patriotism comes from communion with the big "outdoors."

When we lose the big "outdoors" we lose part of our national pride, pluck, and patriotism.

When we keep the big "outdoors" we keep our best thoughts, our best resolutions, and, above all, our best traditions.

When we keep our "outdoors" we make a real, substantial, dividend-paying investment in national prosperity, in national health, in national conscience, and public welfare.

We secure bigger returns for our money in more different ways and in more diversified forms than an investment of any other kind.

The big "outdoors" saves the strength, saves the nerves, saves the brain, and saves the doctor bill.

The big "outdoors" strengthens the conscience, conscience strengthens religion, religion gave the Ten Commandments, and the Ten Commandments founded laws which make the Christian nation.

Let our Nation buy some of the big "outdoors" now when opportunity knocks and the price is cheap, and then buy more when opportunity comes again.

The big "outdoors" is for the poor and for the rich—it is for all our people—and we can not buy too much now, for soon there will be none to buy.

What They Say About the League and Its Magazine

THE well deserved support given by wealthy people to the National Association of Audubon Societies leads me to believe the still broader scope of the League will bring similar co-operation as soon as the grand character of the organization and the great work it has already done become generally known to the public, more particularly that portion able and anxious to help in restoring America to a condition designed by the founders of our republic to make "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" a lasting heritage to all who love their country, its "rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills." The words of wisdom and warning from Emerson Hough, and others, including the timely appeals of the founder and president of the League, Will H. Dilg, must certainly bear fruit in increasing measure.

Fred E. Pond,
(Will Wildwood)
Brooklyn, N. Y.

IN my experience of nearly half a century during which time my home has been in the lake region of Minnesota, I have had ample opportunity to note the very marked decrease that has followed in the number of game birds, fish and fur bearing animals, and the great necessity that is apparent for more stringent laws for the protection of our wild life, and the conservation of our lakes, marshes and forests.

The energetic and effective manner in which the Izaak Walton League and its official magazine, Outdoor America, have entered upon the great task of arousing interest in conservation and restoration is most commendable, and is a matter in which every sportsman, every lover of the great outdoors, should gladly give every possible assistance.

Several years ago, realizing the extent of the damage that had been wrought by injudicious drainage, resulting in the destruction of untold thousands of acres of the best feeding and breeding grounds for waterfowl in the country, I engaged in the distribution of wild rice seed for planting, and have been advocating the planting of such seed in all localities where the conditions seemed to be favorable. I am pleased to be able to state that I have been quite successful in this, and that many wild rice fields have been established from seed that I have distributed. Perhaps in this way I have at least partially made good for some of the damage that I, as many other "old fellows" had a hand in thoughtlessly bringing about, in times when we all thought the woods, marshes and streams were inexhaustible, and the game birds so plentiful that their numbers could never be reduced.

But conditions have so changed—such damnable injury has been wrought, that every sportsman who is interested in conservation of our wild life and the great outdoors—all who are in the least concerned in the efforts of the Izaak Walton League and Outdoor America to insure that this great heritage may be rescued from complete destruction, should gladly contribute in every possible way to their success.

That we have been criminally negligent regarding the conservation of our wild life in the past, must be admitted. But fortunately it is not too late to put a stop to the wanton destruction that has been so thoughtlessly done. The earnest manner in which so great a number of the best men and women of this country have now entered their services in the cause is most encouraging. A part of the damage that has been wrought may be undone. It surely should not be permitted to go further. And we have reason to hope that following the organization of the Izaak Walton League, and the need of action which is so forcefully stated by Outdoor America, that every principled sportsman and sportswoman and outdoor lover in this country will help the League to pass its splendid conservation project of a 300-mile National Preserve in the Mississippi Valley. This they can do by writing their senators and congressmen urging that they support the League's Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill.

George D. Hamilton,
Detroit, Minn.

IF American anglers want their posterity to enjoy their sports without having to go to the four corners of the globe for it, they should join in the splendid efforts being made by your organization.

Attilla Cox,
Louisville, Kentucky.

I HAVE had Outdoor America put on our High School reading table here. It should be on all of the High School, College, University and Public reading tables in the United States.

Will Baird,
Springfield, Illinois.

YOUR notification of the impending expiration of my subscription finds me ready and willing to avert the disaster by a check for $5.00 for a five year subscription.

If the sportsmen were just as willing and ready to save our game fishes from expiration at the hands of the stream polluter they would insure our posterity against this disaster for all time.

Outdoor America! "The Magazine That Gives the Game a Chance." I am for you.

B. D. Hetrick,
Masontown, Pa.

Important Resolution Adopted by General Federation of Women's Clubs

RESOLVED: that the members of the Board of the General Federation of Women's Clubs endorse the McCormick-Hawes Bill to create a National Wild Life Refuge along the lowlands of the upper Mississippi river, a region valuable as a source of food supplies, as a shelter for fur bearing animals and as a place of great recreational possibilities.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Tippecanoe

(Continued from page 25)

or should have been proud of. And, for all this distance it was navigable for canoes and rowboats. In the winter season its shimmering icy surface could be followed for nearly all of that distance by the skater. And nearly anywhere in the summer, either in a boat or upon the grassy bank, one might read and dream.

Yet when I returned to my native school town in 1914 this very lovely feature had entirely disappeared. In its place was a weedy and bushy ditch, with here and there a bit of stagnant water—nothing more. And why? Well, at the behest of some local clown or hobbledehoy of the practical variety who had discovered that by draining these adjacent marshes a bit of farming land could be recovered—to be devoted to pigs and potatoes, of course, a very practical drainage canal had been dug. And this, forthwith, had lowered the level of a lovely lake called Center, which to the east of the town offered its shores for residence and beach purposes, by so much as four or five feet. And this automatically removed its waterline from gardens already built upon it by at least a hundred feet or more, leaving an unsightly rim of mud. And this reduction of the lake level from which this charming little river had taken its rise automatically served to drain and dry the river itself in this region.

Gone, at once, the lovely vistas of shallow water that as a boy had so enchanted me here. Gone, the trees by the brink of a stream. Gone, the quaint wild vistas of marshgrass and flag, the circling clouds of blackbirds and ricebirds in season, the coveys of wild duck and mudhen. Gone, the youthful swimming pools, the lovely stretches along which one might row or skate or fish. And why? Some vast economic and supposedly social benefit that contributed to the upbuilding of the city and hence the economic welfare of thousands. Nonsense. Pish. I saw the course of the original stream as well as the town in 1914 and instead of its having been aided in any way by this very practical feature, it had been most definitely injured and made much less attractive by this presumably valuable practical development. The one-time lovely stream bed, a delightful feature for any city or town to possess, was now really a disgusting thing to contemplate. A once lovely iron wagon bridge that had spanned its course at one point had given place to a low stone culvert. In another place, where had stood another bridge, an automobile road, whose foundation was dry brown sand, was all that was left. And the advantage? Some hundreds—at the most a thousand or two acres reclaimed for farming. Can you imagine any sane community anywhere in the world making or permitting any such exchange?

And yet at that very time this very same city, or town, rather, was seeking to build itself up as an idyllic resort for summer visitors. It was advertising its lake and its sylvan nooks. I sometimes wonder what ails the cerebral processes of the average American anyhow. Is he deaf, dumb and blind to all that really represents the poetry and the sentiment that his orations and his school histories and his very popular sentimental novels boast?

Gentlemen and ladies of my native state wherever intelligence and refinement have blossomed within historic times men have tended to not only treasure but to celebrate the natural beauties by which they have found themselves surrounded. In some parts of the world they are few enough, indeed, it is true. Not so, Indiana. That state, as we all well know, is properly distinguished for a certain bucolic restfulness which all who have ever visited it, gratefully recall. It is not for nothing that the Glades, Brown County, the Tippecanoe and the Wabash are known. Why was it possible, then, for such a thing to happen? I am curious. I do not understand.

One thing is sure. The only thing that has cheered me in connection with all this is the recent successful fight waged against what is known, I believe, as the Matchett Ditch, the object of which was to further obliterate this poetic little waterway in order, I presume, to grow more turnips and pigs! I congratulate the state upon this evidence of an aroused artistic appreciation of the natural beauties that lie within its geographic lines.

THE defeat of the proposal to dredge and straighten the Tippecanoe River is a victory that will delight everyone who appreciates the importance of preserving the beauties of nature. That little stream has a charm that is not duplicated in all outdoors and should not be destroyed. The successful fight waged to prevent the Tippecanoe from becoming a drainage ditch shows the power of those who unite unselfishly in the defense of nature against the unwarranted encroachments of commercialism.

B. F. LAWRENCE,
General Manager, Indianapolis Star

Indiana Chapters Save Tippecanoe

(Continued from page 24)

there was no more important work in which the division could engage. The ways were found and the ways involved securing of the means. The spirit of the convention was a spirit of "do it now" and the funds were obtained by donations and a strenuous and successful campaign for additional members and chapters throughout the state. It is largely through these splendid efforts and those of the Division's attorney that the river has been saved. Mr. Gochenour's defense was at once novel and complete. The petitioners for the drainage were simply overwhelmed with the concise, forceful, logical presentation of accumulated scientific facts that could not be brooked or denied. The Izaak Walton League does not intend to rest upon its laurels so well won in this fight. It hopes to follow the victory to its logical conclusion, that is, the taking over by the State of the Flood Plane of this course with a view not only of perpetuating the wondrous beauties of this little river but of setting an example to the whole country by reforesting the entire Flood Plane through the co-operation of all the Universities and Colleges in the State that offer Forestry courses and the inhibition against dredging or artificial drainage of such rivers anywhere in the commonwealth. Let us dedicate ourselves to this noble task.

In the winning of this fight much credit is due the personal efforts of Mr. Frank Tyrrell of Chicago, Mr. William Weissert of Bourbon, Indiana, and Mrs. Bert Byrrell, Mrs. Louise Fogle of The Daughters of the American Revolution, also of Bourbon, and the State Conservation Board.

The Proposed Death Trap of the La. Gulf Coast Club

(Continued from page 33)

the Mississippi Valley and to the sportsmen of Canada.

The writer clings to the hope this wild fowl death trap cannot succeed. Perhaps, the state of Louisiana will find a way to put an end to this slaughter-pen of wild life, or perhaps the long arm of Uncle Sam will reach forth and put a stop to it. There can be no doubt that something must be done and we would like advice from our readers and herewith ask them to write us. You, my brother, may see the way out—so write us and give us your plan. There is a way out—now let's find that way.

Harold Bell Wright, who wrote our November editorial, said that this League had given a new meaning to sportsmanship, declaring that "the game-hog, who wantonly and selfishly destroys the wild life of his country, is guilty of treason."

Now, what about the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club—better take another look at the map.

Very recently, the President of the Lake Arthur Club in Louisiana joyously announced in a printed circular that a member of that club had killed the full bag limits of twenty-five ducks, twenty-five snipe, fifteen quail and twenty-five large black bass, **"all in one day."** Now this club is not located in an area where wild fowl "are found by the myriads" as they are found on the grounds of the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club.

Any man of clear vision can see that if the worst happens and this gigantic club plan is put over, just what will inevitably result. Will not the very accomplishment of this Louisiana Gulf Coast death trap club mean that it serves as the last straw to awaken the true sportsmen of America as they have never been awakened before? Will it not serve to bring together the real American sportsmen?

The answer is plain—it will do just that—it will bring us together under one flag, and then, for the first time the game-hog will be found on one side (where he belongs) and the principled sportsmen on the other side (where they belong)—and THEN woe to such death trap projects as this one. Verily, verily, the game-hog will be cleaned up and cleaned up for all time.

Take another look at the map and then write us.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

"I choose my tobacco, as I do my books —to fit my mood"

There's a perfect Tobacco for your every mood in the famous HUMIDOR SAMPLER—Sent anywhere on 10 days' approval

TONIGHT I am in the humor for Charles Dickens. As I settle myself before the crackling log fire with an open copy of "Pickwick Papers" upon my lap, I fill my pipe with Garrick Mixture.

For my tobacco must fit my book—and both must fit my mood.

As I whiff the fragrance of this sturdy old British blend, I can almost hear the clatter of the hoofs down the London Post Road, and the shouts of conviviality from the tap rooms along the way

Tomorrow, at this hour perhaps, I shall feel the throb of adventure in my veins. As I thrill to the pages of "Two Years Before the Mast," I shall furiously puff my Capstan Navy Cut —with the tang of the sea in its pungent fumes. There is nothing like the right tobacco, Brother, to add relish to a good tale.

Sooner or later, there comes to every man his perfect tobacco, for steady allegiance. But this doesn't mean that he need marry himself to it—to the exclusion of an occasional change.

The "spice of variety" will make the Old Love seem all the sweeter when he returns to it.

There were two motives that led The American Tobacco Company to create the Humidor Sampler for you—with its rich content of the world's 12 finest smoking tobaccos.

First, to help you find *your* perfect tobacco—a "steady-diet" tobacco whose charm will remain endeared to your smoke taste for the rest of your life.

Second, to provide an always refreshing foil for this favorite tobacco from eleven *alternate* tobaccos of infinite variety—to respond to any humor.

No prophet can forecast which one of these twelve tobaccos will prove the long-sought soul-mate for your Briar. It may be any one of them—or a combination of two or three of them. *Your own mixture!* And you'll have a lot of fun finding out.

A Test of the "12 Best" *for only* $1.50

If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be:

Blue Boar	.25
Capstan	.30
Imperial Cube Cut [Medium]	.30
Imperial Cube Cut [Mild]	.30
Old English Curve Cut	.15
The Garrick	.30
Carlton Club	.15
Yale Mixture	.25
Three States	.25
Lone Jack	.10
Wills' Lataka	.45
Louisiana Perique	.25
Total	$3.05

But through the *Humidor Sampler* you get a liberal "get acquainted" quantity of each for $1.50

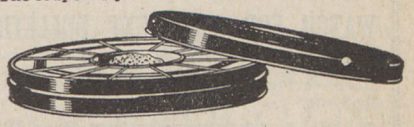
Ten-Day Approval Offer

We are eager to send the Humidor assortment to any smoker, anywhere, on ten days' approval.

Send no money. Just sign and mail the coupon. That will bring you the Humidor assortment direct from our factories to you. When the postman brings package, deposit $1.50 with him, plus postage.

If a ten-day try-out of these tobaccos doesn't give you more real pipe pleasure than you've ever had before, besides revealing the one perfect tobacco for your taste—the cost is on us.

Simply return the Humidor, and you'll get your $1.50 and the postage back *pronto*—and pleasantly. The coupon is your obedient servant; use it.



Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 78.
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman $1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund $1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

Note:—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose $1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid

Pat. Allowed

Jamison Barbless Flies Win Big Prizes

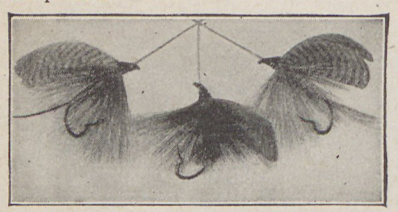
Izaak Walton League Fishing Contest

Edw. G. Taylor's 7-lb. Brook Trout, caught on Jamison No. 8 Barbless Fly wins *First Prize* also Special Gold Medal for largest Trout caught on a Barbless.

W. J. Jamison's 12-lb. Great Northern Pike on Jamison No. 1-0 Barbless Fly a *Second Prize* and Special Gold Medal for largest Pike on a Barbless.

Field and Stream Fishing Contest

Edw. G. Taylor's 7-lb., 6¾-lb. and 6½-lb. Brook Trout win three out of six prizes.



This little baby barbless hook, only a few months old, grabs this bunch of prizes against the whole country. Some kid. In a year or two he will be after all the prizes.

Did you know that Ed Taylor nearly got pinched after landing those big fellows, on account of my barbless? He had taken his limit and wanted to show the game warden how easy it was to let a fish get off just by giving him slack line. The warden said, "Go ahead, but if you land any more fish I'll have to arrest you." Ed soon hooked one of about three pounds. "Now watch," he says, and gave the fish slack line. Well, sir, that blamed fish performed all of his stunts but he couldn't get off. Ed got worried. He gave him more line and then some more, but it didn't do any good. That hook stuck like glue. The fish got tired and quit. Looked bad for Ed. But Ed got an idea. He took hold of the hook and easily pulled it out and the fish swam away. Ed's cured. He says that the next time he shows how easy a fish can get off on a slack line he'll use a barbed hook. Now the barbless has got Ed so well hooked that he can't get away from it himself.

Bill Jamison.

WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED

against the useless destruction of small fish, and Jamison's Barbless Hook is the weapon that will be used to defeat the enemy. "*The Barbless Hook Army*" is already marching to the front. Arm yourself with Barbless Flies, fall in line and help win this great fight.

WATCH FOR THE NEXT BULLETIN

Meanwhile send for our great testimonials and photographic proofs, list and prices of Barbless Trout and Bass Flies and hooks for fly tying.

The W. J. Jamison Co.

Dept. W, 737 So. California Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Edw. G. Taylor

Two Prize Winners

THEY HOLD THE BIG ONES

DON'T INJURE LITTLE ONES

Winners in One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsmen's Contest (1923)

BROOK TROUT

First Prize

ED. G. TAYLOR, Chicago Daily News, Chicago, Ill. Weight, 8 lbs.; length, 25 in.; girth, 15½ in. Taken from Nipigon Rapids, Canada.

Second Prize

ALBERT HUNT. Weight, 7½ lbs.; length, 24¾ in.; girth, 15 in. Granger rod, 5 oz. Rainbow reel, No. 8 hook, brown hackle. Taken from Au Sable River, Michigan.

Third Prize

DAVE RAYMOND. Weight, 7¼ lbs.; length, 24½ in.; girth, 15 in. Leonard rod. 9 ft., 5¼ oz. Martin automatic reel, Wilder-Dilg feather minnow trout size. Taken from Pere Marquette River, Michigan.

BROWN TROUT

First Prize

HARRY T. McNEILL, 721 North 6th Street, Sheboygan, Wis. Weight, 10 lbs. 3 oz.; length, 28⅜ in.; girth, 16½ in. Chubb rod, Rainbow reel, Saline line, Bucktail fly, No. 6 hook.

Second Prize

T. PLUNKETT, Three Forks, Mont. Weight, 6 lbs. 6 oz.; length, 25½ in.; girth, 11 in. Sampson fly rod, Rainbow reel, Peacock Doctor No. 4 fly, Kingfisher line.

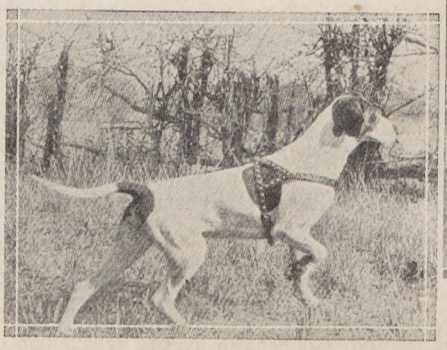
(Continued on page 58)

Winners in Dog and Camera Prize Contest

THERE were three prizes originally offered in this contest, but in the opinion of Mr. Travers D. Carman, who conducted the contest, it was impossible to decide on one of three dogs for the third prize, therefore we have donated three third prizes.

First Prize.

First prize is awarded to a year and nine months old setter owned by Mr. Clarence G. Sprague, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and sired by "Llewellin Mark" owned by Mr. E. Bonell, of Eau Claire. Mr. Bonell writes that Mr. Sprague's dog was broken and worked for game at nine months, and in the second year showed to be as near a perfect shooting dog as it was ever his pleasure to see in action.



Second Prize.

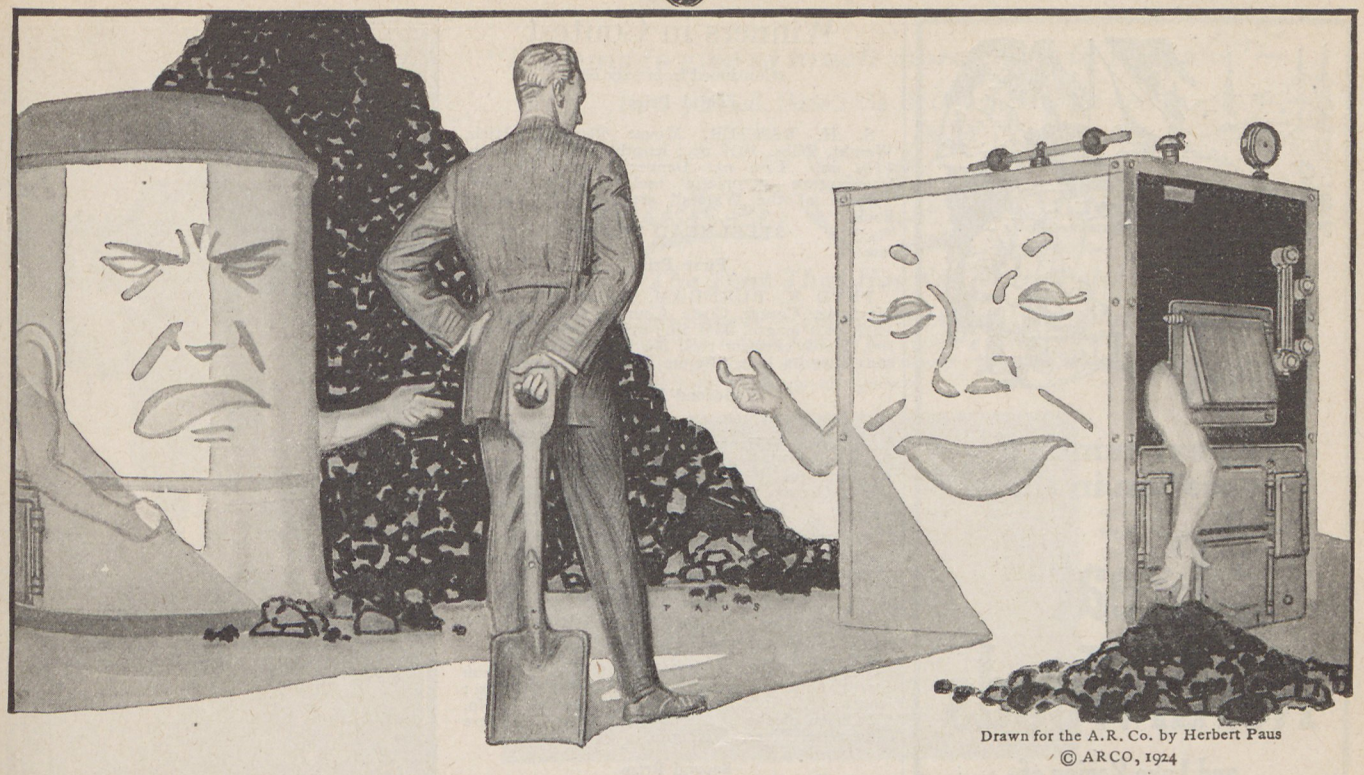
The second prize is won by "Babe," pointer pup owned by Dr. Walter Ritchie, of Bloomington, Illinois. In regard to the taking of this picture, Dr. Ritchie wrote Mr. Carman: "About three weeks ago I had the most satisfactory hunt in which I have ever participated, and in evidence of the fact, I am sending you a picture of my pointer pup, 'Babe,' which is about a year old.

"With dog and camera I started out in my car in search of game. I took more than a dozen good pictures, but the one which I am sending you turned out so perfectly that the taking of this picture alone has proven more gratifying to me than killing the limit of any sort of game at any time! 'Babe' was pointing a hen pheasant and stood staunch while I put a film in my camera

Third Prize.

(Continued on page 68)

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America



Drawn for the A.R. Co. by Herbert Paus
© ARCO, 1924

Your Boiler is your Boss—*pick a good one*

YOU don't decide how many tons of coal you must order. Your heating plant does that.

Suppose you have an old-fashioned boiler or furnace which demands 18 tons every winter. You can take it out, put in an IDEAL TYPE A Boiler and cut the annual consumption to about 12 tons.

Figure out the saving—six tons a year, for example, multiplied by twenty years; it's enough to pay for the IDEAL Boiler and a good surplus besides.

Isn't it foolish to keep on putting money into the fire when, by such a little effort, you could have a tidy sum every year for something else.

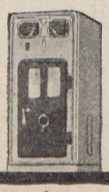
Write your name, address, and the number of rooms in your house, on a postal card and mail it to either address below. This invitation applies to you whether you are *building* a new home or *planning* one, or *living* in an old home with old-fashioned heat. We will send you a booklet about the IDEAL TYPE A, and the name of your Heating Contractor who is our representative.

Send the postal card today, and begin to save money *this* winter.

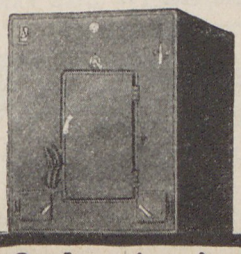
IDEAL BOILERS *and* AMERICAN RADIATORS *save coal*

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor
Dept. 39A, 1803 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
Branches in all principal cities

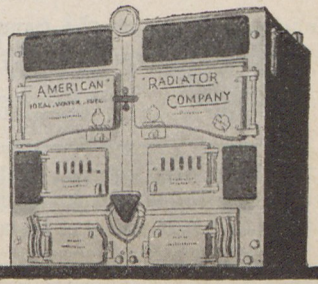
IDEAL ARCOLA
for small homes



IDEAL TYPE A
for medium-sized and larger homes



IDEAL 79-inch
for larger buildings



Plan Now

for next summer's vacation in the

Great North Woods

and Lake Region of

Wisconsin Michigan

The wonderful out-o'-doors country, *where the big fish bite.*

Over 7,000 lakes and hundreds of streams in which to fish for speckled trout, bass, pike, pickerel and the mighty "muskie."

Go where you can camp, canoe, play golf, hike over pine-scented trails or just loaf.

Write for illustrated folder, "Summer Outings" and copy of game law leaflet. You should have them in planning your trip.

Special Summer Train Service

For full information ask any ticket agent or address

C. A. CAIRNS
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226 W. Jackson St.
Chicago, Ill.

Splendidly Located Hotels, Exceptional Opportunities For Summer Homes

694

Winners in Contest

(Continued from page 56)

Third Prize

S. H. BARBER, Mount Pleasant, Mich. Weight, 5 lbs. 10½ oz.; length, 23¾ in.; girth, 14½ in. Five oz. Denver Special fly rod, Shakespeare automatic reel, tapered leader, "Queen of the Waters" artificial fly, No. 12 hook.

STEELHEAD TROUT

First Prize

FRED K. BURNHAM, Spring Hill Farm, Martinez, Contra Costa County, Cal. Weight, 14¾ lbs.; length, 33¼ in.; girth, 16 in. Thomas rod, Hardy Perfect reel, No. 7 Railbird fly, Corona superba line. Rogue River, Oregon.

Second Prize

J. C. MYERS, 554 East Madison St., Portland, Ore. Weight, 13 lbs. 8 oz.; length, 25½ in.; girth, 16¾ in. Thomas rod, Hardy reel, Halford line, Royal Coachman No. 6. Rogue River, Oregon.

Third Prize

W. H. BENDER. Weight, 12 lbs. 6 oz.; length, 33½ in.; girth, 15 in. Rogue River, Oregon.

RAINBOW TROUT

First Prize

ROBERT S. WOODBRIDGE, 213 Lyon Street, Grand Rapids, Mich. Weight, 8½ lbs.; length, 28½ in.; girth, 16 in. Devine rod, No. 6 "Queen of the Waters" fly, Saline line. Pere Marquette River, Michigan.

Second Prize

PETER ROSSETTER. Weight, 7 lbs.; length, 26¼ in.; girth, 14¾ in.

Third Prize

R. M. HUNTER. Weight, 6¾ lbs.; length, 25⅞ in.; girth, 14 in.

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS

First Prize

RAYMOND M. HAYDEN, Saginaw, W. S., Mich. Weight, 5¼ lbs.; length, 20¼ in.; girth, 14⅜ in. Shakespeare line, Hildebrandt double spinner bucktail fly, single hook, Marhoff level wind reel. Bass Lake, Mich.

Second Prize

WALTER B. KLEEMAN, Peoples Outfitting Co., Springfield, Ohio. Weight, 4 lbs. 10 oz.; length, 21 in.; girth, 14½ in. Mills Standard, 9½ ft. 7 oz. fly rod, Martin automatic reel No. 3, Red squirrel tail hair fly No. 6, O'Shaughnessy, special made by Weber Lifelike Fly Co.; Halford E tapered enameled line, Hardy Brothers. Crotch Lake, Ontario.

Third Prize

D. R. LANGHORN, 329 N. Maple Street, Sycamore, Ill. Weight, 4 lbs. 10 ozs.; length, 20½ in.; girth, 15 in. Peerless steel bait casting rod, 5 feet long, made by Richardson Rod & Reel Co. Meisselbach Tripart tree. Jamison special silk casting line, No. 5, 12 lb. test. Shannon Twin spinner with red bucktail body and pork chunk, single hook.

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS

First Prize

DR. ALBERT F. BOLM, 3351 Jefferson Street, South, St. Louis, Mo. Weight, 7 lbs. 9 ozs.; length, 24½ in.; girth, 17¼ in. Heddon rod, Meek reel, spinner, black fly, and pork strip, Kingfisher 16 lb. line. Iron Mountain Lake, Missouri.

Second Prize

H. R. ESTLOW, 94 W. Main Street, Millville, N. J. Weight, 7 lbs.; length, 24 in.; girth, 16 in. Steel bait casting rod, Shakespeare reel, weighted red ibis fly with pork strip, Saxon No. 15 Cuttyhunk line.

Third Prize

C. M. NEWKIRK, 1129 Pierce St., Sioux City, Iowa. Weight, 7 lbs.; length, 23 in.; girth, 19½ in. Luckie rod, Takapart reel, bucktail Shannon spinner, Kingfisher line, No. 35, Silver Sheen.

MUSKELLUNGE

First Prize

RENE E. LAMOREUX, 1104 Leland Ave., Chicago, Ill. Weight, 30 lbs.; length, 48½ in.; girth, 20 in. Hand made one-piece bamboo rod, Meek No. 4 reel, red and white bucktail on bass size, O'Shaughnessy hook with a 3½ in. Hildebrandt spinner and a 5 in. pork strip, Hillinger's bullfrog No. 7 line. Little Arbor Vitae Lake, Wisconsin.

Miss Dorma Peet with her 2 lb. 1 oz. grayling caught on a barbless hook.

Second Prize

C. E. SLUSSER, Rhinelander, Wis. Weight, 23 lbs.; length, 41½ in.; girth, 20 in. Six oz. bamboo, Meek No. 3 reel, Al Foss shimmy No. 5 lure, single hook pork rind, Invincible line. Wisconsin River.

Third Prize

E. C. TOBEY. Weight, 21 lbs.; length 39½ in.; girth, 17 in. No. 5 Heddon rod, 20-26 lb. test line, No. 8 spoon, single hook bucktail lure. Big Fence Lake, Wisconsin.

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE

First Prize

WM. N. BLINCOE, care of F. J. Blanding Co., Lansing, Mich. Weight, 16 lbs.; length, 43½ in.; girth, 15 in. Bristol steel rod, Shakespeare level wind reel, Wilson No. 3 spinner spoon hook, 18 lb. test line, trolling lure. Lose Lake, near Lansing.

Second Prize

W. J. JAMISON, 736 South California Ave., Chicago, Ill. Weight, 12 lbs.; length, 36 in.; girth, 17 in. Jamison 5½ ft. stiff rod, Talbot Niangua reel, Jamison tandem spoon, No. 3½ blades, with Royal Coachman fly, fly being made on a No. 1/0 Jamison barbless single hook; Line, Jamison special No. 5, 12 lb. test. High Falls Pond, Peshtigo River, Crivitz, Wis.

Third Prize

MR. JACK WHIFFEN, 320 S. Second St., Janesville, Wis. Weight, 10½ lbs.; length, 36½ in.; girth, 14¼ in. Luckie rod, Pflueger reel, No. 3 double spinner, 1 hook with minnow, Beatsall line, South Bend lure.

CHANNEL BASS

MRS. CHAUNCEY O'NEILL, Thorn St., Sewickley, Pa. Weight, 45 lbs.; length, 46 in.; girth, 28½ in. Kingfisher rod, Pennelle surf casting reel, J. Jefferson No. 12 line, Menhaden lure.

Special gold medals were awarded to Mr. Edward G. Taylor for the largest trout caught with a barbless hook; Mr. W. J. Jamison for largest Great Northern pike caught on a barbless and to Miss Dorma Peet a special gold medal was awarded for her 2 lb. 1 oz. grayling caught on a barbless.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Beginner's Luck

(Continued from page 23)

Too often had I seen a shark destroy a bait. Twice in the past two years I had hooked sharks and had to bring them to gaff, a waste of time and energy, and a sure promoter of wrath.

I worked hard. I saw a grim shadow following the bait; then a tantalizing fin showed. There was a low swell and a sudden splash. The great vigorous pull I made to draw the bait away turned out to be a splendid strike. I had hooked the miserable phantom with the tantalizing fin, and a very substantial phantom he was. He made a long hard run. The reel hummed; but to me it was not a merry song. I had to drag a shark to gaff, and because of past experience the prospect was not pleasing. The fish was working fast, putting yard after yard between him and me.

He stopped his run after taking close to three hundred yards, and I began to pump and reel in. It was slow work. Occasionally he gave sudden short tugs each time recovering part of the line. When I had gained half the length of line on him, he started a new and brisk run and left me wondering.

"Joe, this is a new kind of shark," I expostulated, "and a little too game to suit me. Oh, what a waste of time!"

"Let me take him and pump him in. Then there'll be time for a whack at another tuna."

"No siree! If it's possible I'll bring him in. I'd like to satisfy my grudge."

Hildred laughed and threatened me with a camera. Perhaps I looked as vicious as I felt. Much to Joe's amusement I began to talk to my fish:

"Now, buddy, we'll see who's who! You will look for trouble, will you? Well, you'll get it!"

I talked and pulled and reeled. My hands grew red, my fingers itched, my arms began to feel the strain.

"You've been on him twenty minutes," Hildred advised me, after a period of silence.

Though the work was tedious, time had not seemed that long. I was drawing the fish close with hard and steady pulls. Surely, I'd have him soon!

"Good work! Keep it up!" Joe called cheerily.

Then came a whistle from Joe. He was leaning far over the side of the boat staring into the clear blue water.

"If that's a shark, I'll eat my hat."

A little quiver of joy went through me.

"Whatdoyoumean?" It was one long word flung at him.

"Holy Mackerel! It's a tuna!"

Sweet, sweet words! I had a fine warm feeling for Joe. He was a friendly magician. A word from him and my shark had turned tuna.

"Tired?" Hildred questioned.

"Tired!" I returned with much emphasis. "Now that I know it's a tuna, I am good for all the afternoon!"

But the next twenty minutes taught me the folly of such a boast. I had eased up on my fish in the excitement of the minute and he had started away on another run.

"Hold him!" Joe yelled.

I smiled placidly. "That's what I'm trying to do, but this tuna's ideas and mine conflict."

I had a long length of line to recover and I fought steadily and sure. In ten minutes I had my fish thirty feet from the boat. Then, as is al-

(Continued on page 60)

"it seems to give so much more room in the tent"—

In a nutshell, there's the BIG feature of the new

Dickey KAMPER TRADEMARK

"The Tent That Has No Center Pole!"

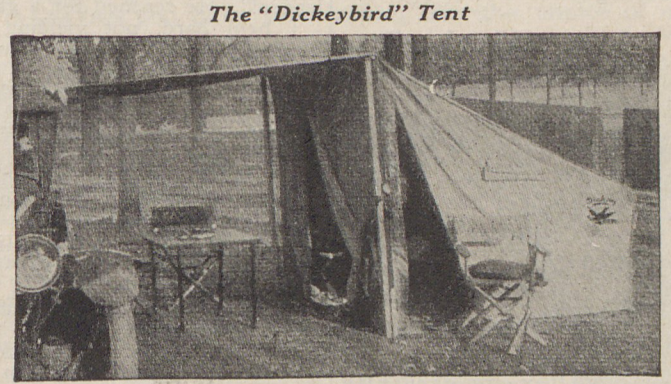
The "Dickeybird-Kamper"— the only umbrella-type tent that has no center pole—has swept the country since its January introduction. Campers and tourists instantly recognize its superior design; the absence of the center pole has been greeted with applause *everywhere.*

Square tent, two sizes, 7x7 ft.—9½x 9½ ft. Corners have jointed ⅞" steel tubing connected by stay rods to tent head. Wearable parts of bronze. Sewed-in floor, bobinette door.

"It Takes the Cramp Out of Camping!"

Dickey Sta-Lok and screw shaft arrangement (patent pending) does the work: Eliminates center pole, locks tent drum-tight in few minutes and makes it impossible to blow over in storm; insures *greater comfort* and convenience and seemingly increases roominess; makes it possible in wet weather to loosen tent from inside, allows quick dismantling and packing. Add these features to regular advantages in good tents and you get a real idea of the "Dickeybird-Kamper." Priced right—send for catalog.

The "Dickeybird" Tent



The "Dickeybird" Tent already threatens to break its famous 1923 record. Demanded by campers who insist on fine workmanship, materials and conveniences. Sturdily built with sewed-in floors, two doors and two windows. Ideal size, 7x7 ft. with awning extension 7 ft. square. Snakes and insect proof; storms don't bother it.

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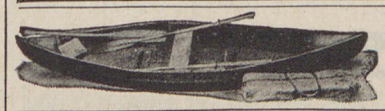
GAPEN and WEGG, Gunflint Trail, Grand Marais, Minnesota



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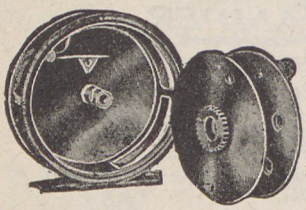

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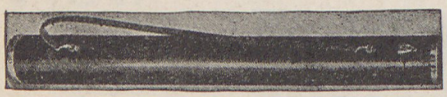
Will stand more wear than many that cost more.
Each **$6.00**



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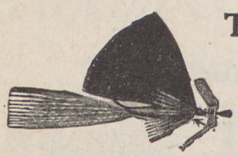

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A weedless bucktail fly. Alternating stripes of white. Made in red, black and brown.
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For use with Fly Rod. Sizes 4 to 3/0.
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Are better because they are carefully made and inspected. Every leader tested and marked with tensile test.

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Bass and Salmon sizes from
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Write for our catalog showing everything in Flies, Hooks, Leaders, Spinners and Fly Makers' Supplies, Jamison's Barbless Hooks and Flies.

IF WEB MAKES IT
A FISH TAKES IT

The Weber Lifelike Fly Co.
Main and 1st St., Stevens Point, Wis.

WEB'S LIFELIKE FLIES

Beginner's Luck

(Continued from page 59)

ways the case with a tuna, came the hardest grilling. No sooner would I recover two feet than he would gain back three. When I reeled in two more, he immediately escaped with one. So we played at gain and lose, neither of us scoring permanently. He pulled and tugged, wanged and swished, now moving toward the bow of the boat, now splashing toward the stern. Once I was lifted clear out of my seat. I was conscious that Joe was directly behind me, ready to catch me if I started to pitch overboard. I heard a camera click.

Then Hildred—"There, I got you!"

I followed the fish with my rod, sternward, then bowward. When possible I recovered a foot or two. The leader came in sight, then disappeared again in the water.

Joe stood by, egging me on: "Hold him! You'll get him all right. He's your fish!"

Each minute took my strength and added weight and fatigue to my arms and shoulders. His most recent performance proving futile, the tuna tried heading straight down. I grit my teeth and pumped him bit by bit.

"I'm hooked to the bottom of the ocean," I groaned.

Joe laughed. Again I heard a rustle and a click. Hildred at the camera!

Inch by inch I was gaining on the fish. Joe leaned over the side of the boat.

"A few feet more and I'll have the leader!" He reached for a gaff.

I held hard, not yielding an inch. Then I gave several second-wind pulls. An exclamation of approval from Joe, a glad hurrah from Hildred. The leader showed!

Joe leaned forward and grasped the leader firmly. A second later he plunged the gaff into the fish and with a wide curve of arm and a lusty swing lifted the tuna aboard.

"Forty minutes in all," Hildred announced.

"I don't believe you," I returned, eying my fish happily. "That last ten minutes was really forty."

As soon as we reached shore, Joe roped the fish and hung him from the long arm of the scale. He weighed exactly eighty pounds.

"That's not a bad catch," Joe declared. "Another day you'll make a hundred pounder."

Logger to Tourist—

(Continued from page 21)

But in the very fact of impending tragedy is hope. American business is not slothful. American business men are not short sighted. They do not, as a rule, kill the goose that lays the valuable eggs—a foolhardy proceeding. A few months ago I was afield with an internationally known scientist who is trying to find out about the life in our streams and fields.

I asked him this question:

"Which, in your opinion, is the greatest menace to our wild life: the changing conditions in stream and forest or the increase in the army of sportsmen?"

He answered without hesitation:

"I'd rate them as about even."

After watching the thing closely for many years, I believe he is right. The logger was the first man to bear responsibility for depleting wild life; the sportsman, which means the tourist, carries an equal load of blame.

We can't shoo the tourist away. In the first place, it would be unjust; and in the second place, it would be bad business. We must keep him coming so we can sell our wares, but to keep him coming we must have more fish, more game, more green and cool and clean places for him to go. So, out of this second tragedy involving the open, I see hope being born.

To keep the tourist interested we must have more fish, more birds. To have more fish, more birds, we must restore natural stream and forest conditions. To lose the tourist will cost us much money. Not a generation hence; not twenty years from now. But, perhaps, in three years, four, five! It's getting close! And when we touch the till of the merchant, we touch the one spot that will bring action where sentiment and reason must wait and clamor.

I can see an awareness of this situation sinking into the consciousness of tourist bureaus and chambers of commerce; I can see those great commercial bodies stirring themselves; I can see them turning, say, to the Izaak Walton League for advice and leadership. I can see millions of men and women lining up behind a conservation program which is dynamic and comprehensive.

I can see this movement surging beyond and overlooking state officials. I can see it reaching Washington, focusing there in a mighty demand for action. I can see a congress stirring itself in response to this—no, this demand. I was about to write Plea. We don't plead when our bank accounts are touched. We **demand!** And when we demand in strong voice and strong numbers, even a congressman will listen.

I can see the United States Forest Service suddenly expand its personnel and activities. I can see that magnificent department of our government bringing its wisdom and experience and stability to bear on the problem of our cut-over lands. I can see vast areas made forest-fire proof. I can see millions of acres of waste lands growing green with pine trees planted by hand, raised in nurseries by billions. I can see the denuded water sheds of streams that were once happy homes for trout show life and countless refuges for birds grow better and larger.

Briefly, I can see the tourist industry turn itself out to perpetuate itself.

It can't all be done in a season, in a decade, in a life time. There will be the tough years, when streams and states must be closed to sportsmen; there will be the period of small bag limits and short open seasons. But the background will be there, the natural homes for fish and game will be assured forever.

(Continued on page 63)

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The Albino Buck

(Continued from page 18)

denly, less than a half dozen yards in front of me, a great black face upreared from behind a log, and I heard the rattle of a heavy trap chain, even above the growling roar of the bear. Old Pierre had been ahead of me in taking a good unshed pelt from this path, it seemed. One more robe for the Factor at Nipigon, and that more tobac' for my neighbor!

"I tipped my rifle from my shoulder and set my foot ahead a short step to balance for the shot. Then there came a muffled snap, and a thrill of agony stabbed knifelike through my foot! I had stepped full into a second heavy trap! Old Pierre always made blind sets in the runs for bear. I pitched forward, and the fall sent my rifle flying out of my hands! It landed in plain view, a dozen feet away in the log jam.

"The trap had closed just below the bulge of my ankle, and it was beyond the power of any man to open it with his hands. For a minute or so I rested, sick with pain, forgetting all about the bear. Then I heard the jangle of the other trap chain again and the scratching of the maddened animal as he fought. I glanced up—inch by inch he was crawling across the tangle of fallen cedar—and he was coming my way!

"The clog that held my trap was a fifty-pound rough-trimmed limb of beech. Long prongs left to retard progress through the trees, without weight enough to give a bear a good pull against the grip of the trap. The iron on my foot weighed a dozen pounds more. Not much chance to get away, but I caught the clumsy clog up the length of the chain in my arms, and whirled to try a hobbling run down the path. The gripped foot failed me at the first step, and as I fell I flung the beech stick through the crotch of a four-inch twin cedar that divided at the roots. I felt the jerk of it on my tortured foot, as the chain was yanked tight, and it fell, wedging itself between the close trunks. The weight of the clog was on the other side of the tree from me, with the forked branches pointed toward me, and try as I would, I could not lift it high enough to twist it through and free it!

"Little more than a dozen feet away, the rage-crazed bear was working toward me, clawing and biting at the impeding tangle of branches as he came. I could see the prongs of his clog bend and spring and yield, inch by inch, before the sheer brute strength of his efforts!

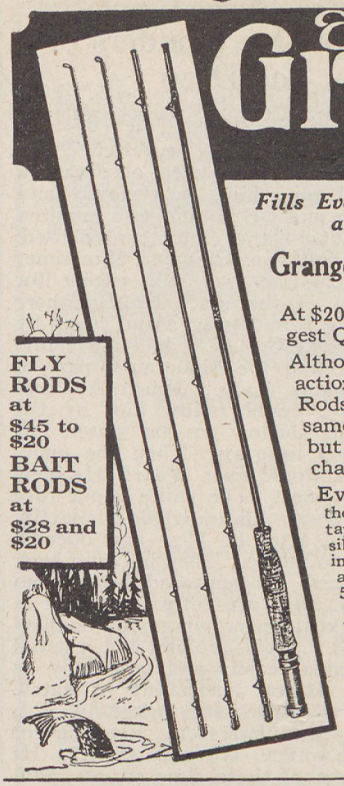
"I gave over my own foolish struggling after a time, and sat down to wait. I took my knife, with its sturdy four and a half inch blade, out of its sheath, and ran my fingers along its keen edge. Dan Taylor had given it to me years before, and I remembered how he told me that he had tempered and ground the blade himself. I need not be afraid to use it—it was made to stand!"

"Jim reached up on the mantel above the fireplace and took the knife, sheath and all, and put it into my hands. It was a beautiful little weapon, with its well-shaped handle of knotted thorn wood, and the short hand-ground blade, but hardly the weapon a man would choose for a death fight with a trapped bear!

"I smiled to myself," Jim went on, "as I thought how futile Dan's knife

(Continued on page 62)

The Granger Rod



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FLY RODS at $45 to $20
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At $20, in partitioned cloth bag and aluminum case, is the Biggest Quality Rod Value for the Money on the Market Today. Altho moderately priced, it has all the qualities of wonderful action and perfect balance found in the very best grades of Rods. Made from good quality stock and goes thru the same aging process as our own better grades, but the natural color of the bamboo is not changed. Expert workmanship thruout.

Every strip heat-straightened and then sized to accurate dimensions and taper. Wound in red silk. Nickel silver, water-proof ferrules. Made only in Fly Rods in the following lengths and weights: 8½ ft., 4½ oz.; 9 ft., 5 oz.; 9½ ft., 6 oz.

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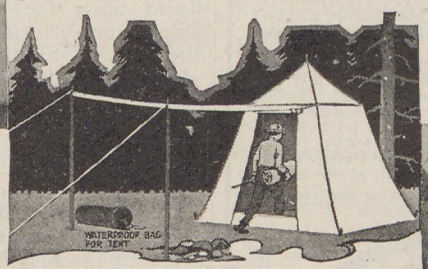

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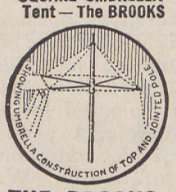

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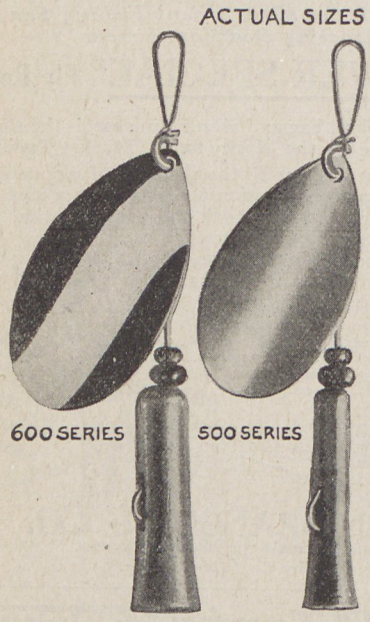
ACTUAL SIZES



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The Hook of Fly cannot become enmeshed with the Spinner.

The Bell, acting as a weight, is set forward and holds the Fly or Hook straight ahead.

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One of the Wonders of the Deep

(Continued from page 13)

The next time I was less excited and therefore capable of keen observation. We ran behind him, very slowly and cautiously, and when some two hundred feet threw out the clutch and drifted. He was wallowing slowly. Sometimes for moments he was still, except for the heave of the sea. He lay there like a wide round gray island beset by tiny waves. Then he would move forward and wag the hindermost part of his enormous body. When he submerged we could follow him by the pale green shadow in the water. It would turn to gray. Then the enormous bulk would rise. Roar! He blew like a fog-horn. The white vapor rose high. We saw his blowhole distinctly. It widened after he blew and opened, evidently to inhale. Then his long back slid forward. It appeared he had no dorsal fin. But presently that hove in sight. Next the narrowing body doubled and lifted. How mobile and elastic! He moved as easily and gracefully as a snake. It was fascinating to watch. Behind trailed the wide forked flukes, a beautiful phosphorescent silver green under the water. It waved slowly. He made three of these slow surges, puffing each time, and doubling more each time; and on the fourth we yelled in our expectancy. The great tail swooped up very ponderously and so slowly that it was most tantalizing. How slow and majestic! The sharp edge pointed towards us, the bend of the tail slowly straightened. Up and up heaved the flukes, and a white waterfall poured down upon the sea. Then the vast shiny gray-brown fish tail rose above the horizon, high and wide against the sky; and at that supreme instant I yelled for the cameras to shoot. How easily and slowly the flukes slid down into the ocean! The most beautiful sight afforded by marine creatures had been wonderfully presented to us.

We followed this whale five more times, and each time he sounded for us with his magnificent tail in the air. It was an unbelievable good fortune—a reward of constant and persistent work under unfavorable conditions—a proof of the truth of nature. Watching and waiting are all that are needed. The reward is sure.

To me this incident was significant of the wonder of the deep. Out of the blue depths had come the greatest of mammals, centuries old perhaps, to thrill us with the mystery and joy of life.

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A Practical Suggestion

OUTDOOR AMERICA" has just received a letter from the Ithaca Gun Company, Ithaca, N. Y., suggesting that gun owners send in **now** guns they may want altered or repaired, to the gun manufacturers who made the guns so that the gun owners may be sure of having their guns altered or repaired and in their hands well in advance of the 1924 season.

The Ithaca Gun Company state that they make this request for themselves and other gun makers, because usually gun owners wait until just before the shooting season begins before thinking of repairing or altering and then there are so many guns returned to the manufacturers that they are overcrowded with work and gun owners are disappointed when they do not get their guns back for a particular shooting trip they have planned and therefore many shooting trips have to be given up because of the gun owners' delay in sending their guns to the factories.

The Albino Buck

(Continued from page 61)

would be when that four hundred pounds of infuriated flesh came within reach of my puny arm—and then suddenly he twisted his head back to tear at a stubborn beechen branch—and before he upreared toward me again, I had seen, slanting down across his head, between the ears, a clear bar of white!

"Another yard now, and he would clear the last log! It was a short rush down the eight or ten feet of the path to where I waited. But somehow the fear had gone out of my heart when I recognized him—and suddenly without knowing what I did, I looked him straight in the eyes and spoke to him.

" 'You've got me all right, Old Fellow. It's your turn now—even as it was mine last winter on the ice. Can't you be as little brute as I was, and give me one more chance? Oh, I know I don't deserve it! I'd have killed you all right if it hadn't been for him! But maybe you could let me go too, for his sake!'

"I don't know what it was—whether it was the sound of my voice—there isn't a wild thing that will face the human voice, if it can escape! Or maybe it was me looking quietly into his eyes that way. I don't know why—but suddenly he stopped trying to make the climb over that last log! He sat on top of it, rolling back and forth, growling low, with one hind foot pulled oddly down and back by the tight chain. And I stared on at him, talking at intervals, I don't remember what about, and never once did I take my eyes away from his! We sat that way, facing each other, a dozen feet apart, for what seemed hours to me—though it couldn't have been more than half of one. A blue jay perched on a branch of the cedar just above me, and peering down, screamed his curiosity to the silent forest about us. But neither the bear nor myself so much as glanced up, and after a few angry minutes he gave it up and shot away, above the dense growth of the swamp.

"That pair of blazing little red eyes were beginning to look like suns to me—I got to wondering how long we could hold out, and whose nerve would break first—when suddenly a stick

(Continued on page 67)

When writing advertisers give credit to Outdoor America

Logger to Tourist—to Logger

(Continued from page 60)

And after that, after I'm fishing in that water where they're all big and wary, when I'm shooting in those coverts where they always lie well to the dog, the logger who upset the balance may come back. He must come back, for a graver, deeper, more complex problem than that of keeping up the tourist traffic is to be met. He will come back sanely, carefully. He will make the country that is now barren and non-productive build homes and cities without doing more than help that country become even a greater producer. . . . .

And all the time, throughout this period of development, the city-wearied tourist will be rolling over the good roads, making new communities possible, supporting to an even greater extent the old ones, paying his toll to merchants, which means contributing his millions toward the tax problem, building while he takes, and making the out of doors safe for his children and his children's children. . . . .

Visionary? Overly optimistic? I think not. It is a hope, and there must be hope. The new gut from England is on my desk; the old rods have gone in to the factory for overhauling. The pup, arguing with his mother outside my study, must be broken next fall. . . . . And young John chews his toes in his crib. He must know the joy of the embrace of a tumbling trouty stream; he **must** learn to love the thrill of the thunder bird as he takes wing. . . . .

Sino

(Continued from page 8)

Dan's gaze strayed from the dog on over the hills. He forgot what he had been talking about. Sino waited patiently until he felt that Dan had forgotten and then, deep in his throat, "Um? Um? Um-m-m-m-m?" he softly begged for more.

Dan glanced down at him, and under the intelligent and compelling eyes of the dog, the man remembered. He remembered what had just happened and why he had quit work in the middle of the afternoon. He remembered the spiral coil of menace within three feet of his face: possibly he remembered the distance between him and help had he been bitten. At any rate, he remembered something that drove from his brief lips his confession.

"Sino," he faltered, "if it hadn't been for you, I'd have lost my face."

Sino felt that coming closer to justice. He grew more alert. He arose to his feet and stood in front of his master. Every hair on him was invigorated with approval, while his eyes were big brown pools flecked with white lights of joy and his heart was beating until you could see its thumping through his sides. Then Dan reached the resolution he had so haltingly worked up to.

"Sino," he said suddenly, as he leaned over and laid a hand that was still trembling on the bright rough head before him, "Sino, I ain't ever going to kick you again."

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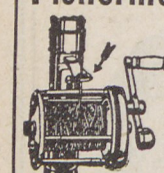

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The Lost Legend

(Continued from page 27)

than thirty-six townships. I've looked at lots of maps, and you can, too, but you will never see one with more than 36 sections, thus bearing out the truth of my statements.

"But Paul got careless with Babe. Once, when he was hauling in a load of split peas (this being soon after he had invented the split pea so his cooks could make twice as much soup out of a load of peas) he drove across a lake where the ice was only six feet thick, and the Ox broke through, spilling the whole load. It looked tough for a minute, but Paul called out all hands, and under the leadership of Big Joe, the cook, they built a fire under the lake and—"

"But I've heard that one," I ventured. "In fact, Chunk and Angus told it to me some months ago."

Old Bill turned and looked at me, very solemn, his grave blue eyes graver than usual.

"Of course, if you've heard all about Bunyan—"

"No, no, go on!" I cried. "I've only heard a bit here and there—please go on—what about the Ox?"

"Well, Babe's capacity for pulling things was equalled only by his capacity at eating and drinking. It is not known how much he ate, but it is known that they could never keep him in one camp more than one night, because he could eat up in one meal as much fodder as the whole camp could gather in a season. He used to eat whole bales of hay, and after each meal a crew of men with picaroons used to have to work on his teeth, pulling out the wires.

"He could also drink some. They used to water him, usually, at Lake Superior (which Paul invented for the purpose), but once in a while he would take a drink out of the river when nobody was looking. This would leave the whole river dry, the logs stranded, and the crew—especially Paul, who was a beautiful cusser—cussing. Once, he came in handy in this way.

"Paul made his only mistake during his North Dakota operations. He got his directions mixed on account of so many of the Dakota rivers running north, and when his logs reached the Gulf of Mexico they were too late and the mill owner couldn't accept them. He thought this would force Paul to come down in his price and practically give them away. But Paul never said a word. He just returned to Minnesota and sat down to think it over. Then he had an idea, and he fed Babe a double ration of rock salt, and turned him loose for a day near the Mississippi river headwaters. Babe was thirsty, and drank so fast that the water all ran north and the logs floated right back to Minnesota."

We drove along in silence for a spell.

"Bill," I asked, "was the Blue Ox the only stock Paul had? Seems to me he would have to have some horses, too."

"No," said Bill, "he did without horses. He did think of getting some once, but he got the Little Blue Ox, instead. His name was Benny. Paul got Benny from a Maine farmer, for nothing. The farmer gave him away because he had only forty acres of hay, and after he'd had Benny for two days he had to buy a new farm. So the poor calf was undernourished when Paul got him, but he soon recovered. In

(Continued on page 66)

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Pollution

(Continued from page 15)

sentatives of a sugar factory and packing company of Mason City, and a large number of interested citizens.

"The condition of the river was reported, including the fact that the power house at Marble Rock smelled like a septic tank, that nearly all the fish in the river were dead, even the carp, and that what ice had been harvested gave off such an offensive odor that it was useless for refrigeration. The meeting passed a resolution urging the legislature to appropriate $25,000 annually for sanitary surveys and to provide an adequate penalty for the pollution of public waters.

"The trend of evidence seemed to show that the Mason City sugar factory was chiefly responsible for the nuisance and menace, although the superintendent of the factory showed that an attempt had been made to purify the water by passing it through a series of settling basins and professed his eagerness to abate the nuisance if anyone could show him how. Residents along the Shell Rock are strongly of the opinion that public agencies could do something if they would, and think that official negligence has contributed to the situation.

"Residents of Waterloo and vicinity are directly concerned, as the Shell Rock empties its refuse into the Cedar and contributes just that much to the pollution of this stream. Of less importance than the health angle, but still sufficient in itself to warrant action, is the slaughter of the fish. The money spent in stocking streams is wasted when pollution kills the fish; and the state fish and game department has declared its purpose not to stock any more streams in which fish are dying.

"The tons of grease and oils, various chemicals, acids and other poisonous substances that are discharged into the Cedar annually from city sewers destroy untold thousands of fish fry as well as minute creatures upon which they subsist. Vegetation provided by nature for these also suffers and the wonder is that life in any form exists in these polluted waters.

"The problem of keeping a stream clean in the midst of 'civilization' is a difficult one, but it is not insoluble. The technical obstacles can be overcome, and an aroused public opinion will demand that public servants live up to their responsibilities in safeguarding the health and happiness of the people of this section."

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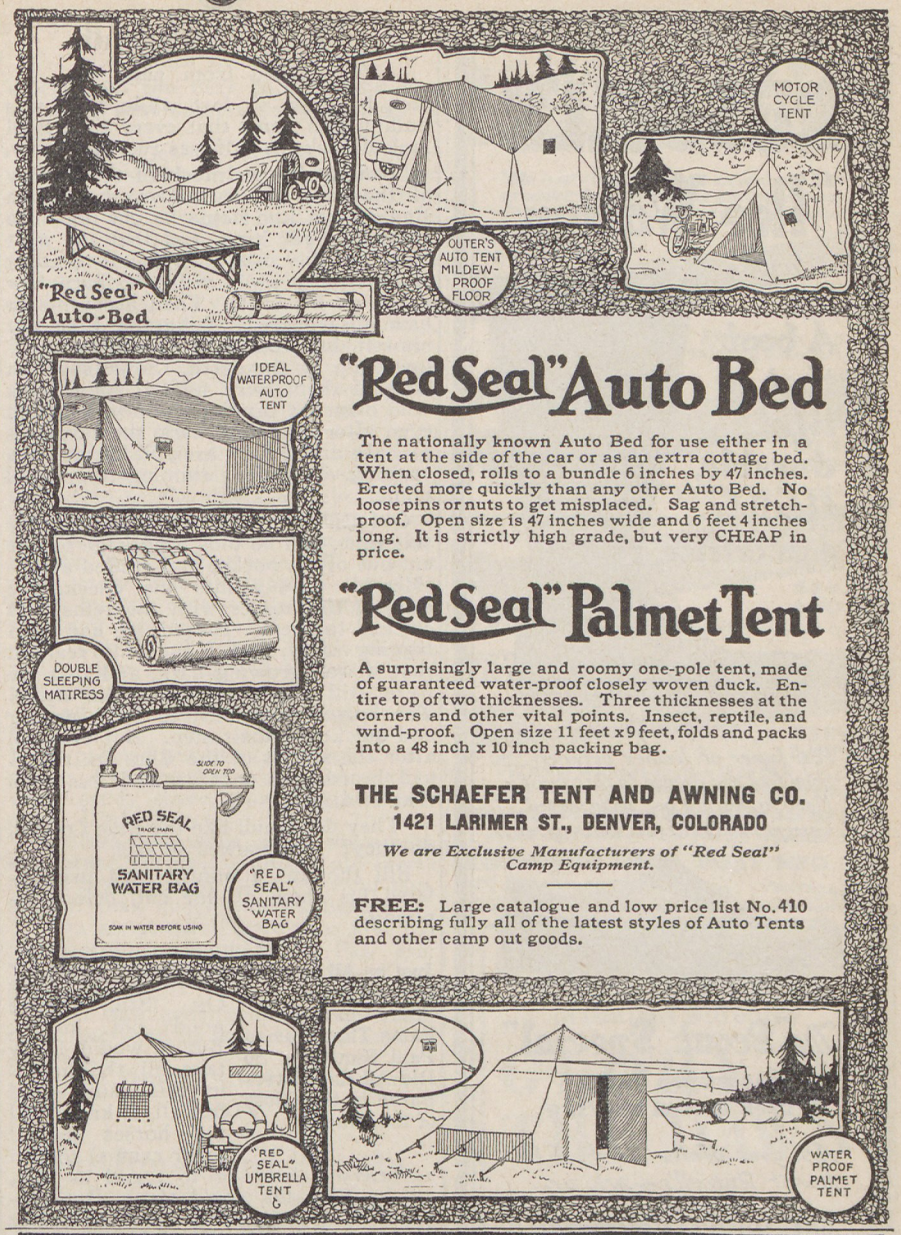

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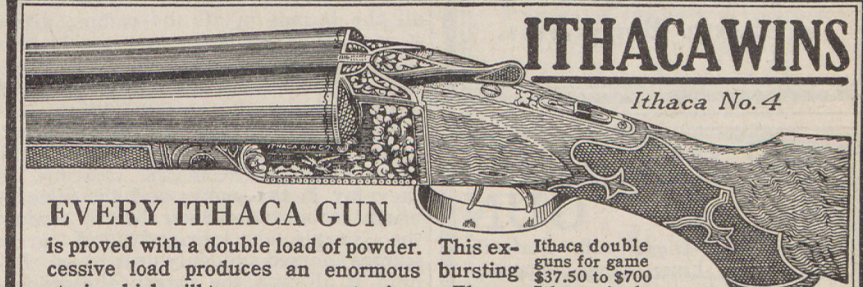

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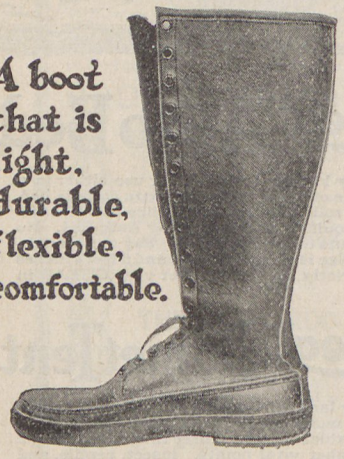

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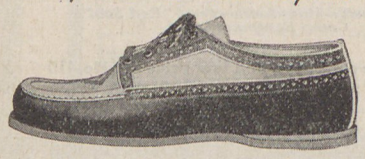

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The Lost Legend

(Continued from page 64)

fact, he grew so fast while Paul was leading him home that every time Paul looked back the calf was two feet taller.

"Nobody knows much of the history of the calf. It is known that when Bunyan got him home he put him in a specially built barn, and that the next morning the calf was found grazing several miles away with the barn balanced on his back. Then he seems to have disappeared. Like the Blue Ox himself, he seemed to have been swallowed up by the earth. Some say that both of them were sold to some folks who owned a canning factory, and that even after all these years, the carcasses of Babe and Benny are still keeping the canning factories running day and night."

Old Bill seemed about talked out by this time, and he took a package of fine cut out of his pocket and stuffed a considerable supply into his cheek. He slapped the horses with the reins, and clucked to them. Indeed, we had been lagging sadly, and I suddenly realized that it was growing dark, and that we were still some distance from camp. The horses responded to Bill's urging and quickened their step. But even so, after the stories of the Blue Ox that I had heard, our pace seemed less than that of a snail:

"They don't pull like the Blue Ox did, do they?" I remarked to Bill.

Bill thought a minute, and manipulated his chew of fine cut, before replying.

Just as All the Lumberjacks Shared in the Fame That Was Paul Bunyan's, So Did All the Horses Bathe in the Glory of the Blue O

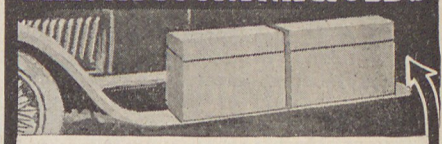
"No, they don't—not like the Blue Ox. Still, they're good old horses. But it would likely take all the horses in this camp (and for all I know, all the horses in all other camps) to pull as heavy a load, or to travel as fast, as the Blue Ox could alone. But perhaps that's what the Blue Ox really means—maybe the Blue Ox was just all the horses in all the camps, given a convenient name."

As we approached the camp we came to a great clearing, where the men had been working. By now the sunset was a faint glow on the sky in the west, just enough to throw into relief the great fallen pines in the clearing, as they lay in the snow; and the piles of brush stood twice their height against the purple background and great stumps loomed suddenly near to us. Behind it all was the forest, the wilderness, standing like an army in close rank defying the world.

We drove into camp in the darkness.

The strains of a song burst out suddenly loud as someone opened a door, and a streak of soft yellow light from within swept across the gleaming snow and was lost in the black void beyond and as I tramped through the snow to the warmth of the red hot stove and the good cheer of the men gathered around it—as I pictured the brawny muscles of these men who were taming the wilderness and remembered the giant pines lying out there in the snow in the clearing, and the big stumps, the dark forest standing behind—I knew, I say, that I had found Paul Bunyan at last.

THIS AUTO TRUNK HOLDS



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Strong, durable, guaranteed materials throughout. All parts interchangeable. Best workmanship. **Absolutely waterproof.** Fits into small auto trunk. Anyone able to open and close a folding bed can put this furnished bungaloo up in five minutes without tools, bolts, ropes or stakes. Handsome, light tan, highest quality duck, snappy green trim. **Weight only 150 lbs. Comfort** in camp with complete outfit **without trailer worry.** CHICAGO DEALERS:—Marshall Field & Company, Thos. E. Wilson & Company, The Fair, Boston Store. Send DIRECT to us for name of dealer in your town or nearest town and for our complete catalog of camp equipment sent FREE. **AGENTS** with cars, write for proposition.

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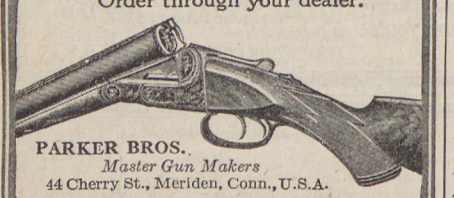

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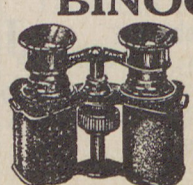

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Order today. This instrument guaranteed to please or money cheerfully refunded.
BENNER & CO. D-6 Trenton, N. J.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 35)

Luckily I had a ball of strong cord, a whole ball, which got chucked into the pack at the last moment. It did not take long to cut four of those poles about twelve feet long, tie a pair together at one end, bend them around a central cross-stick, a yard long, and tie to a stern cross-stick two feet long. I now had an upper boat frame, and proceeded to make a lower just like it. Piled one atop the other, they made the prospective boat about six inches deep. A few cross-braces inserted between them here and there increased the depth to nine inches. Remained but to lash on a whole series of cross-sticks underneath the lower frame and about a foot apart to make a bottom for the frame. We now had quite a boat here, a frame weighing about sixty pounds. To cover it I used a ground cloth for a tent, of ten-ounce brown paraffined duck. It just needed folding up all around the frame, lapping up over the stern, folding back over the bow. To make it stay on, it was laced across where needed astern, secured to two cockpit rails amidships, and just sewn-up where the cloth lapped over for some four feet back from the bow. Putting her afloat, I now had a boat. She went down about two inches when her inventor got aboard, but she went over the water like a flat shoe and served very well for fishing and navigation in general. The floor cloth weighed about seven pounds and was the only part of her that had not grown in the woods a few hours previously—except the ball of string. Some of you fellows ought to work that idea up some time this summer, cutting the cloth to fit the prospective frame and hemming it all around and putting in grommets every six inches, so it could be laced neatly and tightly over the frame. A cloth four yards long and two wide will do it. Don't be afraid of the seam down the middle; it will come out water-tight with paraffined duck, just like your camp pail. As a tent it needs two light triangular sides of brown galatea waterproofed, four and a half feet high, nine feet along the slope, and seven feet nine inches on the bottom. Provided with snap fasteners in under the rim of the roof, you have a tent of it by night. The yard of goods, roughly triangular in shape which folds over for the bow of the boat, can be guyed out to form a verandah when using it as a tent. Substituting this "boatent" for your regular tent, you never need fear a boatless lake on your hike—and there are many such.

I built a sixteen foot sailing batteau last summer, with centerboard and everything, and was surprised at my own skill in making fine and watertight fits. In designing such a light-weight dory-canoe as I have here outlined, do not go to a lumber yard for your stock as they have neither broad enough nor thin enough planks in stock. Such however are to be had from the jig-saw men. Any house which carries foot and power jig-saws is sure to have a choice of all kinds of wood. Three boards, ten feet long by twenty inches wide; cut out bottom, screw on stem and stern knees, wrap around a central rough board mould your two side planks; cut and trim and secure with galvanized iron brads, and you then put in three frames and a seat and she is ready for varnish and the water.

The Albino Buck

(Continued from page 62)

cracked up the bear path beyond me, and old Pierre came around a clump of cedar!

"The bear let out one startled roar—and the backward leap he made tore the one great fur-padded toe that was all that his struggles had left in the grip of the steel jaws, free from his foot—and he was gone like a black streak into the cedars! Old Pierre flung up his rifle, but I yelled at him, and at the sight of my twisted foot in the trap, he dropped the gun and came to me, swearing in a funny mixture of English and French. That bearskin would have meant a year's tobac' to Pierre!

"I've seen the tracks of a bear with one toe missing on the left hind foot, a good many times since then, along the edges of the drifts that lie late in the spring, in the deep swamps. And I've seen them a few times in the autumn, on the first snowfall, when it came early and didn't stay—but I've never hunted bear—or anything else—since my foot got well!"

He put the pipe back in his mouth, and a slow puff drifted across toward the dying fire.

"And the Pal?" I reminded him gently.

He pointed out the one window to a clump of spruce that grew alone, on the white sandy shore, close by the water of the Little Beaver.

"He has been alone, down there with the spruce, for years—and as old Pierre would say 'Le Bon Dieu, for long tam, he don' mak noder wan lak heem!' "

"You see it was Pierre who first put the masculine pronoun to my Pal. Her real name was Little Moccasins—Chippewa, you see."

There was tender reminiscence on his quiet face—and he turned at my look of surprise.

"Didn't Dan tell you I was a Squaw-Man?"

FINIS

Our Imperilled Forests

(Continued from page 19)

plentiful supply of lumber, if they are put under productive practices.

A consideration of the present ownership of our forest lands throws considerable light upon their probable development in the matter of forest cropping. Our federal government, states, and municipalities own in the aggregate 21 per cent of this total area; about 41 per cent is represented by private ownership in woodlots, while the remaining 38 per cent is owned privately by lumber companies, pulp and paper companies, railroads, mining companies and other owners.

Of these classes of ownership it is apparent that the governmental group is the most favorable at the present time to the continuous growing of a forest crop, but in this connection it is well to bear in mind that even fire protection is not complete on this vast area and that there is no policy of management covering this land in the entirety. We may reasonably look to our farm woodlots for rapid and systematic development as these small scattered tracts are relatively permanently held. But the interest in the remaining 38 per cent is almost entirely commercial, being concerned with the production of timber only in so far as it may offer substantial profit directly or indirectly. Once again bringing to mind the long

(Continued on page 69)

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CANOES "Safety First"

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15, 16, 17, 18 ft. long. Finished in any colors. Strong, swift, safe and beautiful.

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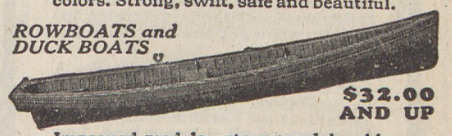

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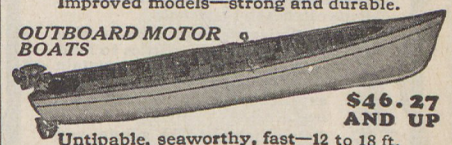

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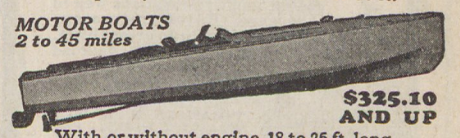

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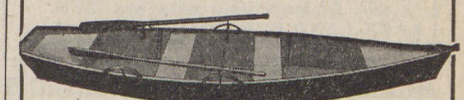

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COME out into one of the last wild spots in the Rockies

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Excellent food—ranch style; comfortable beds; clean log cabins; pure mountain spring water. Altitude of Ranch 6,600 feet, surrounded by pine-clad mountains 11,000 feet high.

Gentle saddle horses furnished guests. A horseback camping trip into the mountains provided without extra charge. Daily life at the Ranch most interesting. **Fishing good all summer long.** Law limits catches to 15 pounds.

In Spring we outfit bear-hunting parties. In Fall—parties to hunt bear, elk, moose and mountain sheep. Our guides are licensed and experienced. Our outfits are the best.

Being limited to 15 guests, you should make reservations well in advance. **Rates are reasonable and include everything.** We meet you at Railroad station, Rock Springs on the U. P. Address:

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Irish Setters of Quality Puppies and grown dogs. Finest breeding. Registration papers furnished. Illustrated booklet on request.

Bergniel Kennels, Laurel Hill, Long Island, New York

Dog Photo Contest

(Continued from page 56)

Third Prize.

and took two pictures. In fact, she never moved a muscle until I flushed the bird, and that is surely a source of great satisfaction to a man working with a young dog."

The third prizes are won by "Tramp," female rif raf pointer 3¼ years old, owned by Albert MCollum of Atkins, Arkansas. The photograph was taken of "Tramp" backing an English setter, who also was at point on quail, and held her position for ten minutes.

By "Peggy," pointer pup owned by Mr. Charles A. Ferguson, Lansing,

Third Prize.

Mich. Mr. Ferguson writes that "Peggy," at the time this picture was taken, was about a year old, and that after flushing a pheasant she made a perfect stand on another bird along the road side, and while on point was run over by a large touring car and badly injured.

And by "John," eight year old pointer, owned by W. O. Akin, Westville, Okla. Mr. Akin writes that the photograph shows "John" at positive "point" on single quail after catching scent and stalking 39 yards at "point" and holding point without impatience or instruction while his master put a new film in his kodak. Mr. Akin describes himself as a gunless camera hunter.

Honorable mention must be made of "Pocket City Redfield" Irish Setter pup belonging to Dr. J. Frederick Walter, of McGregor, Iowa.

"Beauty," pointer pup, owned by E. R. Kroos, of Peoria, Illinois.

"Glenn Faught's Queen," setter, owned by Glenn Faught, Eaton, Illinois.

And an unnamed pointer owned by Dr. Ferdinand Brown, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

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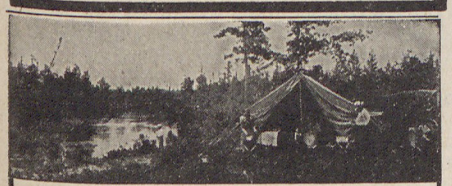
TOURING HOMES



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Our Imperilled Forests

(Continued from page 67)

period of rotation necessary in timber cropping it becomes apparent that our governmental agencies must of necessity set the pace in this development, for private enterprise is not inclined toward pioneering in projects which offer only moderate returns at a very distant date.

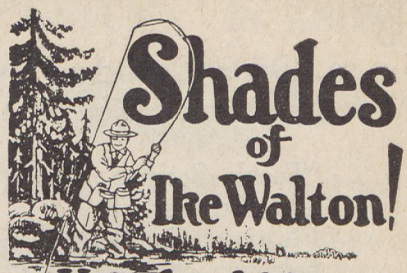
In some states unfair taxation on timber lands and standing timbers have been (and in some cases still are) prohibitive to the growing of timber on a profitable basis, because of an unexplainable stupidity which has failed to comprehend the difference between agricultural crops which mature in one year and forest crops which mature in from 40 to 100 years. States awake to the present forest situation have made concessions in the valuation of forest lands and have provided for a yield tax on the timber, which is paid at the time the crop is harvested. Other states playing the grand old political game of tax football have assessed land and timber at its present value and have taxed it annually on this valuation, with the result that the timber owners find relief by applying the axe to their stands, leaving tangled slashings to welcome the assessor on his next annual trip of inspection.

The following paragraph from Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 886 shows that some progress is being made in this connection: "Within the last dozen years ten States have passed special forest taxation laws, most of which embody the so-called 'yield tax.' This taxes the land annually, but the timber only when cut. Some of these laws continue the 'inducement' feature in the form of nominal or very low valuations of the land, and all take effect only if the owner 'registers' or 'classifies' his land. The whole matter is still in an experimental stage. Its ultimate solution should be a rational and equitable scheme that will embrace all forest land and take effect automatically."

Our second-growth stands, which are composed largely of volunteer growth, attest the hardiness of timber as a crop. For only an insignificant portion of the great area now occupied by growth of this character has ever been under any adequate system of fire protection or forest management. The major portions of these lands have been cut over during the past with complete disregard for future utility, leaving behind after the cutting a hopeless tangle of slashing through which the inevitable fire swept, burning the very life from the soil. Despite this treatment Nature with her prolific seeding and friendly winds slowly covered many of these old scars, although not always with the kind of trees of greatest value to man. These stands, however, "furnish in themselves the key to the solution of our problem of forest land use."

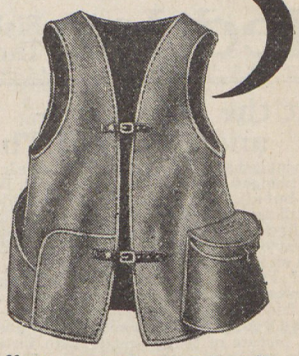
1. Stop unrestrained forest exploitation.
2. Reduce waste in the use of timber.
3. Increase timber production to the full capacity of the land.

Upon consideration of these measures it becomes evident that the burden of this task must rest upon our government. And the success attending such a program will be directly proportional to the wisdom of the legislation enacted and the effectiveness of the educational campaign prescribed.



Shades of Ike Walton!

How the old boy would have prized a casting vest like this



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A creel and vest in one

A practical fisherman's garment with a collapsible creel, flybook pocket, and large bellows-side lunch pocket, built into it. The Creel-Pak fits your body like a vest; it is tailored in two weights of Olive Drab, Extra Quality Army Duck, 8 oz. and 12 oz. Made in a variety of sizes:

Small.....(For Boys) Large (Coat 35-40)
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The creel is lined with rubberized cloth next to body, with an extra heavy ventilated bottom. Two russet leather straps hold garment in position, the lower strap being long enough to carry a Bait Box.

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Send check or Money Order. Your **Creel-Pak** will be shipped by Parcel Post, insured.

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What Bait Would You Use?

"Tackle Science and Successful Fishing" will help you choose the right bait for the right time.

Good Luck

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and Plenty of Them!

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No. 1/0 hooks .50c
No. 4 hooks - .40c
No. 8 hooks - .30c

"Old Hickory" No. 20 De Luxe
CASTING ROD (A masterpiece in rod making)
Hand made and high grade, beautiful in finish, snappy in action, and powerful casters. $20.00 each. "Old Hickory" Rods for ALL kinds of fishing, $12.00 to $100.00 each.
Rod dope free; "get it."
H. A. KINNEY, Wallcraft Ave., Tampa, Florida

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the Magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, identical prizes will be awarded the contestants.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.
9. This contest closes December 15th, 1923.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly books, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interest in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not yet decided upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of fish.....Weight.....Length.....Girth.....
When caught..... Where.....
Rod used..... Reel.....
Describe one hook artificial lure used.....
Line used..... Lure .....
Caught by (Signed).....
Street .....
City ..... State.....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses.)
1. .....
2. .....

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOKTROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus sattatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

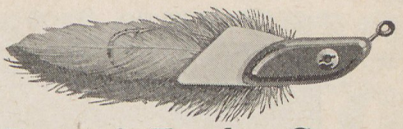
CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).
List of winners of 1923 contest will be found on page —— of this issue.

List of winners of 1923 contest will be found on page 56 of this issue

"GETUMS" IS RIGHT



Dewey's Feather-Getum
(Patents Pending)
Wounded Minnow Action

The Feather-Getum wiggles and darts like a wounded minnow and travels shallow, medium or deep, just as you want it to. It goes right into the weeds and comes out with the fish. Indestructible metal body, pure rubber fin weed guards, hackle feather tail and imported removable single hook, catches the maximum number of fish and minimum number of weeds.

No. 1—3/8 oz.....70c
No. 2—1/2 oz.....75c
No. 3—5/8 oz.....80c
No. 4—3/4 oz.....85c

NO.	BODY	FINS	TAIL
20	Red	Red	Red White
30	Red	Yellow	White
40	Red	Yellow	Orange
50	White	Red	White
60	White	Yellow	White
70	White	Yellow	Orange
80	Yellow	Yellow	Orange
90	Yellow	Red	White
100	Yellow	Yellow	White Green
110	Black	Red	Mottled
120	Black	Yellow	Orange
130	Black	Red	Red

No. 60-N Luminous

No. 1—3/8 oz.....50c
No. 2—1/2 oz.....55c
No. 3—5/8 oz.....60c
No. 4—3/4 oz.....65c

Dewey's Porky-Getum
(Patents Pending)
Some Wiggler

The Porky-Getum is some little wiggler, a sure hooker, practically weedless, indestructible metal body and removable hooks.

No. 22—Red
No. 32—White
No. 52—Black
No. 42—Yellow
No. 32N—Luminous

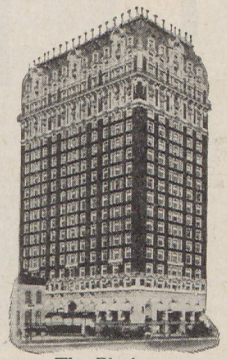
Oh Ike: One of these lures will get the fish that YOU want in any water, weather, time or place.

OUTING MFG. CO.
Manufacturers of Outdoor Equipment
ELKHART, INDIANA
Watch for Our Other Outdoor Specialties

SPORTSMEN!

When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at

THE BLACKSTONE
South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park
or at
THE DRAKE
Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan



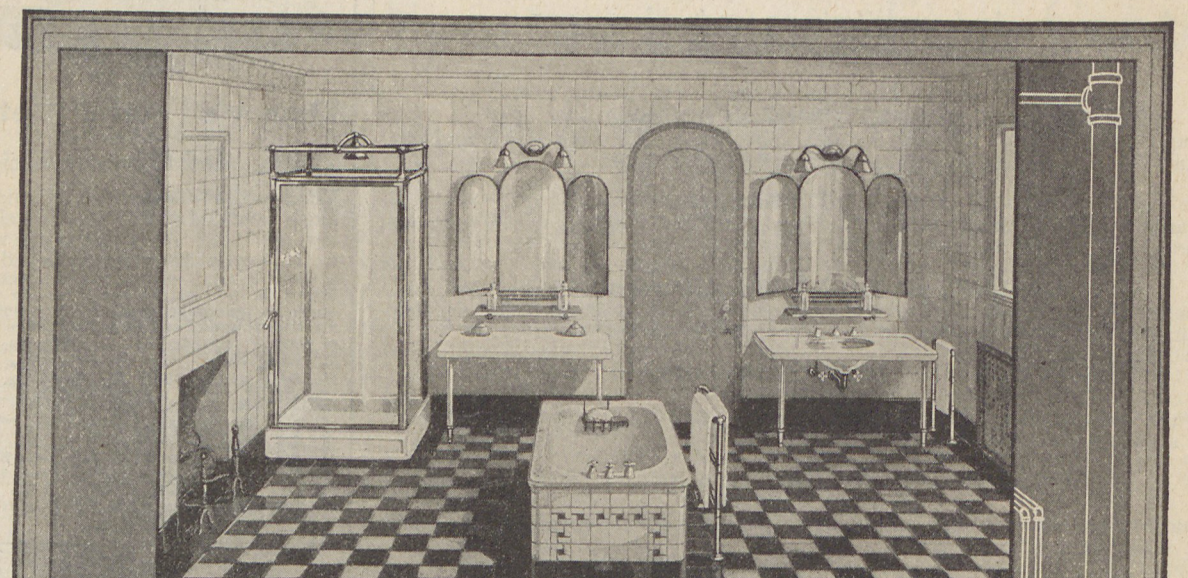
The Blackstone

These two magnificent world famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City's Beautiful" Plan.

Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers Chicago

GET A BASS-HOUN
The new and original fly that is converting more anglers to the fly rod than any other lure yet devised. Why? Because a Bass-Houn consistently breaks records wherever used. Furnished in nine patterns. Price each, 50c. Trout-Houns, dry pattern, 30c, wet, 25c. A valuable little book on fly-fishing FREE with each order. A. J. KOSHOLLEK, Stevens Point, Wis.



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN ; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

As individual character and beauty are valued more and more in the design and equipment of bathrooms in fine town and country houses, the creation of distinctive appointments keeps pace with this desire for the unusual.

In the Crane bathroom pictured here, the "Marmor" lavatory and dressing table are of exceptional size, 52 by 25 inches. They are of white statuary marble, upheld on crystal standards. Behind the triple mirrors, framed in gray green and old gold, with bevel edges, are concealed cabinets for toilet necessities.

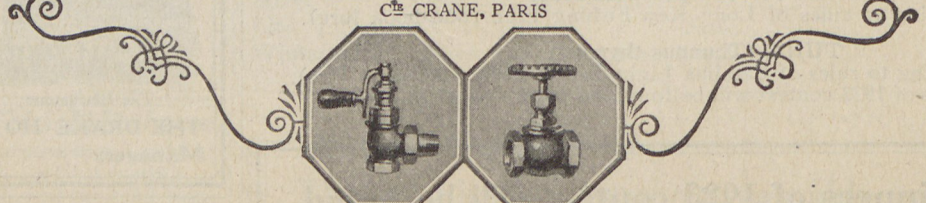
The "Tarnia" tub, generously large, is encased in Rookwood faience tiles of the same lustrous gray pearl as the walls. The base and decorations repeat the rich black of the floor tiles. The shower is inclosed in plate glass; its base is a white porcelain unit. The towel racks are both heated. Opposite the fireplace, a bronze grille masks the radiator.

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

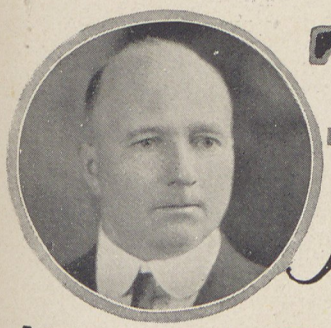
Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-five Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City and San Francisco
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga and Trenton

CRANE, LIMITED, MONTREAL. CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON
CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO
CIE CRANE, PARIS



Radiator Valve, No. 231 Globe Valve, No. 1-B

Score Another Sweeping TRIUMPH for Ole Evinrude



ALL who have seen Elto's new Propello-Pump call it "Ole Evinrude's Greatest Triumph." Judge for yourself. He has completely eliminated the troublesome mechanical water pump—just as he forever ended hard starting. Yet the motor is perfectly water-cooled at all speeds. The propeller blades drive a continuous stream of water through screened passages in the rudder, up through the cylinder jackets. It is a combination of water scoop, mechanical driving, and siphon—yet there is not one *moving part* in this perfect cooling system.

FIRST with the Propello Pump

FIRST with the LIGHT-TWIN

Three years ago Ole Evinrude brought out the Elto—the first "Light Twin." It was an instant success. No motor has ever equalled it in power, speed, and light weight. Less than 17 lbs. per horse power was the astonishingly low weight mark that *still* stands unequalled.

FIRST with the Light Weight Twin

FIRST with Instant EASY STARTING

Just one easy quarter turn of the fly-wheel and away spins your Elto—the first time—every time—smoothly—quietly—speedily. No other outboard motor starts so easily because only the Elto has battery starting like your auto.

FIRST with Safe RUDDER STEERING

No tiresome jarring of your arm—no cramped, half-turned positions—no sudden and accidental reversing to endanger the lives of passengers. Just sit comfortably in any part of boat and turn your boat quickly at the lightest touch, or fish with both hands free, letting the broad fin-shaped Elto rudder steer your boat in a bee line ahead. Shut off your motor and coast in, with your boat under perfect landing control.

FIRST with Safe Rudder Steering

And Now FIRST with the Propello-Pump

The Propello-Pump ranks the 1924 Model Elto unquestionably ahead. It makes possible, once and for all, uninterrupted outboard motor use in sandy, muddy and salt waters. Think of it! No valves to stick—no parts to wear! No more aggravating pump troubles of any nature. The Propello-Pump makes it more important than ever that you should see and examine the ELTO LIGHT TWIN this season, before you choose *any* out-board motor.

FIRST with Instant Easy Starting

Write for Free Catalog today.

Elto Outboard Motor Co.
Dept. 42, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
OLE EVINRUDE, President

Elto

3 H.P. LIGHT TWIN

Designed and Built by Ole Evinrude

The Remington Heavy Duck Load

LONG RANGE
HIGH SPEED
HARD HITTING
CLOSE PATTERN

The Remington Heavy Duck Load

12-gauge recommended for Duck, Brant and Jack Rabbit. No. 4, 5 or 6 Chilled or Soft Shot.

20-gauge (2¾ inch shells) recommended for Duck, Pheasant, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken and Grouse. No. 6, 7 or 7½ Chilled or Soft Shot.

Remington Game Loads —Approved by Public Opinion

WHEN Remington Game Loads were announced two seasons ago, sportsmen were interested. Here was a brand new idea—coming from Remington, backed by Remington—and they had confidence in the Remington name.

Today there are thousands and thousands of men from coast to coast who will tell you that they never want to shoot another "specified" load.

Remington Game Loads have shown them what uniformity means—the actual results of loading shells to a uniform standard of velocity, pattern and penetration—the right *shooting qualities* for each particular kind of game.

No development in loaded shells was ever before so *unmistakably* affirmed by public opinion.

Besides the Heavy Duck Load there are:

QUAIL LOAD

Recommended for Quail, Dove, Woodcock, Rail, Plover and Snipe. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 8 Chilled or Soft Shot.

DUCK LOAD

Recommended for Duck, Pheasant, Hawk, Crow, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken and Grouse. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 5, 6 or 7½ Chilled or Soft Shot.

GOOSE LOAD

Recommended for Goose, Fox, Turkey and Raccoon. 12-gauge; No. 2 Chilled or Soft Shot.

GROUSE LOAD

Recommended for Grouse, Prairie Chicken, Pheasant, Partridge, Dove, Rabbit, Duck and Squirrel. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 7 Chilled or Soft Shot.

SNIPE LOAD

Recommended for Snipe, Rail, Plover, Woodcock and Quail. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 9 Chilled or Soft Shot.

DOVE LOAD

Recommended for Dove, Quail, Rabbit, Partridge, Grouse, Plover and Woodcock. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 7½ Chilled or Soft Shot.

RABBIT LOAD

A light, snappy load recommended for Rabbit and Squirrel, 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 4, 6 or 8 Chilled or Soft Shot.

SQUIRREL LOAD

A slightly heavier load than the Rabbit load, recommended for Squirrel and Rabbit and other small game. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 6 Chilled or Soft Shot.

BUCK SHOT LOAD

Recommended for Deer, Black Bear and Wolf. 12-gauge; loaded with 12 pellets of No. 0 Eastern (No. 4 Western) Shot.

TRAP LOAD

12-gauge only; regulation charge of 1¼ ounces of No. 7½ Chilled Shot and special wadding.

Write for Booklet A—"*The Complete Story of Remington Game Loads.*"

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc., 25 Broadway, New York

Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

Also Makers of Remington Cash Registers